SELECT MISCELLANIES. VOL. V.

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SELECT MISCELLANIES,

CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

HISTORY, CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES, AND SUFFERINGS,

OF THE

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS;

WITH ACCORDANT SENTIMENTS OF EMINENT AND PIOUS INDIVIDUALS OF OTHER DENOMINATIONS, INCLUDING MANY REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, AND A VARIETY OF INFORMATION PARTICULARLY INTERESTING TO FRIENDS.

BY WILSON ARMISTEAD.

'Hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering.'—Heb. x. 23.

VOL. V.

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MDCCCLI.

SELECT MISCELLANIES.

SPIRITUALITY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The new dispensation is a dispensation of substances and realities, and not of types and shadows; not of outward and visible signs, but of inward and spiritual graces. God is often lost in prayers and ordinances.—(Cecil.)

PUBLIC WHIPPING.

On the 1st of the month called April, 1657, George Whitehead, only discharged from prison a few months previously, was apprehended for preaching at Nayland, cruelly punished, and sent away with a pass to his parish in Westmorland.

The doctrine preached was, by his own account, 'against sin and wickedness, against the beast and false prophet, and the devil's persecuting power and ministry.' The pretext for the apprehension and punishment was, that he 'was found vagrant and wandering, contrary to law,'—the order, 'to be openly whipped *till his body be bloody, as the law in such cases enjoineth*,' which was done effectually. He was further

threatened, that if he came again into that country he should be *branded in the shoulder* for a rogue—if the third time, he should be *hung*. He bore his punishment with Christian courage and meekness, was much the more followed in his ministry on account of it, and preached again in Suffolk within about a year after.—(*Christian Progress.*)

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION TO THE PERSECUTED AND SUFFERING.

The following is a beautiful specimen of the Christian consolation administered by George Fox to his persecuted and suffering brethren:—

'If the world do persecute you, and take away your goods or clothes, was not your Lord and Master so served? Did not they cast lots for his garments? Was not he haled from the priests to Herod, and before Pontius Pilate, and they spit upon him? And if they hate thee, and spit upon thee, he was hated and spit upon *for thee*. Did he not go to prison for thee, and was he not mocked and scourged for thee? Did not he bow to the cross and grave for thee—he who had no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth? And did he not bear thy sins in his own body upon the tree; and was he not scourged for thee, by whose stripes we are healed? Did not he suffer the contradiction of sinners, who died for sinners, and went into the grave for sinners, and died for the ungodly, yea, tasted death for every man; who through death de-

stroyed death, and the devil, the power of death, and is risen—for death and the grave could not hold him, and the powers and principalities, with all their guards and watches, could not hold him within the grave—but he is risen ; and is ascended far above all principalities, powers, thrones, and dominions, and is set down at the right hand of God, and remaineth in the heavens till all things be restored ; and he is restoring with his light, grace, truth, power, spirit, faith, gospel, and word of life, so that you read of some that came to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.'

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO ISAAC STEPHENSON AND ANOTHER MINISTER, ON THEIR EMBARKING IN 1823, TO PAY A RELIGIOUS VISIT TO FRIENDS IN AMERICA.

Hail! meek companions of the Lord—
Supported by his grace,
Like clouds with fattening dews enriched,
Ye're moved from place to place.
Where'er the seed of truth is sown,
Pour his refreshing moisture down.

It is a 'Seed'—ah! some can tell,
Though deep within it lies,
That draws its kind, and binds it fast
In holy sympathies;
And in its wrestling, firm embrace,
Our Israel sees the Saviour's face.

How rich His sweet, consoling power,
To all 'tis freely given;
It bids the soul o'erlook the world,
And tells the joys of heaven;
Where saints triumphantly adore
The 'Way' they loved on earth before.

Fear not—dear lowly minds—but heed
The Master's call, and leave
Your children, husband, wife, and friends,
And comfort hence receive;
That He at whose command you go,
Shall bid each needful blessing flow.

Though wide the wave your bark must plough,
And loud the Atlantic roar,
Your God is high, and mightier far,
And He will go before,*
He'll hush your fears in every storm,
And with his love your bosoms warm.

Though young in years, and but a babe
In things of heavenly sort,
Yet O, in humble trust, I crave
You'll both be kept unhurt;
Kept in the secret of His hand
Whose word is law, on *sea* as land.

In outward way ye know me not—
What boots it?—still my sigh
Is heard of Him, for every heart
Is open to His eye:
That piercing eye which only scans
The whole of his stupendous plans.

With you my spirit oft shall go,
With you in depths profound
Shall wait—in patient stillness wait,
And list 'the joyful sound,' †
That when you hear the Shepherd's voice,
With you my spirit may rejoice.

So fare ye well! and O be strong,
Be valiant in his cause,
Who built this wondrous world, and gave
The universe His laws:—
All for 'the purpose' of His love,
The glorious theme of hosts above.

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* De. xxxi. 8. † Ps. lxxxix. 15.

THE MEANEST OF ALL TALENTS.

William Thorpe, in the course of a most impressive speech, made at a public meeting in Bristol, related a circumstance which strikingly exemplified the humility of that excellent man Richard Reynolds. So far was he from being inflated with the pride of wealth, that he spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart, when he said to a Friend who applied to him with a case of distress, 'My talent is the meanest of all talents—a little sordid dust; but the man in the parable, who had but one talent, was accountable; and for the talent that I possess, humble as it is, I am also accountable to the great Lord of all.'—(Montgomery's *Verses, &c.*)

ENGLISH WARS.

Of 127 years, terminating in 1815, England spent 65 in war, and 62 in peace. The war of 1688, after lasting nine years, and raising the expenditure in that period to £36,000,000, was ended by the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697. Then came the war of the Spanish succession, which began in 1702, concluded in 1713, and absorbed £62,500,000 of money. Next was the Spanish war of 1739, settled finally at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, after costing nearly £54,000,000. Then came the seven years' war of 1756, terminated by the treaty of Paris in 1763, in the course of which were spent £112,000,000. The next was

the American war of 1775, which lasted eight years. Our national expenditure in this time was £136,000,000. The French revolutionary war began in 1793, lasted nine years, and exhibited an expenditure of £464,000,000. The war against Bonaparte began in 1803, and ended in 1815. During these twelve years were spent £1,159,000,000; £771,000,000 raised by taxes, £388,000,000 by loans. Add to this the number of human lives sent to a premature grave! plunged into eternity without preparation! Where is the Christian who will not mourn over a scene like this? Ruined towns and villages—destitute widows and helpless orphans—hospitals crowded with the sick and the dying—thousands of our fellow-mortals dismembered, disfigured—plague, pestilence, and famine, are a small part of the horrid picture of war!

ANECDOTE OF ANTHONY BENEZET.

During one of the annual assemblies of Friends in Philadelphia, when the meeting was engaged on the subject of slavery, as it related to its own members, some of whom had not then wholly relinquished the practice of keeping negroes in bondage, a difference of sentiment was manifested as to the course which ought to be pursued. For a moment it appeared doubtful which opinion would preponderate. At this critical juncture, Benezet left his seat, which was in an obscure part of the house, and presented himself weeping, at an elevated door in

the presence of the whole congregation, whom he thus addressed—'Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God' (Ps. lxviii. 31). He said no more; under the solemn impression which succeeded this emphatic quotation, the proposed measure received the united sanction of the assembly.—(*Memoirs of Anthony Benezet.*)

'COME, AND FOLLOW ME.'

I HAVE a secret voice within,
Nor from its warning can I flee;
And oft it saith, O! fly from sin,
And come and follow me.

Awake, arise! the call obey,
While mercy's still afforded thee;
And choose e'en now the living way,
And come, and follow me.

Thine earthly treasures all forsake,
And rich in heavenly thou shalt be;
And humbly bend, thy cross to take,
And come, and follow me.

Thy father, mother, brethren, leave,
And all that is endear'd to thee;
Trust in thy Lord—His Word believe,
And come, and follow me.

To whom for succour wouldst thou go,
To whom for refuge wouldst thou flee?
Thou shalt of my salvation know,
If thou but follow me.

Ah! why delay? e'en give up all;
For, lo! a crown awaiteth thee:
Yield, then, unto the heavenly call,
And come, and follow me.

COVETOUSNESS.

Hippocrates wished a consultation of all the physicians in the world, that they might consult how to cure covetousness. It is now above 2000 years since he had this desire; and although thousands of divines, as well as moral philosophers, have endeavoured to cure it, the disease still continues.

EXTRACT FROM J. J. GURNEY'S WINTER IN THE WEST INDIES.

3*d Month*, 12*th*, 1840.—After calling on the Wesleyan missionaries, and endeavouring, I hope with success, to reconcile a difference which, from a peculiar circumstance, had arisen between them and the Baptists, we set off on our journey to Brownstown—an easy road, as we were told—only eighteen miles from St. Anne's Bay. The first half of the route lay by the sea-side, through a rich plain, which we found under prosperous sugar cultivation. Neither the well-clad, and well-cleaned fields of cane, nor the neat buildings on the successive estates, indicated anything of that ruin which some persons had so busily predicted for Jamaica, but just the contrary. On the sides of the road were neat hedges, overrun with several kinds of convolvuluses in full bloom. After travelling several miles, we turned away from the sea, as we supposed, according to direction, and ascended a long steep hill to our left, covered with pimento

trees, forming what is called a pimento walk. The beauty of these trees is great, something like the orange tree, but much loftier ; the bark bare, and looking as if it had been peeled of its outer coat, the leaf dark, glossy, and of an aromatic smell. The produce is the berry called all-spice, which finds at present a very low market, and the cultivation of it pays badly. As we quietly proceeded on foot, up the steep ascent, and through these fragrant bowers, the scenery became very alluring. Cardiff Hall, an old planting settlement, appearing on a green pen or park below, a large grove of cocoa nuts hard by, and the sea, of bright blue, in the distance. We were told that we should find Brownstown, where a meeting was appointed for the evening, at the top of this mountain ; but to our dismay, when we reached the summit, we found ourselves at an estate called Antrim, on the wrong road, and eight miles from the place of our destination ; the mountain road between the two places was considered to be impassable for carriages. The black people of the village crowded round us, proffered their aid, and refreshed us with draughts of cocoa nut milk. Many of them were just setting off, though from so great a distance, to the meeting, for indeed they are a zealous, church-going people. John Candler and myself, escorted by two of them, went forward on ponies, which they kindly lent us ; and the rest of the company moved slowly on behind, with the carriages, assisted by a band of these willing-hearted people.

Nothing could exceed their kindness and attention; and by pulling back the wheels in descending, and pushing them forward in ascending some of those steep heights, they enabled our drivers at length to accomplish the journey, which otherwise they could not possibly have done. 'Do not fret, massa,' said one of those zealous helpers, to a Friend in the company—'all will come right at last.' 'Will massa have a little wine?' said a black woman, in a cottage by the road side, to the same Friend, when he called to ask for a draught of water. The wine, sure enough, was at hand, and was found to be timely in a moment of great fatigue. Several empty bottles, in one corner of the room, showed that this cottager was accustomed so to evince her liberality. Our friend offered payment, which was politely refused—'thanks,' said the woman, 'are better than money.' We were in the midst of a Christian people; and, as my companion and I rode on through a country of wild and enchanting beauty, we overtook flocks of the peasantry, who had just finished their day's work, wending their way to our meeting. It was a touching sight, coupled as it was with the recollection of the cruelties which many of them had once suffered; now, without exception, they seemed respectable and happy.

JOHN EXHAM.

He was a military man, but laid down his sword and joined Friends; being a minister amongst

them for sixty years. In 1710, being then in the 81st year of his age, and almost blind, he gave a singular instance of the fervour and constancy of his love to his brethren, by performing a religious visit to most of the families of Friends throughout Ireland; in the course of which, there occurred a singular instance of his prophetic spirit. Sitting in a Friend's family, he informed them that there was amongst them a youth, upon whom the Lord would pour forth his spirit, and that he should visit several nations. This was accomplished, by the dedication of a young man then present; who, becoming a minister, exercised his gift to the edification of the churches, both at home and abroad.

OPINIONS OF HEATHEN WRITERS RESPECTING WAR, &c.

It is far better, nay, it is more useful, to conquer enemies by virtuous acts and by justice, than to subdue them by arms. For, in the one case, they submit because they are compelled by necessity, in the other of their own accord. The latter kind of victory recalls the ill-disposed to their duty with great loss; but the former brings back the disaffected into the right way, without detriment. Besides, where the business is managed by arms, the principal part of the victory is the work of the soldier; but where justice is the medium, the whole glory belongs to the rulers.—(Polybius.)

There are two kinds of contention; the one by argument, the other by violence; the one belongs to man, the other properly to the brutes. —(Cicero.)

Pythagoras observes, 'that men should live together in such a state of mind, that instead of making enemies of their friends, they should make friends of their enemies.'

When the Cumanians had delivered up to Pittacus a man in bonds, by whom his son had been slain, he dismissed the man unpunished, with this remark—'Forgiveness is better than revenge; for that belongs to a benevolent nature, this to a savage.'

Musonius, the philosopher, uttered a similar sentiment—'It is the part of a wild beast,' said he, 'not of a man, to seek how bite may be returned for bite, and evil for evil.'

If these are the sentiments of heathen writers, what should be those of the followers of the *Prince of Peace*, the great teacher of peace and goodwill to men?

PARADISE OF NEGRO SLAVES.

A DREAM, BY DR. RUSH.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, a member of the Presbyterian church, is well known to the literary world, from his *Medical Dissertations, Treatises on the Discipline of Schools, Criminal Law*, &c. He was a great opposer of the slave trade; and, at the instigation of Anthony Benezet, boldly vindicated the cause of the

oppressed negroes. Dr. Rush's works are written in a polished style, and, while they exhibit the erudition and talents, they show the liberality and benevolence of the author.

The following dream is related by this excellent man, and will no doubt be found interesting to the readers of these *Selections*:—

Soon after reading Mr. Clarkson's ingenious and pathetic essay on *the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species*, says Dr. Rush, the subject made so deep an impression upon my mind, that it followed me in my sleep, and produced a dream of so extraordinary a nature, that I have yielded to the importunities of some of my friends, by communicating it to the public. I thought I was conducted to a country, which, in point of cultivation and scenery, far surpassed anything I had ever heard or read in my life. This country, I found, was inhabited only by negroes. They appeared cheerful and happy. Upon my approaching a beautiful grove, where a number of them were assembled for religious purposes, I perceived at once a pause in their exercises, and an appearance of general perturbation. They fixed their eyes upon me, while one of them, a venerable looking man, came forward, and, in the name of the whole assembly, addressed me in the following language—'Excuse the panic which you have spread through this peaceful and happy company. We perceive that you are a white man. That colour, which is the emblem of innocence in every other creature of God, is, to us, a sign of guilt in man.

The persons whom you see here, were once dragged by the men of your colour from their native country, and consigned by them to labour, punishment, and death. We are here collected together, and enjoy an ample compensation, in our present employments, for all the miseries we endured on earth. We know that we are secured by the Being whom we worship, from injury and oppression. Our appearance of terror, therefore, was entirely the sudden effect of habits, which have not yet been eradicated from our minds.' 'Your apprehensions of danger from the sight of a white man,' said I, 'are natural. But in me you behold a friend. I have been your advocate—and'—Here he interrupted me, and said, 'Is not your name *Rush?*' I answered in the affirmative. Upon this he ran up and embraced me in his arms, and afterwards conducted me into the midst of the assembly, where, after being introduced to the principal characters, I was seated upon a bank of moss; and the following account was delivered to me by the venerable person who first accosted me—

'The place we now occupy is called the Paradise of Negro Slaves. It is destined to be our place of residence till the general judgment; after which time, we expect to be admitted into higher and more perfect degrees of happiness.* Here we derive great pleasure from contemplat-

* The reader should note that these sentiments are not given as those of the author; but simply as what was expressed to him in his dream.

ing the infinite goodness of God, in allotting to us our full proportion of misery on earth; by which means we have escaped the punishments, to which the free and happy part of mankind too often expose themselves and endure after death. Here we have learned to thank God for all the afflictions our taskmasters heaped on us; inasmuch as they were the means of our present happiness. Pain and distress are the unavoidable portions of all mankind. They are the only possible avenues that can conduct them to peace and felicity. Happy are they who partake of their proportion of both upon the earth!' Here he ended.

After a silence of a few minutes, a young man, who bore on his head the mark of a wound, came up to me and asked, 'If I knew anything of Mr. ——, of the Island of —— ?' I told him 'I did not.' 'Mr. ——,' said he, 'was my master. One day I mistook his orders, and saddled his mare instead of his horse, which provoked him so much, that he took up an axe which laid in his yard, and with a stroke on my head dismissed me from life. I long to hear whether he has repented of this unkind action. Do, Sir, write to him, and tell him his sin is not too great to be forgiven; tell him his once miserable slave, Scipio, is not angry at him; he longs to bear his prayers to the offended majesty of Heaven, and, when he dies, Scipio will apply to be one of the convoy that shall conduct his spirit to the regions of bliss, appointed for those who repent of their iniquities.'

Before I could reply to this speech, an old man came and sat down by my side. His wool was white as snow. With a low, but gentle voice, he thus addressed me:—'Sir, I was the slave of Mr. ——, in the Island of ——. I served him faithfully upwards of sixty years. No rising sun ever caught me in my cabin; no setting sun ever saw me out of the sugar field, except on Sundays and holidays. My whole subsistence never cost my master more than forty shillings a year. Herrings and roots were my only food. One day, in the eightieth year of my age, the overseer saw me stop to rest myself against the side of a tree where I was at work. He came up to me, and beat me, till he could endure the heat and fatigue, occasioned by the blows he gave me, no longer. Nor was this all, he complained of me to my master, who instantly set me up at public vendue, and sold me for two guineas, to a tavern keeper, in a distant parish. The distress I felt in leaving my children and grand-children (twenty-eight of whom I left on my old master's plantation), soon put an end to my existence, and landed me upon these happy shores. I have now no wish to gratify but one, and that is, to be permitted to visit my old master's family. I long to tell my master that his wealth cannot make him happy; that the sufferings of a single hour in the world of misery, for which he is preparing himself, will overbalance all the pleasures he ever enjoyed in his life; and that for every act of unnecessary severity he inflicts upon his

slaves, he shall suffer tenfold in the world to come.'

He had hardly finished his tale, when a decent-looking woman came forward, and addressed me in the following language—'Sir, I was once the slave of Mr. ——, in the State of ——. From the healthiness of my constitution, I was called upon to suckle my master's eldest son. To enable me to perform this office more effectually, my own child was taken from my breast, and soon afterwards died. My affections, in the first emotions of my grief, fastened themselves upon my infant master. He thrived under my care, and grew up a handsome young man. Upon the death of his father, I became his property. Soon after this event, he lost £100 at cards. To raise this money I was sold to a planter in a neighbouring state. I can never forget the anguish, with which my aged father and mother followed me to the end of the lane, when I left my master's house, and hung upon me, when they bid me farewell. My new master obliged me to work in the field; the consequence of which was I caught a fever, which in a few weeks ended my life. Say, my friend, is my first young master still alive? If he is, go to him, and tell him his unkind behaviour to me is upon record against him. The gentle spirits in heaven, whose happiness consists in expressions of gratitude and love, will have no fellowship with him. His soul must be melted with pity, or he can never escape the punishment

which awaits the hard hearted equally with the impenitent, in the regions of misery.'

As soon as she had finished her story, a middle-aged woman approached me, and, after a low and respectful curtsey, thus addressed me—'Sir, I was born and educated in a Christian family, in one of the southern States of America. In the thirty-third year of my age I applied to my master to purchase my freedom. Instead of granting my request, he conveyed me by force on board of a vessel, and sold me to a planter in Hispaniola. Here it pleased God'—upon pronouncing these words she paused, and a general silence ensued. All at once, the eyes of the whole assembly were turned from me, and directed to a little white man who advanced towards them, on the opposite side of the grove, in which we were seated. His face was grave, placid, and full of benignity. In one hand he carried a subscription paper and a petition; in the other, he carried a small pamphlet on the unlawfulness of the African slave trade, and a letter, directed to the King of Prussia, upon the unlawfulness of war. While I was employed in contemplating the venerable figure, suddenly I beheld the whole assembly running to meet him; the air resounded with the clapping of hands, and I awoke from my dream by the noise of a general acclamation of Anthony Benezet!—(*Annual Monitor*, 1813.)

THE WORLD AT SEA.

We are all of us too prone to seek for happiness in earthly things. We vainly imagine that in change of situation or circumstances we shall have less care and fewer troubles; forgetting that every place, every situation, has its peculiar difficulties. Should worldly prosperity, however, attend us, as disciples of Christ, we should remember where we are; and that while in the world we must expect to meet with tribulation. A friend of the famous J. Dod being raised from a mean estate to much worldly greatness, Dod sent him word that this was but like going out of a boat into a ship; and he should remember that while he was in the world he was still on the sea. Let us then wisely prepare for difficulties, and learn to cast all our cares on Him who holds the winds in his fists, who stills the waves of the sea, and who has promised to guide his people safe into the haven of rest.

WAR, ITS ORIGIN.

When Babel was confounded, and the great
Confederacy of projectors, wild and vain,
Was split into diversity of tongues,
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,
These to the upland—to the valley those,
God drove asunder, and assigned their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in its distribution fair
And equal; and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was awhile their care; they plough'd and sow'd
And reap'd their plenty without grudge or strife;

But violence can never longer sleep
Than human passions please. In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already shed a brother's blood;
The deluge washed it out, but left unquench'd
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.
Soon by a righteous judgment in the line
Of his descending progeny was found
The first artificer of death; the shrewd
Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,
And forced the blunt and yet unblooded steel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,
The sword and falchion their inventor claim;
And the *first smith* was the *first murderer's* son.
(COWPER—*The Task.*)

THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK,

WITH REMARKS ON THE SEVERAL NAMES BY WHICH IT IS DESIGNATED.

First Day—Sabbath Day—Lord's Day—Sunday. Such is the order of time in which these terms obtained currency among Christians.

In reviewing their respective claims to a place in the Christian calendar, it will be more convenient here to begin with the last, the most common appellation now in use among Christians.

SUNDAY. The term Sunday had its rise among our ancestors, the British Pagans, who named the first day of the week *Sunday*, in honour of Sun, which, amongst other idols, they worshipped as a god.* We need not, therefore, spend

* So, also, the other days of the week were named after others of their idols.

much time to prove that the derivation of the word *Sunday* is a valid objection to its use among Christians. No man, who justly values his Christian character, can consistently rob God of his honour, and give his praise to the likeness of anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath.

The Lord's Day is a term by which many pious persons distinguish the first day of the week, but this appellation *does not appear to rest on Scripture usage*, and the date and origin, of the term, as applied to that day, is very uncertain and conjectural. The terms 'Lord's day'—'Lady day' (otherwise the Virgin Mary's day)—'Christ-*mas* day'—'Michael-*mas* day,' and many others, were probably brought into common use in the dark ages of superstition, and were instituted in ignorance, or to serve some sinister purposes of the priests. It is true that our Saviour arose from the dead on the first day of the week, but that circumstance, important as it is, does not justify its being designated, above all others, the Lord's day. 'Christ-*mas* day' was so named as supposed to be the anniversary of Christ's birth, and 'Good Friday' as that of his death; these are celebrated only once in the year, whilst the day of our Saviour's resurrection is commemorated every week, and denominated, par excellence, *his day*. Are not all the three mentioned days equally important epochs in the scheme of man's redemption? wherefore, then, regard one of these days above another? Truth is always consistent

with itself; but the fact is, the appointment of fast days and festivals have no foundation in the gospel, but are the inventions of men. Every day is the Lord's day, on which he should be served, honoured, and obeyed; all days were made by him in the beginning of time, and he pronounced them *all* to be good.

In the book of Revelations, the apostle John writes, 'I was in the spirit on the Lord's day,' and this is quoted by many writers as evidence that the first day of the week and the Lord's day are identical; there is, however, no Scriptural testimony to support this assumption. In no other part of the New Testament is the particular phrase (the Lord's day) used by the inspired penmen; had this been the designation of the first day of the week, it surely would have appeared elsewhere. It is very probable that the term 'the Lord's day' (*i.e.*, the day of the Lord), mentioned in the Revelations, is a Scripture phrase to denote an extraordinary visitation of the Lord's power; as we read elsewhere—'the day of God,' 'the day of Jesus Christ;' not limited to a particular day, but describing *a time* of unusual degree of the Holy Spirit's influence. Those wonderful and extended revelations of the apostle, as recorded in the Apocalypse, can scarcely be supposed to have been all communicated to him in *one* day, the very recording of what he saw and heard, must have employed his pen for *many* days; it seems, therefore, that the phrase 'Lord's day' was used by him to denote a period of time, but

without specifying the length of its duration.

Sabbath Day. 'The Sabbath' is frequently applied by many religious persons to the first day of the week. If this term simply means a day of rest, then it does not comprehend all the duties of the first day of the week, which are, not only to rest from work, but also for public devotion, and therefore the term, even in this view of it, is misapplied. Some will have it, that when the seventh day Sabbath was abolished it was changed to a Christian Sabbath, on the first day of the week; there is, however, no foundation for this opinion, nor is it proved from history, sacred or profane; indeed, *any* reason for the charge is now lost in the obscurity of time, and, therefore, can only be conjectured; the *fact* is certain, but the *cause why* is of little importance to us.

Our Divine Creator instituted the seventh day of the week as a day of rest, in these words, 'The seventh day is the Sabbath, in it thou shalt not do any work,' and he blessed the seventh day and sanctified it; and this day continued to be set apart by the Hebrews for rest and devotion, down to the time of the apostles and their immediate successors. There is abundant evidence that the apostles, long after their conversion, continued to observe many of the Jewish institutions, in which they had been educated, and, amongst others, that of the seventh day Sabbath. They regarded the abrogation of the ceremonial law as a work of time,

to be gradually superseded by the new covenant dispensation of Christ. When the apostle Paul came to Jerusalem after his conversion, James and the apostles there assembled informed him there were many thousand Jews in that city who were believers in Christ, but all of them zealous for the law of Moses; and even Paul himself, when at Rome, assured the Jews that he had committed nothing against the people or the customs of their fathers; this was several years after he had become a Christian.

The first converts to Christianity were wont to assemble together every seventh day, when Paul exhorted them, and probably others of the apostles were similarly engaged on that day.

As the number of converts rapidly increased, the care of providing for the poor became a laborious duty upon those on whom it devolved, so that one day in the week was found inadequate for both religious and disciplinary duties; and thus the first day, as well as the seventh, appears to have been occupied for the respective services of the ministers, and elders, and deacons.*

That the first day was used for charitable purposes, we may infer from Paul's injunction to the Corinthians, 'Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come.' Thus, it is very likely, both the seventh day and the first day came to be observed for a time, by the early Christians,

* Certain professors of the Greek church continue to observe both days at the present time.

one devotionally, and the other for the affairs of the church. When persecution arose, and the disciples were dispersed into distant parts, then probably it was found more convenient to assemble on one day only in the week, chiefly for Divine worship and religious instruction; and as many of the first Jewish converts, who had been zealous for observing their ancient Sabbath, were, by this time, removed by death, their successors had to choose a day for rest and devotion to suit their own particular circumstance, and thus, by common consent, the first day of the week appears to have been dedicated to that purpose, and not because they deemed it to possess any superior holiness to any other day.*

The First Day. This is literally the true designation of the day. *The first day of the week*, to which none of the aforementioned terms are applicable. In the beginning God performed the work of creation in six days, and rested on seventh, and he named them all in numerical rotation; God said, 'Let there be light, and there was light,' 'and the evening and the morning were *the first day*,' and this continued to be the designation of the day, even beyond the times of the apostles, or fully 4000 years. If it be said there is nothing in *a name*, then we might as well read Sunday in the Bible instead of the first day; but who would sanction a version of the Bible which should substitute one of

* If there is any reason for such a distinction, it might be claimed for the seventh day, which God blessed, sanctified and hallowed above all other days.

these terms for the other? Who would not be shocked to hear a lecturer upon sacred history inform his auditors, that on 'Sunday' the women came to the sepulchre to embalm the body of Jesus; or, that the disciples were assembled on a 'Sunday,' when our Lord appeared amongst them after his resurrection? Wherefore, then, do Christian people, who profess to take the Bible for their rule, prefer the use of a heathen term to a scriptural one? Surely this custom requires revision and correction.

In Conclusion. There is no inherent holiness in one day above another, for God made them all, and every day is his, in which he is to be honoured and obeyed, and this is man's happiness as well as his duty. Nevertheless, it pleased him to sanctify one day in seven for rest and devotion, and the Christian covenant has not abrogated that religious duty, but confirmed it.

Although history is silent on the reasons which the early Christians had for preferring the first day of the week to assemble for public worship; yet, as by common consent, it has been observed down to the present time, it behoves all who profess the name of Christ to regard it with fidelity, not as a form, but for the renewal of our strength, both physical and spiritual, and to prove our allegiance to our Father who is in heaven, by presenting our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to him, which is our reasonable service.

CRUEL TREATMENT.

Almost all cruelties which man could invent were practised towards the early Friends. About the year 1652, Richard Hubberthorn and others were haled out of a meeting by some wicked men, and carried off some distance into the fields, where they bound them, and left them so in the winter season.—(Sewell.)

Miles Halhead, travelling in Yorkshire, came to Skipton, where, declaring the word of truth, 'he was so sorely abused and beaten, that he was laid for dead; nevertheless, by the Lord's power, he was healed of all his bruises, and within two hours he was healthy and sound again, to the astonishment of those that had so abused him, and to the convincement of many that beheld him.'—(*Ib.*)

As Henry Clifton was riding through Upwell, in 1656, he was taken by a constable, and, without any legal cause, sent to prison, where he lay in a dungeon among condemned men for a considerable time.—(Besse.)

In 1663, several Friends were taken out of their meeting-house at Bristol, and committed to prison. The mayor, with two aldermen, and some officers, came into the meeting, and after sending ten of the congregation to prison, left many others there, the mayor ordering his officers to nail up the doors, and keep them there till next day.—(*Ib.*)

In the same year, at the same place, a number of Friends going to their meeting-house on the

First-day for worship, they found that the doors were shut, and that it was guarded by armed men. So they met in the street, from which place they were sent to prison.—(*Ib.*)

In 1656, Isabel Parlour, for exhorting the people in Ampthill market to repentance and amendment of life, was sent to bridewell, and detained there about a month, with an order to be whipped.—(*Ib.*)

ELEANOR SOUTHAM OF COVENTRY

DIED 4TH MONTH, 26TH, 1823.

She was naturally of a very affectionate and lively disposition, fond of reading, and possessed a very retentive memory. She took great pains in the cultivation of her mind, had a taste for poetry, and wrote some few verses; but she had an humble opinion of herself, notwithstanding her superior abilities; and was, at all times, very desirous, not to be thought better than she deserved. It was not from a slight acquaintance that her real character was known. She was of a very reflective turn; and her serious deportment at meeting evinced that religious impressions had a place in her mind.

She was impressed with a belief that she should not live to be twenty years of age, often saying as much with great composure, many months before her last illness. The first time she was prevented attending meeting on First-day, she much regretted the privation, and employed the time in retirement and reading; when

she was much struck with the third chapter of Zechariah, which was often read to her, with many others of her own selecting, particularly in Isaiah and the Psalms. She also selected hymns from Newton and Cowper, frequently querying, in the language of the former,

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?

At other times she gratefully acknowledged, with the same author, the goodness of the Almighty, saying:—

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed his precious blood.

It now became evident that the necessity of a more full surrender of heart to the blessed Saviour, was deeply impressed on her mind, and that a material change had taken place in her estimation of some things, which she had formerly taken much delight in, particularly the lighter part of her reading. The book which now afforded her the greatest satisfaction was the Bible.

Her illness, which was a rapid decline, confined her to the house about four months. One day, after a trying fit of coughing, attended with acute pain in her side, she said—'I hope my patience will hold out to the end;' which desire was mercifully granted to her, as she was never heard to murmur, or express any impatient

feeling. She one day, with much tranquillity, said to her mother she had no wish to recover. They had many precious opportunities together, not only during the day, but in the night season, in one of which she expressed her love for, and hope in, her dear Redeemer. To her mother she one night said, putting her trembling arms round her neck :—

> Can a tender mother's care
> Cease towards the child she bare?
> Yes, she may forgetful be,
> Yet will I remember thee.

Her heart seemed to overflow with gratitude and love to all about her, and she was much pleased with the visits of her friends, although at times too ill to see them. She one day told her mother, she had gone through deep baptisms and many inward conflicts during the early part of her illness, but that now she believed, if she should be taken away, she should be accepted.

17*th of 4th Month.* Her disorder and consequent weakness had made rapid progress ; yet she was favoured to experience a fulfilment of the gracious promise, that those who wait upon the Lord shall witness a renewal of spiritual strength.

Her weakness increased ; and she suffered from restlessness at night ; but on the 21st, on being asked how she was, she cheerfully replied she had passed a comfortable night both spiritually and bodily. In the evening, when her mother was reading to her in Corinthians—'We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed ;

we are perplexed, yet not in despair;' she sweetly said—'My dear mother, I was once, but am not now.' She was favoured to enjoy that peace of mind which passeth the understanding. On the 24th, alarming symptoms appeared; but being rather revived, she was carried into the adjoining room, and a valued Friend, speaking of the love of our Saviour, asked her if she loved Jesus. With a look of much sweetness, with firmness she said—'I do love Christ; but I often wish I felt a greater evidence of my love to him.' The Friend told her that the late Bishop Horne had derived great comfort, on his dying bed, from a remembrance of these words—'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' With a look of great composure she emphatically said—'Those are sweet words.' The next morning being very fine, she seemed much to enjoy it, and observed to one of her sisters that the day was beautiful, and that she felt as happy as it was beautiful. By her particular request, and with her father's consent, she was carried out in a sedan chair for nearly an hour; but when she returned she appeared much exhausted. This was the first time she had been down stairs since the fourth of the first month.

On the 26th, she appeared so much weaker as to dissipate those hopes of her amendment which had been fondly cherished the preceding day; great difficulty of breathing and cold perspirations came on, and indicated that the happy

change was fast approaching, of which she was fully aware; and, with a heavenly smile, she affectionately took leave of her beloved relatives. At intervals she recovered sufficient strength to express her hope and confidence in an all-merciful God. Her diffident feelings appeared, however, still to vacillate between confidence and fear; for after a while she said—'My dear mother, tell my dear father to pray for me, that I may not be found as one of the foolish virgins.' She was then evidently in supplication; and soon after she said to her mother—'My robes have been washed white in the blood of the Lamb;' and she was also heard distinctly to say—'Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee.'

With her dying breath she supplicated the Saviour, nearly in his own words—'Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed—hallowed—hallowed be thy name—thy kingdom come—thy will be done on earth—as it is in heaven.' In a few minutes after she peacefully breathed her last, aged twenty years.

TESTIMONY AGAINST THE OBSERVANCE OF DAYS AND TIMES, PREVIOUS TO THE RISE OF FRIENDS.

The opposition to the particular observance of 'Christmas-day,' now only practised by the Society of Friends, originated with the Separatists from the 'Church of England,' in the early part of the reign of Charles I., before the Quakers

were known as a distinct body of Christians. 'In all probability,' says the *Bristol Mirror*, 'it commenced in this city (Bristol), which may be considered as the stronghold of the primitive dissenters from the doctrines and discipline of the Established Church. The late Mr. Isaac James has left a copious and curious manuscript account of the early history of the dissenters in Bristol, principally compiled in the language of the original records. The publication of this work could not fail to prove peculiarly interesting to the inhabitants of Bristol, and would also be generally acceptable as a valuable and authentic record of the progress of civil and religious liberty. The following extract presents a striking picture of that inflexible adherence to their religious sentiments which characterized the early Separatists. The period to which it refers was a little before the year 1640:—

'Now at this, Mr. Kelly being some years deceased, his widow persevered in godliness, and it might be said of her as of Ruth (iii. 11), that all the city did know her to be a virtuous woman. She was very famous for piety, bearing a testimony against the superstitions and traditions of those days, and would not observe their invented times and feasts called Holidays. She had a grocer's shop in High Street, which she kept open on the time they called Christmas-day, and sat sewing in the shop as a witness of God, in the midst of the city, in the face of the sun, and in the sight of all men, even in those very days of darkness, when all sorts of people had a rever-

ence of that day above all others. This gracious woman, like a Deborah, arose with strength of holy resolution in her soul from God, even a mother in Israel, and so she proved; because she was the first woman in this city of Bristol that practised that truth of the Lord, which was then hated and odious, Separation.'

In connection with this subject, it is worthy of note, as showing the general feeling of opposition to the religious observance of particular days, that in 1651 an order of Parliament was published, directing, 'That no observation shall be had of the five-and-twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas-day; nor any solemnity used or exercised in churches upon that day in respect thereof.'

ALMSGIVING.

Among the practical virtues inculcated in the New Testament, the giving of alms holds a prominent place. It is a remarkable circumstance that our Saviour, in the solemn representation of the final separation between the righteous and the wicked, which we find in Matt. xxv., assigns, as a cause of their acceptance, that those on his right hand had administered to the wants of the poor, the sick, and imprisoned; emphatically declaring, that the charities bestowed on the least of the family were accepted as bestowed on himself.

When invited to dine with a Pharisee, one of the high professors of the day, who manifested

his surprise that our Lord did not observe the tradition of the elders, but sat down to meat without first washing his hands, he rebuked the superstitious observance of the rituals of the law, while the essentials, judgment and the love of God, were neglected; and, connected with this rebuke, was an admonition to give alms of such things as they had (Luke xi. 41). This injunction, though couched in a few words, includes a large part of the duty of man, in his social relations.

If we duly reflect that whatever we possess, either in the form of mental or physical power, or in the shape of worldly goods, comes originally from the Creator's hand, and that we are the stewards, not the absolute proprietors of these gifts, we readily perceive that the admonition—to give alms of such things as we have—must apply to every case in which we can be serviceable to those who are in want. When the disciples were sent to preach the gospel, to heal the sick, to cast out devils, and to raise the dead, their mission was substantially included in the above-mentioned admonition. They were required to administer to those who lacked a share of gifts with which they had been themselves endowed (Matt. x. 8). When the lame man, at the gate of the temple, solicited alms of Peter and John, the former told him, Silver and gold have I none, but *such as I have, give I thee.* Had these disciples, instead of the miraculous power of healing the cripple, possessed a store of silver and gold, the spirit of charity by

which they were actuated would no doubt have led to a common eleemosynary act. And it is proper to recollect that it is of little importance to ourselves in what particular form our alms are given, provided we faithfully occupy the gifts received. If we give alms, in the proper spirit, and from correct motives, of such things as we have, we may humbly hope for acceptance in the Divine sight, whether those alms are in the form of spiritual admonition, in that of intellectual instruction, or in the relief of physical wants.

There are unquestionably some who, like Peter and John, have neither silver nor gold to administer, whose spiritual endowments qualify them to bestow alms of a more important character than anything which can be purchased with silver or gold. Others there are, whose experience and judgment enable them to administer caution and advice to the young and inexperienced, which, if duly regarded, may be of essential advantage through their future stages of life. In cases of these kinds, alms, which are greatly needed, may be administered to those who do not require assistance in the ordinary sense of the term; and they may come from such as have little worldly treasure to spare.

But the distribution of alms, when applied directly to physical wants, is evidently consistent, when the means are possessed, with the possession and exercise of spiritual gifts, even of the highest order. We find among those ap-

pointed, in the primitive church, to attend to the daily ministration among the Grecian widows, that Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, was one. And though we have no intimation that he neglected his eleemosynary charge, we are told that he did great wonders and signs among the people. When the Libertines and Cyrenians disputed with him, they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake. This first Christian martyr is introduced to our acquaintance in the character of a distributor to the necessities of the Grecian widows. We are not, indeed, informed that he was also a minister of the gospel, but, from the notice which the historian has left of his character and his acts, we may reasonably infer that he was.

In the church of Antioch, the disciples made a collection for the relief of their brethren who resided in Judea, and sent it to the elders by the hands of Barnabas and Saul. Thus we find this eminent apostle employed not only in preaching the gospel, but as almoner of the church. In his defence before Felix, though he had then been nearly thirty years in the apostleship, he assigned, as one of his objects in visiting Jerusalem, his coming to bring alms to his nation (Acts xxiv. 17). As the former instance appears to have occurred near the beginning, and the latter near the end of his apostolic labours, we may fairly infer that he always considered the distribution, or the charge of alms, as quite consistent with his gospel mission.

Long before the Christian era we find a plain intimation of the light in which the giving of alms was viewed. We are informed that Obadiah, the governor of Ahab's house, feared the Lord greatly; in other words, was a very pious man. And the evidence adduced, and which he pleaded before the prophet Elijah, was that he hid an hundred prophets from the vengeance of Jezebel, by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and water.

The testimony respecting Cornelius is that he feared God, with all his house, and *gave much alms to the people*, and prayed to God alway. And the angelic messenger assured him that his prayers *and his alms* had come up for a memorial before God (Acts x. 4). From the history of Cornelius, we may conjecture that he was a man of wealth, and that his alms were administered in the form of donations. But we have, in almost immediate connection with this narrative, the case of a female, apparently in different circumstances. She is said to have been full of good works and *alms deeds* which she did. We hear of the coats and garments which she *made*, ostensibly for the poor, while she was with them. She seems to have bestowed her own labour upon those who were in need, and probably she had little else to give. Still this was a compliance with the injunction to give alms of such things as she had.

To come nearer to our own time, we find a number of those who were conspicuous for their piety almost equally remarkable for their liber-

ality to the poor. George Fox, before he became a public minister of the gospel, while others were feasting and sporting at the time called Christmas, used to look out poor widows, from house to house, and distribute money among them; and frequent instances appear, in his subsequent life, of his attention to the physical necessities of the poor. But the assiduous occupation of his spiritual gifts constituted the great business of his life; and in this manner he unquestionably rendered greater service to the world than could have been conferred by distributing the treasures of Crœsus.

William Penn considered the service of the community, either in a civil or religious capacity, or both, as his stated occupation; and to that object he devoted the energies of a powerful mind, and in great measure sacrificed the comforts of an ample estate. Thus he gave alms of the things he possessed.

Among those of a still later day, whose love to God was manifested by their commiseration for the destitute and afflicted, and whose memories have left a fragrance behind them which must necessarily remain for ages to come, may be enrolled the names of Woolman and Benezet, the devoted advocates of the African race, and the friends of suffering humanity of every grade and complexion; of Jonas Hanway, the father of the Marine Society and Magdalen charity, and the patron of the poor, despised chimney-sweepers of London; of John Howard, who spent the prime of his life in travelling over Europe

to explore the recesses of degradation and misery; of Richard Reynolds, who employed the revenues of a princely estate in relieving the distresses of the poor, while he lived with the utmost frugality himself; of Elizabeth Fry, whose labours to meliorate the condition of the prisons and prisoners of Europe are fully appreciated by those who can comprehend her motives; and of William Allen, who devoted the powers of an ardent and cultivated mind to raise the condition of the poor and distressed, in the most efficient mode of distributing alms, that of instructing and encouraging the objects of his bounty how to provide for themselves.

These, and a number of others who might be named, have ennobled the ages and countries in which they lived, and bequeathed to posterity an example worthy of imitation by the faithful occupation of the talents received, and religious solicitude to give alms of such things as they possessed; whether they had been conferred in the character of spiritual endowments to spread the light of the gospel among their cotemporaries, in that of intellectual superiority, or the more vulgar character of earthly possessions. In all ages the talents intrusted to different individuals have been various, in their kind and degree, but one charge accompanies them all, Occupy till I come.

PITIFUL AND MELANCHOLY CIRCUMSTANCE.

It happened about the year 1666, that James Urquhart, for his conscientious separation from the national church to join the Quakers, fell under the censure of the presbytery, and was excommunicated. The excommunication was sent to one William Forbes, a minister of the place where Urquhart lived, with the injunction of the presbytery to publish it from the pulpit. The minister, conscious of the honesty and integrity of the person against whom he was enjoined to read the sentence, fell under strong convictions, and great reluctancy of mind against the performance of what he was commanded. But, when he considered that the consequence of his disobeying the presbytery would, in all probability, issue in the loss of his stipend, covetousness overcame his convictions; and he publicly pronounced the sentence against James Urquhart, in direct opposition to the dictates of his own conscience. This afterwards gave him much uneasiness, and his mind became so discomposed that he could not, for some time, proceed in performing the usual offices of his function; until at length he publicly and ingenuously came to confess, that his discomposure was a just judgment of God upon him, for cursing with his tongue a person whom he believed, in his own conscience, to be a very honest man. Yet, notwithstanding his convictions were so clear and overpowering, he again fell into the like error, and in a way more nearly affecting

him. His own daughter, Jane Forbes, was convinced of the truth, and joined the Quakers. Church proceedings were carried on against her to an excommunication, which her father was required by the presbytery to pronounce. The poor man's case, under so difficult a dilemma, was really to be pitied. Hard was his choice, either to lose his living by disobeying the presbytery, or wound his conscience by pronouncing excommunication against his own daughter, whom he knew to be a virtuous and religious woman. But, alas! both his conscience and natural affection gave place to the love of money; so that he was determined to read the excommunication, and had uttered some kind of prayers previous thereto, when he was suddenly struck by death, at the very time he had purposed to deliver that sentence. A melancholy and remarkable exit, wherein nature was observed to sink under the weight and oppression of a conflict between conscience and self-interest. — (*Friends' Review.*)

'KEEP SILENCE BEFORE ME, O ISLANDS; AND LET THE PEOPLE RENEW THEIR STRENGTH.' —Isaiah xli. 1.

KEEP silence, O islands, before me,
Their strength let the people renew;
And ah! let all Israel implore me,
And blessings shall fall as the dew.

For I their backslidings will pardon,
And graciously blot out their sin;
Their hearts they no longer shall harden,
Renewed by my Spirit within.

I'll open fresh springs in the mountains,
And rivers shall water the lands;
From rocks shall gush out living fountains,
And streams shall flow o'er the dry sands.

The cedar and pine shall aspire,
Where only the bramble now grows;
Instead of the thorn and the brier,
Shall blossom the myrtle and rose.

Lo! cometh the time, when each nation
Shall learn of the indwelling Word,
To rest in the hopes of salvation,
For all shall be taught of the Lord.

(Holman Shepherd.)

EVER READY TO DO GOOD.

MISERY AND SELF-DESTRUCTION PROVIDENTIALLY PREVENTED.

The penetration and discernment of Elizabeth Fry in prosecuting her benevolent works, were very remarkable. Though charitable in the highest degree, and sometimes, it is probable, imposed upon in her acts of benevolence, she was not often deceived or mistaken in forming an estimate of the real characters of those whom she had even but seldom seen. This may be illustrated in the following remarkable fact:—

'Walking one morning in Lombard Street with the author, we met a decently dressed female, but who appeared to be very sorrowful. She asked no relief, nor did she seek to attract attention. But Mrs. Fry, as if prompted or impelled by some superior power, let go my arm, and turned to the woman, saying, "Thou ap-

pearest to be in trouble; tell me, I beseech thee, the cause of thy sorrow; perhaps I can assist thee, and afford thee relief." The woman hesitated; but Mrs. Fry perceiving her burdened spirit, led her to the house of her brother in the same street; and, by her kind solicitude, obtained a statement of her griefs. She needed no pecuniary assistance, but only the counsels of a judicious and pious friend, whom she had thus most unexpectedly found. And thus this distressed creature was saved from misery and self-destruction; as she afterwards declared, that when met by Mrs. Fry she was on her way to drown herself in the river Thames!'—(T. Timpson's *Memoirs of Mrs. Fry.*)

MINISTERIAL HONESTY.

Felt much at liberty in my mind this morning, which continued on the way to Meeting, and I thought it was likely I should be favoured with an open relieving season; but, on the contrary, I sat the Meeting through in silence, and at the close told the people who were not of our Society, that I felt much love toward them, but had not so learned Christ as to tell the people like some to come together, and that there would be preaching on such a day; and that in a time of spiritual poverty I dare not put forth my hand to steal. I then requested that they would leave me with Friends, for I wanted to see them together, which after a time was mostly complied with, and I had a close searching time with the members of

our Society; a number of whom gathered about us after the Meeting bróke up, and were loving and kind.—(SCATTERGOOD's *Memoirs*, pp. 75, 76.)

THE LAW DIVINE.

Say not the law divine
Is hidden from thee, and afar removed;
That law within would shine,
If there its glorious light were sought and loved.

Soar not on high,
Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to earth;
That vaulted sky
Hath no such star, didst thou but know its worth.

Nor launch thy bark,
In search thereof, upon a shoreless sea,
Which has no ark,
No dove to bring this olive branch to thee.

Then do not roam
In search of that which wandering cannot win:
At home! at home!
That word is placed, thy mouth, thy heart within.

O! seek it there,
Turn to its teachings with devoted will,
Watch unto prayer,
And in the power of faith that law fulfil.

OUTWARD AND SPIRITUAL WORSHIP CONTRASTED.

How different is the view of Divine worship presented to us in the parable (Lu. xviii. 9–14) from the pomp and costliness of a cathedral! We have here set before us, God himself, the temple,

and two persons at worship therein—one of whom gives thanks, and the other prays, each in his own way—but nothing of the porch that was in front of the house, overlaid within with pure gold; of the greater house ceiled with fir, and overlaid with fine gold; of the palm trees, and chains, and graved cherubim on the walls; nor of the vail of blue and purple, and crimson and fine linen, with the wrought cherubim thereon, and its two pillars of thirty and five cubits each, having a chapiter of five cubits on the top; nor of the altar of brass, twenty cubits long, as many broad, and ten cubits high; nor of the molten sea, of ten cubits from brim to brim, thirty cubits in compass, and five cubits in height, standing upon twelve figures of oxen in brass; nor of the lavers, the tables, and basins; nor of the candlesticks, and lamps, and tongs, and snuffers, and spoons, and censers of pure gold!

It seems, either that God could be worshipped (Jn. iv. 23) *without all these*—or that our Lord, in giving us this instructive and humbling parable, left them all out of our view, on purpose to bring us *to the substance of the thing as it stands in the new covenant!*

Further—how came these two to be standing, praying and praising God in the temple, for themselves, instead of employing a priest to offer up prayer and thanksgiving to Him in their behalf?

And how came they by these their (so very dissimilar) vocal offerings? Should they not

rather have proceeded in their worship according to a set form, prescribed in a liturgy authorized by the state—saying *Amen* in the proper place, to each petition and act of thanksgiving or praise? It seems that, with all this cost of ceremony and magnificence, with all the slain beasts and burnt sacrifices, and offerings of lambs and kids of the flock, and pairs of turtle doves and young pigeons; amidst shouts of *Hallelujah!* and the sound of loud trumpets and cymbals, and other instruments of music—with all these helps, the high priest of this outward temple was not provided, in behalf of the worshipper, with *that*, without which no individual should pretend to worship *God—the prayer of the heart!*

'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise!' Ps. li. 17. The great end of all public worship, as of the very creation of the worshippers, is that God may be glorified. 'I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth, even every one that is called by my name—for I have created him *for my glory;* I have formed him, yea, I have made him [for my praise]. Isa. xliii. 6, 7. Again, 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive *glory, and honour, and power;* for thou hast created all things, and *for thy pleasure* they are, and were created!'

In that outward and ceremonial dispensation, in the sight of a people as yet unprepared to

worship him 'in spirit and in truth,' and of strangers and proselytes yet more rude and ignorant, it pleased the true God, *for a season, thus* to take glory to himself. And the high priest, entering by himself once a year within the vail, made atonement for the sins of the people; each worshipper, *even then*, being expected to find and put up his own *prayer* for himself; while the *sacrifice* was offered for the generality of the people.

But in the gospel times, under the new covenant, God will have rendered to himself, through Jesus Christ his Son, our great High Priest and Mediator, in the Holy Spirit, *a more excellent glory;* a worship transcending the former in worth, in as great a degree, as that of the soul of man does all visible objects. 'The hour cometh, *and now is*,' said Christ in the day of *his* outward ministry, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

Here we have God—the true and living *God* —God *as a spirit*, for the *object;* the body of man for the temple; *Christ* in spirit *the medium*, and the soul of man the *agent*—the offering, the aspirations of a lowly and contrite spirit. All spiritual, the poor frail body excepted — and hence, approaching more and more near, as the whole man is sanctified in body, soul, and spirit, to the nature and state of that future blessed spiritual world, to which all our obedience, all our prayers, praises, alms, thanksgivings, and sacrifices to God's holy requirings, tend to bring

us! O blessed change! O holy priesthood, worship, sacrifice! Let me ever watch, that I swerve not from *that* in which, however feebly and meanly, I may yet rightly comprehend, use, and enjoy you!

THE SCEPTIC.

Oh! lives there, heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mould'ring earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
There lives, alas! of Heaven-directed mein,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hailed thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay!
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower!
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm:
And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To Night and Silence sink for evermore!—
Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science searched on weary wing
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing?
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the zone her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven?
Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?

Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurelled wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic's head.
(CAMPBELL.)

EXPLOSION OF A BOMB SHELL.

A FEW weeks ago there was an accidental explosion of a bomb shell in Charlton Street, New York. And as I chanced to be at the spot but a few moments after the explosion, I will give you a description of the terrific scene, as it met my eye. I was sitting in my house, about a quarter of a mile from the place of the explosion, at four o'clock P.M., when the whole house was shaken by the report of apparently the heaviest piece of artillery. I was just preparing to go down into town, and taking an omnibus, soon saw a multitude of men and boys running towards Charlton Street. In a moment more a crowd came around the corner of Charlton Street into Hudson Street, bearing the body of a well-dressed man, upon a window shutter. They crossed the street directly by the omnibus, and I observed that the whole back side of the head was blown off, and the blood and brains were dripping down upon the shutter. Perceiving indications of great excitement in the rapidly gathering crowd, and hearing exclamations of 'explosion,' 'terrible explosion,' &c., I left the omnibus to learn the cause of the disaster. Entering Charlton Street, guided by hundreds

who were rushing to that point from all quarters, I observed on both sides of the street, for a little distance, that the windows were entirely demolished, the frames in many places blown in, doors shattered, and holes blown actually through the sides of houses. In one place, forty rods, I should judge, from the spot where the explosion took place, a hole was blown through the front of a frame house, large enough for a man to enter. Upon the side walk, in front of a shop of old iron, lay in disorder, some thirty or forty rusty bomb shells, about eight inches in diameter. It was said by the crowd that a man had one of these between his knees, endeavouring to loosen the charge with a stick, when it exploded, producing this scene of destruction and carnage. The body of this man was torn to pieces, and scattered in fragments through the streets. Observing a crowd gathered around an object in the street at a little distance, I approached it, and saw, apparently, a large piece of butcher's meat, which a boy was pushing about with his foot. On examining it, it proved to be the lower portion of a man's leg, with the crushed bones, and mangled flesh. 'The other leg,' said a by-stander, 'was blown over into Hudson Street.' A crowd was collected round a window-sill gazing at some object. It was a man's hand, the fingers burnt, and crushed, and blackened, having been torn from the body, and thrown with violence against the brick wall. The mangled trunk of the unfortunate man, headless and limbless, had been

carried into the house, and the shrieks of his wife were heard over the bloody remains. Upon an iron window frame lay the torn and bloody body of another man. A fragment of the shell had torn away one half of his head. He was dead. His blood and brains were dripping down upon the pavement, and a day labourer had thumb and finger upon his eyes, to close them for ever. Two young men who happened to be passing by in the middle of the street, were literally blown up into the air, and fell with broken and mangled limbs upon the pavement. They both died, I believe, the next day. In the street lay a horse dead, and it was singular that he also had the whole of the back of his head torn off by a fragment of the shell. A beautiful waggon to which he was attached, was also demolished, the spokes of the wheels broken, and the vehicle almost torn to pieces.

Such was the devastation produced by the explosion of one single shell. And yet this shell did but perform its function. It was made for this very purpose—to destroy property and life. It was made to be thrown into the crowded streets of a city, there to explode, and blow up houses, and tear limb from limb. This was the function of the instrument. And this is war. To throw such missiles as these into the crowded streets of a city is the business of war. As I looked upon this scene, and witnessed its carnage and woe, and reflected that it was the work of one single shell, and then reflected upon the consternation and horror which must be pro-

duced by raining down a shower of these shells upon a city, crushing their way through the roofs of the houses, exploding in the chambers of the dying, or in parlours where mothers, and daughters, and infant children are gathered in terror, never did I so deeply feel before the horrors—the unmitigated iniquity of war; never before did I so deeply feel that it was the duty of every one who has a voice to speak, or a pen with which to write, to devote all his influence to promote the abolition of this fiend-like work.

When Napoleon, with his blood-stained army, arrived before the walls of Vienna, he planted his batteries, and in less than ten hours threw three thousand of these horrible projectiles into the city. Three hundred of these bomb shells exploded every hour, five every minute, in the streets and dwellings of this crowded metropolis. Who can imagine the terrors of that dreadful night when, amid the thunders of artillery, the cry and the uproar of contending armies, and conflagrations breaking out on every side, these terrible shells, like fiery meteors with portentous glare, were streaking the air, and descending like hailstones upon the doomed city. Crashing through the roofs of the dwellings, they exploded at the fire-side, in the very cradle of the infant, blowing their mangled limbs, with fragments of their demolished homes, far and wide into the air. In this way Napoleon conquered Vienna. In this way England conquered Canton. And in this demoniac work thousands of our countrymen are now ready to engage for

the acquisition of Texas and Oregon. The whole city of New York was thrown into excitement by the tale of the explosion of this one shell, and there is scarcely a newspaper in the land which did not record the dreadful story. And yet it is the business of war to cast these shells by thousands among the men and boys who crowd the ships of the navy and the merchant fleet, and among the aged men, the mothers, the maidens, and the children who throng the dwellings and the pavements of the city. O merciful God, save the nation from the horrors of war!—(*Advocate of Peace*, 1845).

'TIS TIME TO SHEATHE THE SWORD AND SPARE MANKIND.'

I HATE that sword, I hate that sword,
Parading through the land;
It speaks of orphans, tears, and moans,
It speaks of wounds and dying groans,
Of plains, where bleaching lie the bones
Of many a warrior band.

I hate that sword, it tells a tale
Of misery deep and wide,
Of ruined towns, of ravaged lands,
Of gory fields, of burning brands,
Of woes, unnumbered, as the sands
That lie on ocean's side.

I hate that sword, I hate that sword,
Its progress all may find
In characters of blood engraved,
Where'er a tyrant's flag has wav'd,
And men by cruel laws enslav'd,
A foe to human kind.

That hated sword, I saw its form,
Flash brightly in the sun;
From yonder ranks it supervened,
A stream of waving light it seemed,
As swiftly through the air it gleamed,
And spoke of murders done.

I hate that sword, that cruel sword
Has stain'd our earth with red,
From Agincourt to Waterloo,
Its hateful blade of pallid hue,
Has scarcely ceased the world to strew,
With dying and with dead.

'Tis time that busy slaughtering sword
A place of rest should find;
Gather no longer blood, but rust—
'Tis time, indeed (those words how just),
'Back to its sheath, yes, thrust, O thrust
The sword, and spare mankind.'

WILLIAM PENN'S INTIMACY WITH JAMES II.

Gerard Croese, a contemporary of Penn, states, 'He was greatly in favour with the King, who loved him as a singular and entire friend, and imparted to him many of his secrets and counsels. He often honoured him with his company in private, discoursing with him on various affairs; and that not for one but many hours together, delaying to hear the best of his Peers, who at the same time were waiting for an audience. One of the latter being envious and impatient of delay, and taking it as an affront to see another more regarded than himself, ventured to tell his Majesty, that when he met with Penn he thought little of his Nobles. The King made

no other reply than that "Penn *always talked ingenuously* and he heard him willingly."'

A KNOTTY QUESTION.

During the time of George Fox's imprisonment in Launceston jail, a Friend offered himself 'to lie in Doomsdale dungeon in his stead.' This was not allowed, being 'contrary to law!'

Cromwell, on this occasion, asked some of his council, 'Which of you would do as much for me?'—George Fox's *Journal*, p. 199.

SUFFERINGS IN THE INQUISITION.

Amongst the various probations wherewith different members of the Society of Friends were exercised soon after its first rise, few are more remarkable, than those which relate to the trials of Catherine Evans and Sarah Chevers.

In the year 1658, these two females, believing themselves required to travel towards Alexandria, departed from England, and landed at Leghorn, where, finding some of their countrymen and friends, they remained several days, dispersing religious books, and speaking with many persons without receiving any molestation. From this place they took their passage in a Dutch ship bound for Alexandria; but the master of the vessel, being in company with another ship going to Malta, determined upon going thither also, though he had no business in that place.

A remarkable presage of affliction seems to have impressed Catherine Evans at their being thus involuntarily carried to Malta; for before they came there, she felt as though they should 'have a dreadful cup to drink at that place!' yet having an assurance of faith in God, they felt a deliverance from the fear of man.

When they went on shore, they were met by the English Consul, who inquired their purpose in coming there; to which they replied what seemed to them proper, and gave him some books. He told them of the Inquisition; apparently wishing to apprize them of their danger; and invited them, with proffers of service, to go to his house; which they did. Here they were visited by several persons, to whom they spoke with seriousness; and a good impression was made by their discourse upon the minds of many. They returned on board their ship at night; but the next day they came again into the city, and going to the Governor, he told them that he had a sister in a nunnery, who desired to see them; upon which they went there, and talked with the nuns, and gave them some books. One of the priests who brought them into the chapel, desired them to bow to the high altar, which command, it is scarcely necessary to say, they refused; and their visit being over, they returned to the Consul's house, where they staid some weeks. During this period, they once went into one of the churches at the time of mass, when Catherine, standing in the midst of the people, turned her back upon the high

altar, and kneeling down, lifted up her voice in prayer to God. Extraordinary as this action was by such a person in such a place, it would seem that it was not displeasing to the officiating priest; since he put off his surplice, and knelt down by her side till she had concluded her supplication. He then beckoned with his hand for them to approach him; offering a piece of money, which they refused. He inquired if they were Calvinists or Lutherans? and in their replying in the negative, he asked if they would go to Rome, to the Pope? which declining, he queried if they were Catholics? to which they said they were true Christians, and servants of the living God! But as they knew little of the language, they could only express themselves very defectively, and that as much by signs as by words. On a second visit to this, or some other worship house, they happened to arrive at a time when some peculiarly idolatrous ceremonies were proceeding; which occasioned them both so much visible distress and horror of mind, that the whole congregation were struck with amazement, and began to get out of their way with a movement of fear.

As their abode was at the English Consul's (where they remained three months), he fell under a suspicion of favouring them; which induced him, contrary to the rights of hospitality, and in defiance of his previous proffers of service, to connive at, if he did not absolutely aid, the demand of the officers of the Inquisition, that these helpless, harmless women should be de-

livered up into their hands. Previous to this, he had forbidden them to go abroad; and perceiving that something was working to their prejudice, they told him their doubts respecting his good intentions towards them. In a short time the Consul informed Catherine that the Inquisition having received letters from Rome, had sent for her and her friend to be brought before them; but he hoped, he said, that they might be liberated; a hope which he knew to be fallacious, inasmuch as it appeared afterwards, he was aware that a room was then prepared for them as prisoners of the Inquisition.

It would appear, though it is not so stated in the history, that some examination into their principles had, before this time, been made on the part of this tribunal; for on now being brought before it, they were asked by the Lord Inquisitor if they had changed their minds. No, they replied, neither should they change from the truth. He then asked them what new light it was they talked of. It was no new light, they replied; but the same which the apostles and prophets bore witness to. He inquired how this light came to be lost since their day? It was not lost, they said, men had this light still within them, but they did not know it, by reason of the night of apostacy which had overspread the nations.

Being again required to say if they would recant what were called their errors, and again signifying their determination to abide in the truth, they were taken to an inner room in the

Inquisition, which had only two little holes in it for the admission of light and air; in consequence of which confinement, the weather and the climate being exceedingly sultry and oppressive, they were almost suffocated.

Although nothing of an evil nature appeared in their answers, either at the foregoing, or at any subsequent examination (of which they had several), yet they were kept in close imprisonment, a circumstance which occasioned great remorse of conscience to the English Consul; who came to them, and, with tears in his eyes, expressed regret for their condition; 'for it seems,' says Sewel, 'that he had received something for delivering them up, which he would willingly have given back, if thereby he could have obtained their liberty.' But this not being practicable, he had to eat the bitter fruits of repentance for his treachery; and as the forementioned historian relates, he tasted of no more peace in this life. But not thus was it with his victims. Sad and oppressive as was their *outward* condition, they tasted within of those sweet refreshments which oftentimes converted their gloomy prison into the very courts of heaven. 'As dying and behold they live!' such indeed was the befitting motto of these and many more, who in these dark and troublous times, lifted up the holy banner which God had put into their hands, with a command to 'display it because of the truth.'

The interruption to quiet which they had to endure from the frequent visits and troublesome

discourse of a friar named Malachi, who was constantly urging their reception of Popery, was in itself a perpetual vexation; but, added to this trial, their sufferings from the heat were such as nothing but Divine aid could have rendered supportable. They were also so exceedingly stung with mosquitoes, that their faces were perfectly swollen; which caused the angry friar to tell poor Sarah that he could spy an evil spirit in her face. After a short interval, Catherine fell ill; upon which a physician was brought to visit her; but not feeling easy to take any of their remedies, she declined his assistance. It would have been but of little avail, in her circumstances, to seek for medical aid, whilst the apparent cause of her malady, which was the heat and confinement of her apartment, was not removed. She inquired, on seeing the physician, why they should be confined in a room calculated to destroy them, and then a physician brought to keep them the longer alive? To which the friar made answer, that the Inquisitor would lose his head if he removed them thence; and that it was better to keep them there than to kill them. Subsequently the doctor stated they must have air, or they would die, in consequence of which statement their prison doors were set open for six hours every day.

Some idea of the sufferings of these poor creatures may be formed, from the circumstance of their *often lying down before the crevice of their door, to inhale what air could be obtained from it.*

In this state their skin was parched, the hair fell off their heads, and they frequently fainted; and in moments when the strength and glory of the Divine presence was not so feelingly experienced as at others, it cannot occasion surprise that through human weakness they wished for death; their distress sometimes being such, that when it was day they longed for night, and yet when night came, it was only to prompt the constant sigh for returning light.

There was but *one* drop of bitterness needed, to augment this cup of trembling, which, for wise and necessary purposes, the Most High commanded them to drink. It was their separation from each other! Whilst they could converse, and weep, and suffer, and supplicate *together*—they were yet possessed of a rich mine of happiness. Their separation was long threatened, and at last the painful sentence was put into execution; and though both of them declared, and doubtless with truth, that death itself would not have been so grievous to them as separation, they found no pity from the merciless monks with whom they were dealing. The reason assigned for this cruel measure was, that they only hardened each other in refusing to recant their errors; and, therefore, when separated, they would perhaps cease to be contumacious. But so far from their being intimidated by this accession of sorrow, they acquired fresh courage therefrom; a result which the spiritual mind would anticipate as probable; since such an one can conceive, when put into

the furnace of affliction, how safely the soul may cast itself into the keeping of the Great Refiner, assured that he himself will sit by to watch his gold (Mal. iii. 3); permitting, in the painful process, no higher degree of suffering than that which is absolutely needful to purify the vessel, and make it meet for the master's use.

A remarkable dream of Catherine's during their imprisonment, is strikingly illustrative of this truth. She found herself, in her dream, in a large room, in which was a great fire made of wood. In a chair, by the side of the fire, a person was sitting, whom she took to be the Son of God; and over the fire, so that it appeared impossible but it must be consumed, she perceived a very lovely child, which she would fain have taken up, to save it from being destroyed; but he that sat in the chair commanded her to let it alone. Although the fire was flaming about it, the child played and seemed merry. On turning round, she perceived an angel, and at the same time she was desired by the person sitting in the chair to take the child up; which she did, and found that it had received no harm. 'He knoweth the way that I take,' said the holy patriarch (Job xxiii. 10); 'when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.'

In the course of their imprisonment, 'it happened,' says Sewell, 'that the Inquisition house was new built, or repaired; which took up about the space of a year and a half; and during this time, some of the great ones came often to see

the building, which gave opportunity to these women to speak to them, and to declare the truth in the name of the Lord.' He also states, that although they were threatened by the monks for preaching the light of Christ so boldly, yet not only the magistrates but the Lord Inquisitor grew moderate towards them, and gave orders that they should have pen, ink, and paper, to write to England. And they also seemed inclined to have set them at liberty; but the friars counteracted all such measures, seeming bent on annoying them to the utmost of their ability.

The heavenly content which on the whole was the portion of these sufferers for Christ's sake and the gospel's, in this dark and cloudy day, was remarkable. One of them, in writing to her relatives in England, says—'We are witnesses that the Lord can provide a table in the wilderness, both spiritual and temporal. In all our afflictions and miseries, the Lord remembered mercy, and did not leave us nor forsake us, nor suffer his faithfulness to fail; but caused the sweet drops of his mercy to distil upon us, and the brightness of his glorious countenance to shine into our hearts.' The other of these suffering captives writes, that she could not by pen and paper set forth the extent of the love of God to her soul, in filling his gracious promises to her in the wilderness. It appears, indeed, in the history of these prisoners for Christ, that they were enabled to 'sing the Lord's song in a strange land;' and that, in the

midst of heaviness, 'their mouths were often filled with laughter, and their tongues with joy,' being strong in the faith, giving praises and glory to God.

It is worthy of observation, and certainly tending to spiritual progress, to consider how much the soul *thrives* in the exercise of *praise*. How continually do we find 'the high praises of God,' in the mouth of the Scripture saints! and how almost invariably, as it advances nearer to the fountain of blessedness, and the sweet source of its being, does the spirit of the creature, when in its *right* state, pour forth enraptured songs of thanksgiving to its all-glorious and all-lovely Creator! Hence, how many at, or very near, the moment of their departure from the body, break forth into singing, 'the joy of the Lord being their strength.'

At length, after a captivity of four years, it pleased God to order matters for their deliverance; which was effected through the instrumentality of Lord D'Aubigny, a Roman Catholic priest, then in England, in the service of the queen mother; and whose interposition in the affair was sought by Gilbert Latey, a valued minister in the Society.

After being liberated, in due time they arrived in England, and went to visit their friend Gilbert; and, after acknowledging his love and endeavours for their liberty, were desirous of thanking Lord D'Aubigny, whom it had pleased God to make the instrument of their enlargement. Gilbert accompanied them, and told

Lord D'Aubigny that the Friends who had been made partakers of his great kindness, and released of their bonds in Malta, were come to pay their acknowledgments to him for the same. And, according as the Lord put it into their hearts, they spoke to him; adding that, were it in their power, they should be as ready in all love to serve him. To which he replied, 'Good women, for what service or kindness I have done you, all that I desire of you is, that when you pray to God you will remember me in your prayer.'—(KELTY's *Early Friends*, &c.)

How striking in the foregoing account is the contrast between the treatment of these followers of Jesus, by those who called themselves Christians, and the treatment, by those who were called barbarians, of the apostle Paul and his companions, when they were shipwrecked on the same island, called, in the holy Scriptures, Melita.

Of the 'barbarians,' it is said concerning Paul and his companions, many of whom were criminal prisoners:—'The barbarous people showed us no little kindness, for they kindled a fire, and received us *every one*, because of the present rain, and because of the cold.'

Those who called themselves 'Christians,' imprisoned, persecuted, cursed, and threatened with the most cruel death those who, in the *love of Christ*, were constrained to visit them, and desired to reclaim them from idolatry.

Did the *barbarians* or the *Christians* approach the nearest to fulfilling the precepts of Christ,

as set forth in his most excellent sermon on the Mount?

On the other hand, these innocent sufferers, when they were released from their long and cruel imprisonment, kneeled down and prayed to their heavenly Father never to lay to the charge of their oppressors what they had done unto them, because they knew them not.

It was not only in the island of Malta that these two women were called upon to suffer for the testimony of Jesus. In 1658, Catharine Evans, for publicly exhorting the people to repentance in the market-place at Salisbury, was, by order of the mayor, there whipped, and then sent out of the city with a pass. She returned the next month, and exhorted the people as before. The mayor sent her to a filthy prison, and exercised other cruelty; but when the magistrates were consulting to have her whipped again, Colonel Wheat, one of them, zealously and successfully opposed it, saying they might as well have whipped the woman of Samaria that brought the glad tidings into the town.

In 1659, her husband was imprisoned on account of tithes; and in 1663, the year after his wife returned from Malta, he received sentence of *premunire* at Taunton assizes; and the following year he laid down his life in prison, under this cruel sentence, for his obedience to the precept of Christ: 'Swear not at all.'

Catharine Evans, and her companion Sarah Chevers, are mentioned by William Sewel as visiting Scotland as early as the year 1654.

From that time till the occurrence at Salisbury, the year of their embarkation on their memorable voyage, no account appears to be preserved of them. After their return to England, we find this valiant servant of the Lord again encountering sufferings and imprisonments for his name's sake. In the year 1664, the year in which her husband died, she and Sarah Chevers were imprisoned at Wivelscombe. In 1666, she was imprisoned at Welshpool, Montgomeryshire; and in 1682, she was one among one hundred and fifteen Friends who suffered imprisonment in Bristol.

So hot was persecution in the latter city at this time, that few or none of our Friends, male or female, were left free, except children under sixteen years of age, who, from that circumstance, were not amenable to the cruel laws of that period. These children kept up the meeting as much as was in their power, which so exasperated their cruel persecutors, that, contrary to law, nineteen of these youths were once taken up, and committed to the house of correction for some time.

ON SILENCE.

Plutarch ranks silence amongst the virtues; he calls it 'a something profound and mystical.' He says that 'silence is a rarer and more Divine gift than speech,' and adds, 'for which reason I think it is we have men as professors of the art of speaking; but as patrons of silence we have

gods.' 'That which has been reserved in silence is yet to speak, but that which has been spoken can never be restored to silence.'

THE MOST PERFECT CHRISTIAN STATESMAN.

The author of *Colonization and Christianity* observes, 'There is no doubt that Penn may be declared the most perfect Christian statesman that ever lived.'—(P. 361.)

INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

The great King of Babylon was brought to see the vanity of trusting in human power, and to acknowledge that the *Most High*, who ruleth in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, is the only object in whom even kings ought to confide. But Nebuchadnezzar has not been the only one who has made this confession. The progress of the great King, Alp Arslan, was retarded by the governor of Berzem; and Joseph, the Carizmian, presumed to defend his fortress against the powers of the East. When he was produced a captive in the royal tent, the sultan, instead of praising his valour, severely reproached his obstinate folly, and the insolent replies of the rebel provoked a sentence, that he should be fastened to four stakes, and left to expire in that painful situation. At this command the desperate Carizmian, drawing a dagger, rushed headlong towards the throne; the guards raised

their battle-axes, their zeal was checked by Alp Arslan, the most skilful archer of the age, he drew his bow, but his foot slipped, the arrow glanced aside, and he received in his breast the dagger of Joseph, who was immediately cut in pieces. The wound was mortal, and the Turkish prince bequeathed a dying admonition to the pride of Kings. 'In my youth,' said Alp Arslan, 'I was advised by a sage to humble myself before my God, to distrust my own strength, and never to despise the most contemptible enemy. I have neglected these lessons, and my neglect has been deservedly punished. Yesterday, from an eminence, I beheld the numbers, the discipline, and the spirit of my armies, the earth seemed to tremble under my feet, and I said in my heart surely thou art the King of the world, the greatest and most invincible of warriors. These armies are no longer mine; and, in the confidence of my personal strength, I now fall into the hand of an assassin.'

Demetrius Phalereus, a disciple of Theophrastus, gained such an influence over the Athenians, by his eloquence and the purity of his manners, that he was elected a decemvir, B.C. 317. He so embellished the city, and rendered himself so popular by his munificence, that the Athenians raised 360 brazen statues to his honour. Yet, in the midst of all this popularity, his enemies excited a sedition against him; he was condemned to death, and all his statues were thrown down, after being invested with the sovereign power for ten years.

Consider the most remarkable examples which history has recorded, of rare talent and rare fortune united for the accomplishment of some illustrious end. What are they, if read aright, but so many lessons of humility? Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, was by far the most accomplished hero of his age. His birth was noble, his person graceful and dignified, his understanding of that rare class in which depth and facility are equally united, at once elegant and comprehensive, and embellished with all the learning that Greece in her best era could supply; his achievements in arms were great and brilliant, and his success was almost unvaried. It was Philip's chief ambition to live to future ages; and, that the triumph of his glory might be permanent, he was anxious to embody it in the literature and eloquence of Athens. For this end, he was content to pardon alike her insults and injuries, and courted, with unwearied assiduity, the acquaintance of the most considerable members of her commonwealth. But the eloquence of a single man defeated all his hopes. Demosthenes was his enemy; and that profligate demagogue has been able, by his matchless genius, to brand with unmerited infamy, during more than 2000 years, the illustrious prince who vanquished and spared him.

If the ancient world produced any person more deserving of admiration than Philip, it was probably his son. It was Alexander's ambition to found a mighty empire, which should embrace both the eastern and western hemi-

sphere, and to foster under one parent and protecting shade, the commerce, learning, arts, and legislation of the world. The greatness of his design could be measured only by the extensive genius which conceived it, and his success was equal to both. In the very prime of youth he overthrew the most potent kingdom of Asia; he selected the position, and laid the foundation of a city which, for a thousand years, drew into its bosom the wealth of three continents; he carried his victorious army into the heart of India, and, having fixed and fortified his eastern frontier, returned to Babylon, to prepare for extending his conquests in the west. There, as he was retiring early to rest, he passed by a chamber where some of his young officers and friends were banqueting; and in a thoughtless moment, for he was by habit very temperate, he accepted an invitation to join their carousals. The rest who does not know? In a few days he was laid in his grave; and in a few years the great empire, of which he thought to have laid the foundations so deep that it should have stood for ages, was broken in pieces, and the fragments dispersed to the four winds of heaven.

I will mention but one example more, and that, like the former, of the most vulgar notoriety. Cæsar desired to be master of the world. By devoting thirty years of his life to a single object; by the exercise of the most unrivalled talents; and the perpetration of unexampled crimes, he seemed to have effected his purpose. He was declared dictator. And how long did

he enjoy his elevation? The ability which had raised him so high failed him, when only a small portion of it was necessary to sustain him in his guilty eminence. He had fought his way to empire at the head of legions who were devoted to him; and he had not the prudence to retain a mere body guard to preserve what he had won. He had sustained a character for moderation during a long series of years, with consummate skill and hypocrisy; and when nothing but the language of moderation was necessary to secure his popularity, he forgot to use it; and provoked a people who were jealous of the name of liberty, though they had surrendered the substance, by an avarice of silly titles. He had delivered himself repeatedly from the most complicated and overwhelming distresses, by his matchless sagacity and courage, and he was ruined at last by foolishly overlooking an irregular, ill-concerted conspiracy, which a child might have discovered. He had lived in the midst of a thousand dangers in the field, and he fell by the hands of assassins.

These instances, and numberless others, which are less striking only because they are less notorious, have been cited by the moralists of every age, and, after a few serious comments, dismissed, with a sigh over the vanity of earthly glory. They prove, indeed, its vanity beyond controversy; but they prove also much more. They express, in large and striking characters, that hapless uncertainty which attends on every scheme of earthly policy. What is true of great things is true of small. Private life has its

Philips, and Alexanders, and Cæsars without number, who are striving, with unwearied diligence, for the attainment of a commanding reputation, or brilliant establishments, or ascendency of station. The mere moralist can do little more than condemn their folly, and weep over it; but the Christian may surely be taught, by such examples, a lesson of far higher wisdom, and, touched with a sense of his own weakness, may learn to resign himself, without regret and without fear, into the hands of his beneficent Creator.—(BUCK'S *Anecdotes.*)

REMARKABLE INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JOHN EXHAM.

JOHN EXHAM, born in 1630, in the county of Kerry, was a military man. He laid down his sword, and joined the Society of Friends, in 1658, and became a minister amongst them, imparting to their assemblies, in those early days, that sound and wholesome doctrine which he was commissioned by his heavenly Master to declare. About the year 1667, his head covered with sackcloth and ashes, he proclaimed repentance and amendment of life through the streets of Cork; for this he was imprisoned, yet in 1698 he performed the like service.

Doubtless, some will call in question the propriety of such acts, as well as others of a like nature to which some of the early Friends believed themselves called, and which, in human

estimation, appear as unnecessary as they were strange. But what could exceed in strangeness, to human comprehension, the requirements that were laid upon Abraham, Moses, the prophets, and many others too numerous to mention?

John Exham resided at Charleville, in the county of Cork, where the Earl of Orrery, in the reign of Charles II., also resided, in great splendour, and too often, in his magnificent mansion, hospitality degenerated into riot and excess. During one of those seasons of merriment, John Exham believed it was required of him to go to the great house; and, his motions being observed, a crowd followed, desirous to discover his business there. He appeared before the revellers, called them to repentance, and foretold that the stately scene of their festivity should become a habitation for the fowls of the air. The servants of the nobleman, hearing, and resenting this denunciation, were about to turn John Exham out of the house, which the Earl, of gentler manners, and perhaps impressed by the awful prophecy, forbade, and desired that the honest man should not be interrupted. Having delivered his message, the prophet withdrew, but soon returned, and, calling for the Earl, thus addressed him, 'Because thou hast been kind and loving to the servant of the Lord, the evil shall not be in thy days.' After the Earl's death, in the times of civil commotion, this superb dwelling was so much desolated by fire, that it literally became a habitation for the fowls of the air, who built their nests within the

deserted walls.—(LEADBEATER'S *Narratives*, and RUTTY'S *History*.)

TIMELY REPROOF.

IT is said of Anthony Benezet, that he often indulged an inherent facetiousness of mind, though the sallies of his wit were always controlled by the predominance of goodwill, and intended to convey lessons of instruction. Seeing one of his friends in the street, who was remarkable for a hurrying habit he had acquired, Benezet called to him to stop: 'I am now in haste,' said the gentleman, 'and will speak with you, when we next see each other;' but, resolved on his purpose, he retained him an instant, with this impressive question: 'Dost thou think thou wilt ever find time to die?' They then parted; and the person who received the laconic interogation was afterwards heard to say, that 'he felt infinitely indebted to Mr. Benezet for his kind admonition.'—(*Memoirs of Anthony Benezet.*)

BAPTIST TEACHER CONVINCED.

SOON after he was released from his imprisonment in Carlisle dungeon, George Fox was at the house of Thomas Bewley of Coldbeck, in Cumberland, where a Baptist teacher came to oppose him. But finding what George Fox spoke to be efficacious, he was convinced of the truth.—(SEWELL'S *History*.)

PERSECUTION.

In the county of Devon at West-Alvington, a religious meeting having been held on September 11, 1670, at the house of Elizabeth Philips, widow, several warrants were issued upon an information, under which ten persons broke open the back-door of the widow's house (the warrant specially authorizing that violence) and 'took away her goods, which they shared among themselves at pleasure; leaving neither bedding nor bed clothes for her four small children to lodge in, and her servants for several nights were obliged to lie on pease-straw.' The distraints made on nine persons for this meeting amounted to above £85. 'The warrants which authorized these distresses were grossly erroneous, having charged £20 for a pretended preacher, though the meeting was held in silence, and having imposed fines on others for the poverty of two persons (*i.e.*, in their stead, as poor), one of whom was not there, and the other had been dead several years. Eight persons appealed jointly, and one, Mary Randall, on her own account, to the quarter sessions; where (by the influence of the chairman as it appears) the jury after a long debate (and contrary to the testimony of a constable present at the meeting) gave a verdict against the joint appellants. Mary Randall proving clearly her case, of the wrong information as to two persons before mentioned, 'the court ordered her money to be returned, which the convicting Justice promised

to do, but never did. *Instead of restitution, he shortly after granted another warrant against her, for a pretended offence of like nature.*'—(BESSE, vol. i. pp. 155–159.)

MORE PERSECUTION.

Leicestershire, anno 1670.—ON the 25th of the month called January, a meeting was held for church affairs, and to relieve the necessities of the poor, at the house of John Penford of Kirby Mucklow. Thither came the informers, and found them consulting together about works of charity. John Penford desired them to look into the books of accounts, then lying open; that so they might not misrepresent the cause of their meeting. The informers went and got a warrant to bring John Penford, William Wells, John Carr, and Richard Woodland before the Justices at Market Bosworth. They appeared accordingly, and were charged *with being at a seditious conventicle.* They desired that the informers might give in their depositions in their hearing, but the Justices would not grant it. For indeed they were so partially disposed that one of them, the Lord Beaumont, told John Penford, whom he knew to have a considerable estate, *that he would bring him to poverty.*

They fined John Penford £20 for his house, and £10 for a preacher, though no preacher was there; they also fined several others £3, 6*s.* 8*d.* each, so that the whole amounted to £50. Penford and Woodland appealed to the quarter ses-

sions, and retained counsel to plead their cause there. But so arbitrary were the Justices, that they refused to try the appeal unless the appellants would first take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy; which they refusing to do, the court awarded treble damages against the plaintiffs.—(Besse, p. 335.)

LETTER FROM RICHARD FARNSWORTH TO MARGARET FELL.

The following valuable letter is the more interesting, as having been addressed at that early period to Margaret Fell (who became so conspicuous as a nursing mother in the church), within about six months after George Fox's first visit at Swarthmore; when she, her children, and a great part of her servants became convinced.

Balbie, Yorkshire, 12th Month, 12th, 1652.

Dear Sister,—Mind to stand in the counsel of the Lord, which will keep down everything that would be exalted; and will not suffer thee to conform to anything but that which is pure. O! be faithful, be faithful, in what thou knowest; and stand perfect in the will of the Lord; and the Lord will keep thee in his own power to Himself, and arm thee every way with his love and power. Stand in his counsel, and it will discover all the consultations of the enemy; and [will] scatter all imaginations, and will not suffer them to take place in thee, being but obedient to Him. Love not the world, but mind that

which would draw thee to live in the pure obedience of Him who is pure: and standing in the pure fear, it will take away all slavish fears, and it will not suffer thee to conform to the world in anything; but thou wilt be preserved in obedience to the Lord, in what he doth require; for the fear of the Lord keepeth the heart clean; and it will keep thee clean, and open to receive the teachings of the Father. O! stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath set thee free, and it will keep thee from the entanglements of the world; and thy preservation will be, in standing in the counsel of the Lord, who is the mighty Counsellor, the everlasting Prince of peace; who will lead thee and guide thee into the everlasting kingdom of the Father, where there is peace and joy, rest, quietness, and assurance for ever! Give thyself up wholly to the Lord, who will preserve thee in faithfulness and purity; and the everlasting Lord God Almighty keep thee and all the rest of our dear Friends, in the power of his love, and in the power of his Truth, perfect in his will; that ye may grow from strength to strength, and be established in the everlasting Truth:—and that He alone may be glorified, who is Lord of lords, and King of kings; to whom be glory and honour, and praise, and thanks, for ever and ever! Amen.

I received thy letter, which did much rejoice me. When thy letter, with James and George, came, I was then gone towards Derbyshire—where I met with a gathered church. I have

been in much service since I came from you; Friends are much emboldened and courageous, who have had great opposition and persecution here away; but all is at a stand; the enemy is much in silence; and the Lord carries on his own work, much to his own praise; to Him alone be glory, and honour, for ever and ever!

My dear love in the Lord presents itself to you all, to thy son George, and to thy daughters, and to all those thy servants, in the Truth of God; and the Lord cause them all to grow up into the Truth, that He may be exalted amongst you all. Ah! my dear hearts, prize the love and mercy of the Lord, and daily mind your growth into that which is eternal; and the everlasting love and power of the Lord keep you all in faithfulness to Him in what you know. Keep in the cross, and purity will grow. The safest way is in the cross; take up the cross daily; mind to be guided by that which crosseth your own wills, and it will bring every idle word, thought, and deed, to judgment in you; and so the old man will be crucified, with the affections and lusts thereof; and you shall find the Lord to sit as a refiner, to judge out all the old leaven, the old nature, and so the new man will be raised up; and Christ, the power of God, [will] rule and reign in righteousness in you, who is the King of saints; to Him alone be all praise and thanks for evermore! Amen.

R. F.

TUDOR BRAIN

Of London, a youth about seventeen years of age, was taken ill about the 10th Month, 1696, and from that time declined daily till the 10th Month following. Being in the country for his health, he was often observed to be in retirement in the fields, sometimes returning with wet eyes, and his friends apprehending it might proceed from his distemper, or else from fear of death, his frequent answers were that he was no ways afraid to die, but willingly resigned himself up to the will of God, either for life or death. About a month before he died, he was taken so ill as not to be able to go out of his chamber, and so continued. Being daily with a great sense of God upon his spirit, he would often mention full assurance of his future happiness, saying, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and receive my soul.' After this he called for a Bible, desiring to read; his mother's answer was, 'Child, thou art weak;' he said he could read; and so read the 17th chapter of John with trembling lips; when he came to the 20th verse, viz., 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word,' he took particular notice and wept. On the day before he departed, he fell so ill they thought he was smitten with death; and several Friends visiting him, he was much refreshed and comforted, saying, 'O mother, how merciful is the great God to me, that hath put it in the hearts of good Friends to visit me!

there are healthier and younger than I, that are gone before me, a poor consumptive lad; he hath spared me, surely I shall never forget his mercies.' Addressing himself to the Lord, he said, 'O! glory, glory and praises, for they are thine for evermore.' Then sitting still, he said, 'O! thou merciful God, thou art merciful, I can say that I have found it so; that when I had no breath, I have sought thee, and it hath been given me.' His parents hearing him, they wept; but he answered, 'Wherefore are ye troubled, my dear parents? Be not troubled for me, for I am going to a better place; if it be the will of the Lord, he can raise me; but if not, his will be done; it may be he may spare me two or three days.' Turning his eyes on his parents, he said, 'You are the nearest in the world to me, but yet there is a nearer that is above.' After some silence, he said, 'In my younger years I have gone by myself down into the meadows, and have cried to the Lord, but knew not where he was; and when I heard his voice I trembled; and as I gave up, the Lord Jesus made himself known unto me; then I knew what I sought for;' with more concerning a vision he had of his future happiness; and he also testified against superfluity in the house. And about twelve hours before his death, a near relation desiring, on behalf of those present, that they might be fitted for their latter end, he said, 'You must pray, and hang, and lean upon the Lord Jesus Christ; for it is of him, and through him, that we must expect salvation; without him ye

can do nothing; for he died for sinners, and he is very merciful to forgive; he hath forgiven me, blessed be his holy name. Although some be hardened and stubborn, yet the Lord is merciful, he can and may forgive; but you that are in the truth, keep in the truth;' with more which he said of the advantage of remembering our Creator betimes, and concerning death.

About two hours before he died, he prayed thus—'Lord God, be merciful; thou art good, thou art bountiful; Lord, have mercy on me; come, Lord Jesus, have mercy. Thou diedst for sinners; glory, glory to the God of heaven! O! praises to thy name; Lord Jesus, receive my soul;' with more that he said to his father and mother. Lying still a little, he said, 'O what a glorious kingdom I am going to! there are dainties enough. O what a numerous army hath my God!' And so lay praising God till he finished this life, about two in the morning, on the 3d of the 10th Month, 1697.

JERUSALEM.

Edward Robinson of New York (who, with a friend of his, spent some time in travelling through Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petræa, in the year 1838), when approaching the ancient city of Jerusalem, makes the following reflections in his *Journal*:—

The feelings of a Christian traveller, on approaching Jerusalem, can be better conceived than described; mine were strongly excited.

Before us, as we drew near, lay Mount Zion—the Mount of Olives—the vales of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, and other objects of the deepest interest; while crowning the summits of the same ancient hills was spread out the city where God of old had dwelt, and where the Saviour of the world had lived, and taught, and died. From the earliest childhood, I had read of and studied the localities of this sacred spot; now I beheld them with mine own eyes, and they all seemed familiar to me, as if the realization of a former dream. I seemed to be again among cherished scenes of childhood, long unvisited indeed, but distinctly recollected; and it was almost a painful interruption, when my companion (who had been here before), began to point out and name the various objects in view. 'At length our feet stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!—Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.'

To these appropriate reflections may be appended—

THE JEWISH PILGRIM.

'Are these the ancient holy hills
Where angels walked of old?
Is this the land our story fills,
With glory, not yet cold?

For I have passed by many a shrine,
O'er many a land and sea,
But still, O promised Palestine,
My dreams have been of thee.

I see thy mountain cedars green,
Thy valleys fresh and fair,
With summers bright as they have been
When Israel's home was there:

Tho' o'er thee, sword and time have past,
And Cross and Crescent shone,
And heavily the chain hath prest,
But thou art still our own!

Thine are the wandering race that go
Unblest through every land,
Whose blood hath stained the polar snow,
And drenched the desert sand.

And thine the homeless hearts that turn
From all earth's shrines to thee,
With their lone faith for ages borne
In sleepless memory.

For thrones are fallen, and nations gone
Before the march of time,
And where the ocean rolled alone
Are forests in their prime.

Since Gentile ploughshares marred the brow
Of Zion's holy hill,—
Where are the Roman eagles now?
Yet Judah wanders still.

And hath she wandered thus in vain,
A pilgrim of the past?
No! long deferred her hope hath been,
But it shall come at last.

For in her wastes a voice, I hear,
As from some prophet's urn,
It bids the nations build not there,
For Jacob shall return.

O! lost and loved Jerusalem,
Thy pilgrim may not stay,
To see the glad earth's harvest home
In thy Redeemer's day.

But now resigned in faith and trust,
I seek a nameless tomb;
At least, beneath thy hallowed dust,
O give the wanderer room.'

The author of the foregoing sweet stanzas appears to be one of the many who are strong in the faith that the dispersed tribes of Israel will, ere long, be restored to their ancient possessions, and become again a distinct nation in Palestine. The subject is one of deep interest to those who are attempting to decipher the ominate signs of the times in which we live. Many persons are looking for the restoration of the Jews, who read the prophecies relating to them literally, and and expect their fulfilment in the natural and outward signification of the letter of Holy Writ. Without entering into this animating discussion, it may be observed that Paul, himself a Jew, held out no such expectation to those of his nation; his epistle to the Jews at Rome is calculated to turn their attention quite into another direction; for, amongst much instruction of a similar import, he tells them, 'He is not a Jew who is one outwardly, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh.'

What then becomes of the Jews as a nation, or their circumcision, as the seal of the old covenant? Broken and annulled. Their ancient city is no longer the holy city, nor the place where the Lord will now place his name; He hath made a new covenant with the house of Israel. John saw in a vision 'the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband; and he heard a voice out of heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall

be His people.'—'If any man have ears to hear, let him hear.'—(P.)

INSTANCE OF PRESERVATION IN ALMOST THE LAST EXTREMITY.

An elderly Friend of some opulence, who, soon after the disturbances in Ireland in 1798, came to reside in England, with a constitution much debilitated by the hardships and persecutions he had suffered, told a minister of the Society, lately deceased, that several of the United Irishmen entered his house and insisted that he should undergo the ceremony of baptism, according to the form of the Romish church. As he refused it, they behaved very roughly, but left him with the determination, as they said, of coming again in a few days; and, if he then refused, that they would certainly hang him. According to their promise, they came again, and endeavoured, by arguments and threats, to prevail upon him to be baptized; but in vain. They then said they certainly would hang him; but some trifling matter occurring among themselves, the execution of their design was deferred at that time also, and they left him. In a few days they returned again, and he was told that they had now resolved to hang him before they left the house, if he did not agree to be baptized; and they actually fastened a rope round his neck, and took him to an outhouse, where there was a beam, and were in the act of tying him up to the beam, when an alarm was given that a party

of soldiers was coming, which made them run away; so that his life was providentially saved. —(HANCOCK's *Peace Exemplified.*)

GIN.

THE gin drunk in England and Wales annually amounts to nearly £20,000,000 sterling, a sum which would pay all the poor-rates three times over.

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.

WHAT is the first and great command?
To *love* thy God above:
And what the second?—As thyself,
Thy neighbour thou shalt *love:*
Who is my neighbour?—He who wants
The help that thou canst give;
Jesus our blessed Saviour said,
This do—and thou shalt live.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

DIED, on Wednesday last, at York, of the small-pox, John Woolman, of New Jersey, in North America—an eminent preacher amongst the people called Quakers. His life exhibited a very singular and striking example of self-denial, adorned with an amiable sweetness of disposition, and affectionate goodwill to mankind universally.

His feelings for the bondage and oppression of the poor enslaved negroes were so exquisite, that he conscientiously refused every accommo-

dation, both in diet and apparel, which was produced by their labour. He was upon a religious visit to his friends in this nation, and has left a wife and family in America.—(*From the Leeds Mercury, October* 13, 1772.)

BARCLAY'S 'APOLOGY' IN SPANISH.

THE first edition of Barclay's *Apology* in Spanish bears the following title:—

Apologia de la verdadera Theologia Christiana, como ella es profesada y predicada por el Pueblo llamado en menosprecio Trembladores &c. Escrita en Latin è Ingles por Roberto Barclay: transladada en Castellano por Antonio de Alvarado, originario de Sevilla, por el bien de todos, especialmente de la Nacion Espanola. Impreso y vendido en Londres, por J. SOWLE en la corte llamada del Ciervo Blanco, en Gracious Street. 1710.

TRANSLATION.

Apology for the true Christian Theology, as it is professed and preached by the People called in contempt Quakers, &c. Written in Latin and English by Robert Barclay; translated into Castilian by Antonio de Alvarado, a native of Seville, for the good of all, especially of the Spanish Nation. Printed and sold in London, by J SOWLE, in the court called White Hart, in Gracious Street. 1710.

Minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings, 1709, speak of Antonio de Alvarado as 'a Spaniard lately convinced of the truth,' and 'he being a scholar, is thought to be a fit person to undertake such a work,' namely, the translation of Barclay's *Apology* into Spanish. And again, they mention him as 'our friend Alvarado, a Spaniard,' and direct the printing of a thou-

sand copies of his translation, under the care of Henry Gouldney, Daniel Phillips, Gilbert Molleson, John Whiting, or any two of them.

A Spanish gentleman writes recently, 'This book of Barclay's I obtained in a singular manner. In 1837, I think, came a man of his own accord to my house, and presented it to me, asking if I wished to buy it. I bought it, and I believe this is the first book of the doctrines of the "Friends" that I read. Before that time, I had only the most superficial knowledge of them.'

ADDRESS TO KING GEORGE III., BY FRANCES DODSHON, PREVIOUS TO THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[Had George III. acted upon the advice given in this faithful admonitory address, which was presented to him in the 2d Month, 1775, the American dominions might not have been severed from Great Britain].

Duty to God, and the King, impels me to address him in such language as Divine wisdom shall see meet to inspire, and let it not seem strange to thee, O King, that a faithful subject should be impressed with a deep inward travail of spirit for thy prosperity, with that of thy amiable consort and your royal offspring, on whose account my knee hath often bowed at the throne of grace, and my heart and mouth been filled with this pathetic prayer—'Give the King thy judgments, O Lord, and thy righteousness to the King's son.'

And I have been secretly favoured with a belief, that this petition hath been accepted of him who inspired it, for he is known to the truly dependent upon him to be a prayer hearing God, and answering, in his own time, that which proceeds from the lively sensible operation of his Holy Spirit. It was this that qualified the faithful prophets, plainly and availingly, to address great and powerful kings, and disclose the mind of the Lord respecting them and the kingdoms which, in the course of his providence, they were permitted to govern; and it is evident from the sacred records, that the kings that feared God, and hearkened to his messengers, he never failed to bless and prosper.

Suffer me then, O King, to inform thee of the deep exercise I have sustained for a considerable time, from a view which, I have cause to believe, was given me by the Holy Spirit, of the alarming tendency of the commotions that unhappily prevail in some parts of thy dominions, which, if not timely and wisely suppressed, will, I greatly fear, involve this nation in almost irreparable grievances and trouble, which I heartily wish may be rightly and timely apprehended by those in authority under thee, and prudently avoided.

It does not seem to be my concern to enumerate the many disadvantages this nation must inevitably sustain if things should be carried to extremities. What lies with the greatest weight on me is the dreadful consequences that may attend, should the sword be once unsheathed;

for who can precisely determine where, when, or in what it may end?

The painful view given me of these important things, has for some weeks past exceedingly afflicted me. Most gladly would I have divested myself of the distress it brought, and sheltered under an apprehension of my inability to engage in things of so high a nature; but infinite wisdom will work by such instruments as he sees meet, and his powerful word has been as a fire within me, so that I dare not any longer keep silence; but in humble, awful fear, and obedience, offer these weighty things, O King, to thy serious consideration, imploring Divine goodness to give thee a due sense of them, and endue thee with wisdom and resolution to act for thy own and thy subjects' good, and the preservation of peace and tranquillity throughout thy extensive dominions. And wherein some of thy American subjects may be thought blameworthy, suffer me, O King, to entreat thee to deal with them as a tender father and compassionate sovereign. Chastise them, but not with scorpions (1 Kings xii. 11, 14); rebuke them, but not in anger. So shalt thou prevent the effusion of blood, the rending of a potent empire, and, by lenient measures, win and secure to thyself their obedience, loyalty, and affection.

That God Almighty may bless, prosper, and direct thee, is the fervent prayer of thy faithful friend and loyal subject,

Frances Dodshon.

PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOUR.

The following statements, from Candler's *Brief Notices of Hayti*, are illustrative of the effects of that prejudice which results from the idea of inferiority in the negro—the first exhibiting a striking contrast in favour of the sable race :—

Our first visitor at Jacmel was a mulatto gentlewoman, the widow of a black man, who had filled the office of collector of the customs, and who occupied one of the best houses in the place. She had lived in the United States, spoke our language fluently, and came to pay us respect as strangers. This kind-hearted matron paid us several visits, entertained us at her table, and introduced us to some of the best families of the place. Her conduct was the more remarkable, as, in America, she had suffered grievous persecution from the cruel prejudice existing in that country against colour. Her first husband was a sea captain ; on one occasion she left the shore with him in a boat, to take a final leave of him on board a vessel, and was carried by the winds to a greater distance from home than she expected. The boat re-conveyed her to the shore, and landed her at a strange place. Seeing a tavern, she made her way to it to obtain lodging for the night ; the landlady looked at her repulsively, and spurned her from the door. 'We take in no niggers here,' was her coarse language ; 'if you want to rest, go to the nigger huts on the top of the hill!' The poor lady told us her heart

was too full to bear this unchristian rebuke with meekness; she sat down and burst into tears. She did, however, toil up to the negroes' huts, and was there received kindly. The Americans, in their own estimation and boast, are the freest people on the face of the globe; according to the terms of their constitution, 'all men are free and equal;' yet they treat the houseless stranger, if tinged with a coloured hue, as one of nature's outcasts! Whenever a white man from America or Europe falls sick in Jacmel, no one is so ready to offer to nurse, and show him kindness, as this poor despised woman, whose mother was an African. What a contrast; and what a striking lesson does such a fact as this teach to the proud republicans of 'Columbia's happy land!'

The son and son-in-law of General Inginac, secretary of state for Hayti, on their return home a few years since from Paris, where they had been received in a manner suited to their rank and station in life, landed at New York, with a view of visiting the United States; but no tavern or boarding-house keeper would receive them as guests, for fear of giving offence to the inhabitants of that city. One of the richest merchants at Port-au-Prince, whose father was one of Christophe's Barons, assured me that he went into a woollen draper's store in Philadelphia, and desiring to be measured for a black coat, the storekeeper retorted with an impudent falsehood, 'We have no cloth here, Sir;' a hatter, also, whose store was attended,

when he called, by some white customers, refused to sell him a hat!

'Such,' adds John Candler, 'is the tyranny of public opinion in this professedly free land, that a man dare not protest against conduct like this, and call it as it is, barbarous and unchristian, without the danger of being treated contemptuously.'

MISSION OF DANIEL WHEELER.

THERE is an interesting narrative published of the voyage of Daniel Wheeler, a minister in the Society of Friends, who undertook a religious visit to the Pacific Ocean, to New South Wales, and Van Dieman's Land, with the hope of being made useful in comforting the afflicted, and admonishing the sinful. To carry out the comprehensive plans of Daniel Wheeler, great perseverance was necessary, and great self-denial. A ship, called the *Henry Freeling*, was purchased by the Society of Friends for the accommodation of their minister and missionary, as with truth he might be called. This ship, though well built, was only of a hundred and one tons burthen, and consequently very small, in comparison with the noble vessels which navigate the mighty waters of the vast expanse of ocean Daniel Wheeler purposed traversing. The undertaking in itself was bold and brave, in the most popular acceptation of those terms; but the calm carrying out of the undertaking, under circumstances of long-continued peril, without abatement of

energy, or murmuring, or fear, was a fine exhibition of a quality which it is one object of these simple pages to inculcate.

The *Henry Freeling* sailed from the river Thames on November 13, 1833, and arrived at Hobart Town on September 10, 1834. Thus the voyage was of ten months' duration; during that time the little bark and its adventurous crew were buffeted by a succession of the most terrific storms. In the words of the Psalmist, 'The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice, the floods lift up their waves;' and yet they experienced that 'the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.' Time after time were these devoted men visited by the most terrific tempests, compelled to work incessantly to keep the ship in any sort of condition, to bear the dashing and straining of the winds and waves, and when Daniel Wheeler at length arrived at his destination, he writes, 'Though many of the storms and tempests have been enumerated, yet not one-half of what it has been our portion to witness has been told to my beloved friends. It may suffice for me to say that we have been compelled to seek refuge more than twenty times, from the fury of the hostile elements, by 'lying to,' with the ship's head to the wind and waves; and this has been resorted to only in cases of extreme danger.'* Probably no vessel

* Narrative of Daniel Wheeler's visit to Van Dieman's Land, &c. p. 32.

of the same size ever encountered a greater succession of disastrous weather and perils. Indeed, the preservation of the ship and crew might, under the circumstances, be considered marvellous. In engaging a master to navigate this vessel, care was exercised to choose a person who should unite personal worth to professional skill, as Daniel Wheeler (who was accompanied by a most devoted, pious son) determined to have the worship of God regularly observed on board the ship. The consequence of this wise and pious arrangement was, that the minds of all were continually stayed on Him of whom it is said, 'Thou rulest the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arise thou stillest them.' And the effect was, that, instead of the oaths, murmurings, and insubordination which long-continued hardships often cause among seamen, the men imbibed the spirit of their captain and employers, and Daniel Wheeler remarks, 'Our sailors have exceeded my most sanguine expectations, as to behaviour and conduct in general; but I think no men could have endured greater hardships from weather than they have suffered. For a time we gave them some wine, but, whether from its becoming flat and vapid by washing about in the cask, when a quantity had been taken out, or with the change from cold to heat, and then to cold again, some of them declined drinking it, so that they had nothing but water for months together'—another proof, to the many now on record, that in all cases water is the best and safest beverage. It is

gratifying to find that the devoted Daniel Wheeler did not encounter these storms without subsequently meeting with what he deemed a full recompense, in the satisfactory results of his religious visit. Many were the drooping mourners among the convicts in our penal settlements whom he visited and consoled with the promises of the gospel. Many were the miserable outcasts, who might previously with truth have exclaimed, 'No one careth for our souls,' who were led from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, by his ministrations; while his visit was equally cheering to Christian friends and missionary stations in those remote parts of the world, for as 'iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.'—(Balfour's *Moral Heroism.*)

IMPRISONMENT OF THREE FRIENDS FOR THREE HALFPENCE EASTER OFFERINGS.

On the 8th of 2nd Month 1676, Thomas Wilkinson, Thomas Salkeld, and Francis Sund were prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Court for a demand of *three halfpence* yearly, from each of them, for Easter *offerings*, at the suit of Leonard Burton, priest, and committed to prison. —(Besse.)

THOMAS CHALKLEY AND THE PACK OF CARDS.

In the early part of his *Journal*, Thomas Chalkley relates the following circumstance:—'I remember that, unknown to my parents, I had

bought a pack of cards, intending to make use of them when I went at the time called Christmas to see my relations in the country, where there was liberty in the family so to do. Five miles on my way I went to a meeting at Wanstead, at which a minister of Christ declared against the evil of gaming, and particularly of cards; and that the time which people pretend to keep holy, for Christ's sake, many of them spend mostly in wickedness, sports, and games; even some pretending to be religious; and generally speaking, more sin and evil is committed in this time, than in the like space of time in all the year besides; so that the devil is served instead of honouring Christ. From this meeting at Wanstead, I went to the house of my relations, and the time drawing near that we were to go to our games, my uncle called to the company present to come and take a game at cards, at which motion I had strong convictions upon me not to do it, as being evil; and I secretly cried to the Lord to keep me faithful to Him; and lifting up my eyes, I saw a Bible lie in the window, at the sight of which I was glad. I took it, and sat down, and read to myself, greatly rejoicing that I was preserved out of the snare. Then my uncle called again, and said, 'Come, doctor, you and I, and my wife and daughter, will have a game at cards, for I see my cousin is better disposed.' Then he looked upon me, and said he was better disposed also. So their sport for that time was spoiled, and mine in that practice for ever; for I never, that

I remember, played with them more, but as soon as I came home, offered my new and untouched pack of cards to the fire.'—*Thomas Chalkley's Life.*

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE FULFILMENT OF SCRIPTURE PROPHECY.

How remarkable is the fulfilment of Scripture prophecy with regard to the Arabians, or descendants of Ishmael, who continue to this day enemies to the rest of the world, and are both robbers by land and pirates by sea. Having been such enemies to mankind, no wonder mankind have been enemies to them, and that several attempts should have been made to extirpate them. They are spread over a vast country, 1300 miles in length, and 1200 in breadth, and notwithstanding the opposition they have met with, they have from first to last maintained their independence; no conqueror has subdued them, they still dwell in the presence of all their brethren, and in the presence of all their enemies. What a striking proof is this of the truth of Scripture prophecy! 'Men and manners,' observes Bishop Newton, 'change with times. How have the modern Italians degenerated from the courage and virtue of the old Romans. How are the French and English polished and refined from the barbarians of the ancient Gauls and Britons; but the descendants of Ishmael have continued the same with little or no variation.'

THE ROBBER DISARMED BY CHARITY.

A PIOUS female of Montpelier, who devoted the greater part of her property to the relief of objects in distress, one day passing through a little wood, accompanied by her servant, was stopped by a man, who presented a pistol to her, demanding her money or her life. Without being terrified, she looked on him with an air of kindness, and said, 'Ah! my friend, you must be reduced to great extremity, since you are determined to take a part which both draws on you the wrath of God, and exposes you continually to all the rigours of human justice; I wish I had wherewith to supply your wants, and extricate you from the dangerous situation in which you are; but I have, alas! only eighteen francs which I have taken for my journey, and I offer you them with all my heart.' The highwayman looking upon her attentively, before he would take the money, wished to know who she was; and when she told him, 'Wretch that I am,' said he, throwing himself at her feet, 'I have many times experienced your bounty, and have never been denied relief when I have sought it of you; and I was now upon the point of injuring you! Ah! believe me, my good lady, I did not know you, or I should not have molested you; for though I have given but too great proof that I am a robber, yet I am not a monster—which I must be to injure a person as charitable as you are. Go on then, keep your money, and I will myself escort you out of the

wood ; and if any one come to attack you, I will defend you at the hazard of my life.' The lady was exceedingly affected, and endeavoured to represent to him his danger, and to urge motives of honour and religion, to induce him to quit so dreadful a way of life, and promising to do more for him another time, she again offered the eighteen francs ; but knowing that she wanted them for her journey, he would not accept them ; till at last she prevailed on him to take nine of them, which she threw to him on going out of the wood.

SILENT WORSHIP.

'THERE is,' says a well-known author, 'in silent worship something so beautiful, so sublime, so consistent with the relation in which we stand to God, that it appears strange there should exist a single doubt of its propriety.'

FROM RUTTYS MEDITATIONS.

BEHOLD the height of thy calling, even no less than to be ready at a moment's warning to enter the bridegroom's chamber. Lord, prepare and guard against the very spirit of drunkenness, gluttony, and covetousness ; for I now see, that though a man may not stagger in the streets, yet if he drink merely to gratify sense, he is in the spirit of drunkenness ; and, though he be not so far covetous as to defraud his neighbour, he at the same time may, and actually

does, rob God, when he keeps back the offerings to him, as thousands in the broad way daily do, even the offerings of confession of sins, humiliation, and praise.—(*Meditations and Soliloquies with Religious Experiences, by John Rutty, M.D.*, p. 69.)

THE ARM CHAIR.

'Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live for ever?'

THE history of these rhymes is briefly this:—An arm chair, made many years ago by John Letchworth, for Leonard and Jane Snowdon, was presented to the author, with some information of the worthies who were wont to visit the estimable owners; accompanied with an intimation that it would be a suitable theme for some verses. The result follows:—

THE ARM CHAIR.

COWPER, the poet of the Christian muse,
Sung of the sofa; could I but infuse
Some of his talent in my laggard quill,
Some of his genius on my verse distil,
Then would I sing—my theme too from the fair—
Of thy coevals, rhyme-creating CHAIR!

He who with artist's skill scooped out thy seat,
Trim made thy elbows, uprights, and thy feet,
Now fourscore years and four has measured o'er,
And waits his summons to the heavenly shore.
Honest as sunshine, he 'who runs may read,'
That LETCHWORTH is 'an Israelite indeed;'
No guile within him ever finds a place,
Love of the Father spreads to all the race.
His gospel ministry is void of show,
For 'few and savory' are the words that flow;

Condensed and pithy are his periods found,
Rich in their matter, nothing for mere sound!
So preaches he. Ah, what a sad mistake,
When empty sounds upon the people break,
When a stentorian voice in efforts vain
Roars to the people—thunder without rain!
Its booming echoes may the soul appal,
But no reviving showers on nature fall.
Would that my age—if age to me be given—
Might prove like his, who calmly looks to heaven,
Waiting with patience for the mandate bless'd—
'Thy labour finished, enter into rest!'
'Here,' said the patriarch no more doomed to range,
'Quiet I lie, waiting my final change.'
Go when thou wilt, thy faithful life will prove
A rich example, legacy of love!

Ah, my Arm Chair, supporter of the good,
Beneath how many a worthy hast thou stood!
Bear me awhile, assist me to pourtray
Some of the faithful who have passed away.

Here Harrison* has spoke of what she saw
In visions deep, when filled with holy awe,
The curtain of the future half withdrew,
While coming objects glided into view;
Or as the past on memory's tablet rose,
Rehearsed her gospel joys, her gospel woes,—
Told how King George, as gushed the hidden springs,
Bowed at her message from the King of kings;
Of deep probations for her Lord she past;
Of her fond hope of joining him at last.
Told how her soul in sympathy had long
Borne a deep burden for the negro's wrong,

* Sarah Harrison was aunt to Jane Snowdon. When on a religious visit in Great Britain, she felt her mind engaged to speak to George III. When she commenced addressing him, he took off his hat, and remained uncovered during her communication. She died in Philadelphia, the 29th of Twelfth Month, 1812, aged 76; a minister 55 years.

Till the church freed her at her Master's will,
In southern states love's purpose to fulfil.
With gospel power for truth and right she spoke,
Till slumbering consciences to feeling woke;
Oppressors' hearts with justice learned to beat,
While bondmen's shackles fell beneath their feet.
Her's was a righteous mission; to the door
Of selfish masters she her message bore;
She shot no fiery missiles from afar,
Kindling those feelings that engender war:
But face to face, truth's message would impart,
Whilst love-tipped arrows entered many a heart:
Thus won she freedom for the sore oppressed;
Her work was honoured, and her labour blessed.
—Or as the present did her thoughts engage,
Gave to her juniors dear-bought counsel sage.
Bade her loved niece preserve in vessel pure,
Her sacred gift, and make her calling sure;
Bade her true partner as an Aaron be,
Uphold her hands, support her ministry.
Full well, dear Leonard, thou that charge redeemed:
When through her heart the gospel current streamed,
In secret labour was thy spirit found!
While trembling forth she sent the gospel sound;
A very Quaker, as she gave the law,
Her outward motion spoke her inward awe.

Here Scattergood, when evening came at length,
From the day's toil reposed his weary strength;
From Christian sympathy that solace drew,
Which those can grant who heavenly joys pursue.
Mournful of spirit he was ever found,
In sympathy with souls by sorrow bound.
As fell his plaintive voice upon the ear,
The poor in spirit felt a friend was near.
Prompt in his duty at the house of prayer,
To plead with fervour for his Master there;
While crowds hung trembling on that zealous tongue,
Which only woke as living waters sprung.
He never preached *himself*—his every word
Directed to a slain and risen Lord.

He to the weary consolation brought,
He for the burdened, sweet deliverance wrought;
Though bound himself, the fettered oft set free,—
The Jeremiah of his age was he!

Savery has here oft passed a friendly hour,
Feeling of sympathy the magic power;
As heart to heart the secret influence sent,
As prayer ascended where no knee was bent,
As for each other's welfare sighs were given,
Unclothed with words, their wishes entering heaven.
The Indians' friend, he sought their native wood,
An anxious labour for the Red man's good;
Beside the lake, beneath the spreading tree,
His gospel message flowed as truth set free.

Here too has sat—like him of stature small,
Great too of heart—a minister like Paul;
One who, obedient to his Master's will,
Was studious found his duty to fulfil.
Six times went Emlen* o'er the Atlantic wave,
On gospel errands, sinful man to save;
And still returning from his work of love,
Came with his olive-branch and peaceful dove.
Though years rolled on and outward sight grew dim,
The lamp of truth still brightly burned with him;
Showing distinctly, in its searching light,
Deeds that the actors deemed were hid in night.
His Urim and his Thummim was with God,
And he, obedient to his Master's nod,
As secret feeling told him of distress,
The sufferers door-sill soon his foot would press.
Thus mercy led—and pleasantly he said
That he 'by jobbing earned his daily bread.'

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* Samuel Emlen felt concerned often to look upon the sick, weak, and halt of the flock; and for this purpose, in the latter part of his life, he kept a one horse chair, in which he rode about 'doing good;' in allusion to which practice he sometimes said, he 'earned his bread by jobbing.' He died the 30th of Twelfth Month, 1799, aged 75.

Ah, these were luscious morsels, ate with joy,
A heavenly relish free from all alloy;
Some of that bread of which the righteous eat,
That others know not of, sustaining meat.

Here, too, REBECCA JONES sweet converse sought,
With Friends in unison of faith and thought;
With both of whom in gospel yoke she knew
To labour as her Lord and Master drew.
Honest of purpose—ardent in reproof,
To those who stood from duty's path aloof;
In public gatherings or in private hall,
To warn the giddy of impending fall,
Rebuke the forward—lead the fearful where
A mighty rock did Israel's Lord prepare—
Instant in duty, though severe, yet kind,
She showed the vigour of a heaven-led mind.

Of ardent temper, quick and flashing zeal,
Keen as high polished, but too brittle steel,
In earlier life JAMES CRESSON had been found,
Like a high steed when first in harness bound;
But grace had tempered, and obedience wrought
A change of character in word and thought;
His ardent feelings felt love's holy calm,
Fitting a follower of the lowly Lamb.

A pointing finger to none other shown,
A secret whisper to none other known,
Bade ARTHUR HOWELL hasten on his way,
Where a secluded country grave-yard lay.
A few sad mourners stood beside a grave,
Where 'dust to dust,' a solemn language gave!
Soon from his lips burst forth the ardent strain—
'I know not whom this coffin may contain,
But my good Master, in whose power I came,
Now bids me clear from wrong an injured name:
She who now rests within this narrow bed,
By slander wounded, bowed her sorrowing head;
Accused of that in which she had no part,
She died in innocence—a broken heart!'
—As from a stranger came these words, a thrill
Of secret wondering joy the mourners fill;

For she who died, told, as approached her end,
That God a witness to her grave would send,
Who to her innocence should boldly bear
A clear convincing testimony there.
And He whose ways are wrapt in mystery still,
Blindfold his servant led to do his will!
—Oft to the grave this servant of the Lord
Was sent to preach the everlasting word;
To rouse the thoughtless from delusion's dream,
Memento mori was his frequent theme.

When pestilence her raven wing outspread,
When terror swept the living from the dead,
When love's own ties were severed in affright,
And duty's call had lost its wonted might:
Offley and others, a devoted band,
Before the march of terror took their stand!
They nobly dared in that dark hour to make
Themselves an offering for the people's sake.
He was accepted! Great the church's loss,
She mourned a faithful champion of the cross,
Gathered at mid-day—soon the race was won
Long e'er the evening shades his labour done!
—Two of the worthies linger of that day,
Letchworth and Wistar hastening fast away.

Shrewd, witty, eloquent—with ample store
Of all that schools could give of classic lore;
Sarcastic powers opposing views to chill,
When such the purpose of his subtle will,
A learned lawyer, Nicholas Waln could sway,
A jury's feelings in his youthful day;
But soon like Paul, when the unseen one spoke,
Humble he bowed and bore the Christian yoke;
Gamaliel's lessons ceasing to repeat,
He lay a learner at the Saviour's feet.
Simple of heart and of a feeble frame,
Feeling unworthy even Christ to name;
Yet raised by him of living hopes to tell,
And show his power—himself a miracle;
James Simpson like his Lord, from things around,
Fit subjects for important lessons found;

A cloud o'erspreading, or a bird on wing,
Would to the theme in hand instruction bring!
Filled by his Master wondrously he shone;
His emptied vessel scarce could stand alone.

Slow as a traveller wends o'er miry ways,
Whose prudent care his onward course delays,
So Richard Jordan preached; at first each word
Came slowly forth, nor life nor feeling stirred;
But soon the channel cleared, the rippling flow
In freer volume swifter currents show;
Bolder and higher then it gathers force,
A mountain torrent rushing down its course:
So Jordan ministered in life's mid-day,
A Boanerges thundering on his way!
Bacons and Wilsons,* worthies not a few,
Touched by love's magnet, hither often drew;
Smith with his venerable locks of snow,
Sedately cautious the right path to know.
Devoted ministers, alas! no more,
And worthy elders who the ark once bore.
When these were gone—their bodies to the sod,
Their spirits taken to their fixed abode—
A cloud around our Israel's camp arose,
While from our firesides started up our foes;
When a bold infidel his poison spread,
And with his scorpions hungry children fed;
Another race, part of the by-gone age,
Yet of the present, then employed the stage.

When boding mists were gathering force and form,
Ruth Richardson was taken from the storm;
True to her Master, she was free to die,
Yet nature shrank from the last agony:
Gladly would she have left this scene of pain,
The promised kingdom of her Lord to gain;

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* David Bacon and descendants. William Wilson, an elder of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. Sarah Proctor Wilson, a minister of the Southern District Monthly Meeting.

But awful feelings shadowed forth the strife,
The dread concomitant of parting life.
Gently her spirit from its house of clay
Was sent on wings of mercy on its way;
When came the pale-faced messenger to free,
Her eyes were holden that she did not see.
No pain, no sorrows, e'er her evening prayer
Joined with her mourning hymn of glory there,
She felt no agony of parting breath,
Taken in kindness without tasting death!

Melodious singer of heart-thrilling songs,
Of Zion's injuries and Israel's wrongs;
Whose lonely harp still on the willow hung,
Till fresh-felt mercies every chord re-strung:
Then touched to praise, its tones in sweetness broke,
That in each heart responsive feelings woke!
—O, I behold thee, as I last beheld,
When gospel love thy grateful bosom swelled,
When weeping listeners heard the tale of woe,
Of mental conflicts it was thine to know;
When as a flood the enemy came in,
Sweeping away the barriers against sin;
When from a pit of horror burst thy moan,
Illumined by no brightness from the throne;
When sombre shadows compassed thee around;
When Satan's legions pierced with many a wound;
When the rank weeds were wrapped about thy head;
When boisterous billows over thee were spread:
Then He who died and triumphed o'er the grave,
Arose in might thy struggling soul to save;
Bade the waves sunder and temptations fly,
The scattering clouds haste from the brightening sky;
The Sun of righteousness with cheering ray,
Shed the full radiance of perfected day.

—Then from thy lips poured forth thy joyful song
To thy Redeemer—yea, it poured along
In most melodious energy of praise,
To God, the Saviour, Him of ancient days;
The heart and language rising with the theme,
Till praise gushed forth, one living, glowing stream.

Then from thy lips the thrilling language fell,
'Glory to Him who raised my soul from hell?'
—Baptized in tears was many a cheek that day,
As SARAH CRESSON told her chequered way.
'Twas her last gospel-labour here of love,
Mercy soon gathered her to praise above.

Of polished manners and of graceful mien,
Lovely in life was MARY MORTON seen;
Each native talent sanctified by grace,
Was kept, obedient, in its proper place.
Not quick to offer, cautious still to try,
As Gideon did his fleece, both wet and dry:
Like leaven working where no eye could view,
Her spirit wrestled for the heavenly dew;
She dug for water in a weary soil,
Till bubbling life-springs recompensed her toil.
As gently passed the fleeting breath away,
Retentive memory brought her youthful day,
And one fond look back on the past she flung,
While, 'O, my mother!' trembled on her tongue
Then the freed spirit passed, and beauteous lay
The rifled casket, lovely in decay!

Widows and orphans ye may mourn indeed!
Who now shall clothe you, who the hungry feed?
Yes! show your garments, tattered ones, and say,
These SANSOM gave us in a wintry day.
From the bleak storm she clothed the shivering frame,
When sickness pressed, with healing cordials came.
When age went tottering with no hand to save,
She gave the crutch supporting to the grave!
No cold philosophy was her's to dream
Of Bentham's theory, or Malthus' scheme.
As the heart prompted, the concurring hand
Obeyed instinctively each kind command.
When streams of suffering ran beside her door,
The bitter waters lost their nauseous power;
The prophet's salt she in the current threw,
And soft and sweet the changing waters grew.
Careful her Master's bounty to bestow,
A faithful stewardship of gifts to show:

That she might hear that language at the close—
'To me ye did it, as ye did to those?'

A pillar of the church, erect and strong,
Swayed by no friendship to the church's wrong;
Unwarped, unmoved, sound to the very core,
And rendered firmer by the weight he bore;
An honest watchman the alarm to sound,
When foes were sowing tares within our ground,
Or rootless plants luxuriously would shoot,
In spreading branches and produce no fruit,
Was Evans. Oft the archer's bows were bent
To turn the veteran from his firm intent;
Their malice moved not, and their threats were vain,
Fixed at his post determined to remain:
And when at last the final goal was won,
Death's message found him with his armour on:
No oilless lamp to trim, no loins to gird,
Ready to enter at the bridegroom's word:
Where his loved Hannah, earlier called away,
Was his forerunner to the realms of day.

So too our Sheppard,* when she heard the cry,
Her wings expanding sought her home on high;
One thought upon a faithful sufferer cast,
Told her own hopes—then to her audit past.

Amid the terrors of that evil hour,
When infidelity put forth its power,
Though meek of manners and of gentle heart,
Jane Bettle played a Christian soldier's part.
Though courteous, firm, unwavering, though kind,
Pupil of Christ, he disciplined her mind.
Secluded long from active service here,
Yet bearing burdens in her proper sphere;
In humble waiting she was faithful found,
Until her fetters were in love unbound.

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* Catherine Sheppard, an elder of the Northern District Monthly Meeting, died the 15th of Twelfth Month, 1842, aged 80 years.

Her youthful Edward, bud of promise rare,
Was early called to bloom in regions fair;
Another cord, strong though unseen, to move
The heart to seek a resting-place above.

Allen, when all around was clothed in night,
Passed from earth's darkness to eternal light.
O, what a blessed change to thee was given,
To sleep in Jesus and to wake in heaven;
Leave thy worn vestments with their earthly stain,
A spotless robe of righteousness to gain!

Ye who my being gave—ye too have flown,
To join the ransomed round the eternal throne.
—The venerable Sire, as death drew near,
Saw the vale awful, but devoid of fear;
He whom he loved was near him in that hour,
Death had no terrors, and the grave no power.
Before thee, Mother, rose a 'brilliant path,'
For thee thy Saviour had no looks of wrath.
O, ye had owned Him long, and, at the last,
His arm supported as ye Jordan passed!

Thus, one by one, in quick succession go,
Those who have laboured in the church below!
We dare not murmur as we kiss the rod,
Thou art our helper, save thy church, O God!
Thine is the cause, thy frowns we dare not shun,
In earth and heaven alike, thy will be done!

Tell me, my old Arm Chair, when thou wert young,
Were Quaker parlours with gilt pictures hung?
Did any Quaker to his image fall,
A household idol placed against the wall?
Ah, well might honest Catherine cry to pride,
'Abomination!' as she turned aside.

—But times are altered; splendid mansions glow,
And gilded mirrors *humble Quakers* show.
With Turkey carpets are their parlours spread,
While silken curtains hang about their bed!
What contradiction! grave the dame and sire;
Gorgeous their dwelling—simple their attire!

Their children moulding to the place they dwell,
In London fashions, Paris manners swell;
While parents scarcely wish to set them free,
For what they won't restrain they love to see.

Are there no worthies now to fill the place
Of those victorious, who have run their race?
Are we deserted? has all merit flown?
And must the church in helpless anguish moan?
O, no! the grace that made them what they were,
A living remnant in due measure share;
And haply they on whom their mantles fit,
May where the ancients sat, in judgment sit.

Faith, give me power to see a brighter day,
When all these 'letting things' shall pass away;
When the convulsion, which has now begun,
Shall pause in silence, all its purpose done.
When the oppressors of the seed shall wear
The mask no longer, all their acts laid bare;
When chaff and cheat shall to the wind be doomed,
And dross and stubble be by fire consumed;
When to the world the worldly part is given;
When the redeemed shall closer walk with Heaven;
When to our Zion shall the weary come,
Like 'doves to windows,' pressing to their home.
O, haste the day, when through his power divine,
The Father's light around his church shall shine!

Many there are whose prayers arise for this;
Whose greatest joy would be in Zion's bliss;
Whose morning breathing, and whose evening prayer,
Is that the Lord would place his glory there.
What though a worldly spirit has crept in,
That fain the kingdom through new ways would win;
Scorning the narrow path our fathers trod,
And circling round, would pass the cross and rod,
Yet they who look from Pisgah's height can see,
Such by-paths lead away from Calvary;
While they who seek in empty forms for bliss,
Will grasp at shadows and the substance miss.

No, no !—As ancient Pennock* clearly saw,
Still with this people shall abide the law ;
Still shall the testimony here be found,
Still sons and daughters to the altar bound.
The Lord himself his attributes shall take ;
Again shall order out of chaos break.
Then shall the church in rapturous numbers sing,
And shout victorious as she owns her King ;
While those who seek to draw her from the way,
Themselves shall lose in errors paths astray !

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

'When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice.' John x. 5.

The meaning of the parable, of which the above expressions form a part, our blessed Lord condescended himself to explain ; and it is worthy of observation, that this Divine Instructor often chose to make use of the prevailing customs of the country wherein he travelled to simplify and illustrate the spiritual instruction he wished to enforce. From any remark a common observer would be able to make on the manner of tending the flocks in England, the scriptural emblem of the shepherd's going before the sheep would not be applicable ; for when he has brought them out of the pen, he drives the sheep before him ; but this is not the case in Syria ; nor in many parts of the European con-

* Caleb Pennock upwards of 90 years of age, recently addressed the young men in his Monthly Meeting, in a very remarkable manner, expressing his belief that the doctrines of this Society would not be suffered to fall.

tinent, where one farmer will keep, perhaps, many thousand sheep. The shepherd, who has the care of them by day, has his tent in which he rests by night. This tent is a sort of cart securely covered over; and as it runs on wheels, it is easily removed to the place where the flock is kept during the night. In the morning, when the shepherd leads out his woolly tribe to pasture, he marches before them, with a large three-cornered hat on his head, and a crook in his hand; while his flock follow him. In the neighbourhood of Pyrmont, in Germany, we have seen the shepherd lead his sheep along a narrow path, by the side of the standing corn; but so well trained were the docile creatures, that not one of them would attempt to run into the corn, or even pluck an ear; and if any of them lagged behind they were soon set forward by the watchful dog. It has been our gratifying lot to watch this pastoral procession; and we have been frequently pleased and instructed with it, as a beautiful emblem of Christian obedience set forth by our blessed Saviour; and admirably calculated to convey spiritual instruction.

'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. John x. 27, 28.

It is a fact, that the sheep do know the voice of the shepherd; for, in some parts, when they have been eating at large in the field, we have observed him call some of them by name, and

they have immediately come to him, and he has fed them out of his hand. May not the description of this custom illustrate those words, spoken, in the spirit of prophecy, of the Saviour of the world—'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom' (Isa. xl. 11).

By the bells, hung round the necks of those sheep which take the lead in the flock, the shepherd can easily know where they are feeding; the tinkling serves also for a signal, to keep the sheep together; for where the bell is heard, there they all assemble; and if one go into forbidden pasture, the others soon follow; this part of the emblem, applied to ourselves, may be highly profitable, in setting forth the danger of following bad example, or listening to the voice of the stranger. Many of our young people are blessed with pious, affectionate parents, and with kind, benevolent benefactors, who desire to promote their well-being in this world, and their eternal happiness in the world to come. In whatever situation any of us may be placed, we all enjoy privileges, which ought to be prized; and every opportunity embraced, which is designed to be the means of our advancement in religion and virtue. By nature, there is in every heart a strong propensity to pursue that which is wrong; but if we pray to our heavenly Father, he will enable us, by his Holy Spirit, to resist temptation—he will cause us to hear his voice; and if we follow, in living faith, the Good Shepherd, who gave his life for

the sheep, we shall experience the fulfilment of that precious prophecy and gospel declaration —'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom; and none shall pluck them out of his hand.'

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Who are the lambs our blessed Saviour feeds,
And, gathering, guards them in his holy arms?
Whom, in the path of life, he gently leads—
Cheers by his voice, and in his bosom warms.

He died for all—and all this love may share
If led by faith, the heart be freely given
To Him whose power can lighten every care,
And make the slave to earth an heir of heaven.

The Fold of Christ are those who love their Lord,
And wait in humble prayer to hear His voice;
Who, when they hear it, own the sacred word,
And daily seek to make His will their choice.

These will be His, of every sect and name,
Of every nation, kindred, tongue, and land;
These 'He puts forth,' His mercy to proclaim,
And none shall pluck them from His holy hand,
(YEARDLEY'S *Eastern Customs.*)

SUFFERINGS UNDER PRETENCE OF A BREACH OF THE SABBATH.

Devon.—IN 1657, several persons from Topsham went on the First day of the week to Exeter meeting, about three miles; for which they were reputed Sabbath-breakers; the men were set in the stocks, and the women were put in the back-grate or cage, and there exposed to the scorn

and derision of the people. The names are given of two men and six women Friends. In 1658, the same women were, on the like account, set for many hours in the stocks by the mayor's order. In 1660, after taking up Friends on their way, the *oath* was resorted to, as a pretext for imprisoning them.

Dorset.—In 1658, Josiah Limbery, George Fry, and Thomas Sprague, for going eight miles to Bridport meeting, were imprisoned, and afterwards set in the stocks.

Essex.—In 1659 occur a number of cases, some attended with cruel treatment, for which see the *Sufferings*.

Gloucester.—On the 13th of September, William Webb of Broadway, in Worcestershire, passing through Chipping-Camden towards a meeting, was observed by a Justice, *who demanded ten shillings of him* for travelling on the Sabbath ; and for non-payment ordered him to be set in the stocks. The same Justice caused the like punishment to be inflicted on William Russel, Mary Dury, Alice Butcher, Joane Wiggan, and Thomas Lane, for going to a meeting in Broad-Camden, *the place where they dwelt.*

Hants.—On the 28th of December, 1678, Nicholas Gates, Benjamin Whitaker, and Jonathan Sly of Alton, John Kilburne of Holyborne, and John Strong of Newbury in Berks, were put in the stocks at Alresford, for travelling on the First day of the week—they having been at a meeting, and also to visit a person on his death-bed.

Herts.—In 1682, a Justice of the peace ordering a poor man named John Parsons to assist in demolishing the doors of a meeting-house, which they had before reduced to a ruin within, the man stoutly refused, at the risk of a jail, saying—'I don't use to work on Sundays.'

Lincolnshire.—In 1657, Edmund Woolsey, riding through Boston to a meeting, was fined for travelling on the Sabbath, and had his mare taken from him at the mayor's order. [He laid down his life in prison on a prosecution for tithes not long after.]

IMPRESSIVE SOLEMNITY OF A QUAKER FUNERAL, CONTRASTED WITH MORE GORGEOUS DISPLAYS.

During our stay at Saratoga, North America, writes J. S. Buckingham, M.P., we had our house of feasting turned to a house of mourning by the death of two of its inmates within a few days of each other. The one was an elderly gentleman, whose body was removed, immediately after death, to New York, for interment. The other was a young Quaker from Providence, here with his parents, brothers, and sisters, intended to be married, and his proposed bride daily expected to meet him. He came here with a slight affection of inflammatory rheumatism, and was considered to have quite recovered from this affection, when suddenly, in the night, he was seized with spasms of the heart and faintness, and, before his father could come to

his assistance, though sleeping in the next room, he expired. This event, as might be expected, threw a sadness and gloom over the inmates of the house in which it occurred; and when the funeral of the deceased took place, on the day following his death, it was attended by all who were within the dwelling. It was the first Quaker funeral at which I had ever been present; and it affected all very deeply, from the simple and unostentatious solemnity by which it was characterized.

The coffin, of plain mahogany, without the appearance of breastplate, handles, or escutcheon, was brought from the bed-room by the young men who were his friends and companions in life, and by whom also it was alternately carried to the grave, and placed on a large table, prepared with a clean white linen cloth spread, on which to receive it. It was followed by the parents, relatives, and personal friends, who walked after it in pairs, but in their ordinary dresses, as neither black clothes, nor any other outward emblems of mourning, are ever worn by Quakers. They then took their seats on the sofas and chairs around the drawing-rooms; and, soon after this, the remaining space was occupied by nearly two hundred persons living in the house, and some few from the neighbourhood, belonging to the Society of Friends, of which the deceased was a member.

A dead silence prevailed, which continued for more than half an hour; and so unbroken and profound was the stillness, that the fall of a pin

might be heard if dropped upon the floor. There was something indescribably impressive in this spectacle, of a gaily dressed assemblage of persons, congregated for pleasure at this focus of gaiety and thoughtlessness, sitting, in an ordinary drawing-room, with the dead body of one of their own companions, alive and well but two days before, lying in the cold shroud of death in the very midst of them. I do not think that any spoken discourse, however eloquent, could have more powerfully arrested the feelings, or awakened the attention to the certainty and frequent suddenness of death, and the hourly necessity for preparation for it, than was effected by the silent scene before us; and accordingly, many eyes, besides those of the friends and relatives of the deceased, were filled with tears.

At length a venerable old Friend, upwards of eighty years of age, who had come in from the country to attend the funeral, arose, and addressed the assembly. It was unusual, he said, but not unpleasing, to see so many strangers congregated together to witness the departure from among them of one of the members of their Society, and he felt impelled, by an irresistible impulse, to profit by the occasion, and address a few words to those by whom he was surrounded. His observations were full of piety, beauty, and appropriateness; and there could hardly be one present who did not respond to the aspiration with which he concluded—that all might be able to say, in the language of the apostle, 'It is good for me to have been here.'

Another pause of profound silence ensued, which was quite as impressive as before; and another short address from the same venerable patriarch, the last he thought it probable he might ever be permitted to utter in the presence of others, made almost every one present weep copiously.

To the pause which succeeded the close of this, followed a most touching scene—when the stepmother of the deceased, who had sat beside her deeply-afflicted husband, and surrounded by her numerous sorrowing children, fell gently on her knees from the place where she sat, and, while nearly all the strangers present instinctively followed her in assuming the same supplicating attitude, she poured forth a prayer, so full of eloquence, devotion, sweetness, tenderness, and simple beauty, as to penetrate every heart. The evident struggles between her own feelings and her sense of duty, which caused her voice every now and then to falter, and her utterance to become choked, and which shook her mourning husband with deep and convulsive sobs, was so powerful, and so truthful an exhibition of the genuine pathos of unaffected nature under a bereavement, with which all could sympathize deeply, that never, perhaps, was there an assembly of the same number of persons so completely absorbed in devotion, awe, and grief combined, as the kneeling mourners (for all had so become by sympathy) which surrounded the corpse of this young and suddenly snatched flower, fading before their eyes, while the sweetest accents of maternal love, piety, and

resignation filled their ears, and penetrated to the utmost recesses of their hearts.

I have seen many funerals—continues this extensive traveller—in many different lands, and conducted in very different modes, from the 'pomps and vanities' which swell the death pageantry of heroes and of kings, to the simple interment of the friendless mariner, who is consigned to a watery grave, without prayer or chaplain, by the hands of his brother shipmates, but I never remember to have witnessed anything half so heart-searching and mind-impressing as this; and I cannot but believe that if so simple, yet purely devotional, a mode of interring the dead were universally adopted by Christian nations, instead of the 'plumed hearse,' the hired mourners, the long unmeaning cavalcade with scarfs, and bands, and sable cloaks, where all within is coldness and indifference, the change would be highly beneficial, if the object of accompanying the interment of the dead with any ceremonial at all, be to impress the living with the necessity of preparing to follow them.—(BUCKINGHAM'S *America.*)

THOMAS STORY.

THE name of Thomas Story being frequently mentioned in these volumes, the following notice respecting him is inserted, as showing the esteem in which his character was justly held. It is copied from the *London Daily Advertiser* of June 28, 1743:-

On Monday last, died of paralytic disorder, at Carlisle, aged about 80, Mr. Thomas Story, an eminent preacher among the Quakers, a man justly esteemed and loved, not only by that Society, but by many others who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was truly a great and good man, whose principles led him to the performance of every moral and Christian duty, and whose life and doctrines concurred in rendering him a fit example for gospel ministers, in wisdom, piety, and humanity. He had, without any professed application to the sciences, acquired a general knowledge in natural philosophy, and most branches of the mathematics, and the most refined and extensive ideas in the metaphysics; but the inward and external happiness of mankind was his favourite study. He was a complete gentleman, generous in his sentiments, affable in his behaviour, free and communicative to people in all stations and circumstances; his time was chiefly devoted to the service of God, in discharging that public concern in preaching the gospel, which he esteemed his indispensable duty; of the good effect of his extraordinary qualifications and faithful labours, there are many living witnesses; in short, if temperance, patience, forgiving injuries, humility, faith, and charity, are characteristics of a good man, and a minister of Christ, he was one!

GEORGE FOX AND THE HIGH SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM.

George Fox preaching at Nottingham, the high sheriff was much impressed with what he advanced, and desiring to become further acquainted with him, he sent for him to his house, where he staid some time. He had meetings in his house, to which many persons of note came, and were, in general, much solemnized by the appeals George Fox made to the witness in their consciences. The high sheriff was of this number, and feeling himself touched with a consciousness of some fraud, in conjunction with his brother sheriff, towards an individual with whom they had dealings, he sent for the person in question, and acknowledged his share of the fault. Nor was it merely in this instance that the power of his preaching influenced the high sheriff of Nottingham, who, himself, on the following market day, felt impelled to go into the streets to preach repentance to the people, accompanied by some others in the town, who were induced, in like manner, to address religious counsel to the mayor and other magistrates.

HIGH PRICES OF BIBLES.

Of W. de Howtan, abbot of Croxton, it is stated, that he bequeathed to the abbey, at his death, in 1274, 'a Bible in nine tomes, faire written, and excellently well glossed by Solo-

mon, archdeacon of Leicester, and paid for it fifty marks sterling, or £33, 6*s.* 8*d.*

It must be remembered, that charges in that day should be multiplied by fifteen to bring these sums to the value of money at present; and, in some instances, the comparative value would be still too low, as in the instance of the labouring men, whose pay, in 1272, was only three halfpence per day, and who must, therefore, have devoted the earnings of fourteen or fifteen years to the purchase of a Bible. Whitaker, in his *History of Craven*, affords the additional information 'that towards the close of the thirteenth, and at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the average wages of a man-servant, with meat and clothing, were from 3*s.* to 5*s.* only per annum; but that reapers were paid 2*d.* a day; that a sheep sold for 1*s.*; and thirty quarters of fossil coal for 17*s.* 6*d.*' Madoz, in his *History of the Exchequer*, says, 'that, in 1240, the building of two arches of London bridge cost only £25; £8 less than the Bible bequeathed to the abbey of Croxton by abbot W. de Howtan.

From the register of Alnwick, bishop of Norwich, it appears that a testament, in Wickliffe's version, in the year 1429, cost four marks and forty pence, or £2, 16*s.* 8*d.* (equal to more than £20 of our present money); a large sum in those days, when £5 was considered sufficient for the annual maintenance of a respectable tradesman, or a yeoman.—(*Religious Tract Society's Anecdotes.*)

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

It is among the evidences of the Divine origin of the Holy Scriptures, that Christians grow more and more fond of them as they arrive nearer heaven.

FROM THE DIARY OF WILLIAM ALLEN.

4th Month, 15th, 1791.—'Read the Scriptures to good satisfaction; there is no book like them.'

EARLY TRAIT OF GENIUS IN THE CHARACTER OF WILLIAM ALLEN.

Even in boyhood, William Allen evinced much of that activity of thought, and energy in execution, which so remarkably characterized his later years; and though he had not the privilege of a liberal education, he very early gave indications of a genius which enabled him to surmount this disadvantage. His taste for philosophical pursuits was developed while yet a child. He had a particular predilection for chemistry, and was persevering in his efforts to obtain an experimental knowledge of this science. Astronomy was also a favourite pursuit, and at the age of fourteen he had himself constructed a telescope with which he could see the satellites of Jupiter. In describing this circumstance, he said, 'that not being *strong in* cash,' he was obliged to go economically to work; he accordingly purchased an eye-piece

and object-glass, for which he paid one shilling; he then bought a sheet of pasteboard, which cost twopence, and having made his tubes, and adjusted his glasses, he found, to his great delight, that the moons of Jupiter was visible through it. Thus, for fourteen pence, he obtained a source of enjoyment, the recollection of which always afforded him pleasure.

LINES FOR THE QUEEN'S ALBUM.

'Once, and once only in my life,' observes Bernard Barton, 'I was in the royal presence: at some courtly festival, I opine; for I "sat at meat," with unwonted company, and surrounded by regal splendour. Chide me not, gentle reader, with presumption, for it was *in a dream!* and I am sure no waking thoughts of mine led me there. In this most strange conjunction, I was called on for a contribution to the Royal Album! Awake, under such circumstances, I feel certain I could not have written letter or line: in my sleep I was bolder, and actually perpetrated two stanzas, which I subjoin as a literary curiosity, having been veritably

COMPOSED IN A DREAM.

'A blessing on thy crowned head!
My country's youthful Queen!
If such may be or sung or said,
Amid this courtly scene!

And if a poet's loyal love
Might more than this impart,
O! may that blessing from above
Sink deep into thy heart!'

THE VINE.

'I am the true Vine, and my Father is the husbandman: Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.' John xv. 1, 2.

At the time when our blessed Saviour addressed the above words to his disciples, he was probably passing through a vineyard; and took occasion, from the scenery around, to illustrate his discourse by the instructive simile of the vine and the branches. What a mark of condescension! that the blessed Redeemer was ever anxious to make his doctrine and precepts so plain that even a child might understand them. How numerous are the examples of his drawing instruction from surrounding objects, that the truths he delivered might make a deeper impression on his hearers; and how delightful it is to meditate on the invaluable sayings of Him, who came into the world to preach the gospel to the poor—to seek and to save that which is lost—to die for our sins!

England differs so widely in its produce, &c., from those countries in which our Lord and his apostles travelled, and even from many parts of the European continent, that those animating similes which enrich the Scripture language do not become familiar to us, from actual observation.

As the vines, in this country, do not flourish in the open fields, we have no opportunity of seeing them pruned and dressed; but, in travel-

ling through the vine and olive districts, in the South of France, and in Greece, the traveller frequently observes the husbandman busily at work; digging about the vines and olive-trees; cutting off the dead branches, which do not bear fruit; and pruning those which are alive, that they may bring forth more fruit. When our attention has been arrested by operations like these, serious thoughtfulness has filled our hearts. 'Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it, and received instruction,' (Prov. xxiv. 32.) Who can behold scenes like these, and not perceive the full force of our Saviour's expressions—'Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit?' How impressive must have been this discourse of the Holy Jesus; when his disciples were standing around him, in the midst of a scene, so well calculated to illustrate, simplify, and enforce, his Divine doctrine! Surely instruction, given under such circumstances, would sink deep into the hearts of those who heard it. These precious discourses are intended to convey spiritual instruction to us, during our state of probation; that we may be prepared, by the operation of the Holy Spirit, to bring forth fruit to the praise of the great and good Husbandman. But, O! what shall we say of the branches which did not bear fruit, and were cut off? These were gathered and bound up to be burned in the fire; and so will it be with the wicked, and those who forget

God, if they repent not; but the righteous, after they have borne good fruit in this world, will go away into everlasting happiness, in the world to come.

The vines, in some countries, are actually cut quite down in winter, and sometimes covered over with earth, to protect them from the frost; but their shoots are of rapid growth in the spring. The South of France presents the plains, and the sides of the mountains, covered with vines, about the height of a common currant bush in England; and the traveller can hardly fail, in the autumn, to admire the beautiful appearance of the vineyard; particularly when loaded with fruit. How often have we been charmed, in passing along through this luxuriant scene, and also along the banks of the foaming Rhine, in Germany; where the vines are trained like espalier apple-trees. Here the rosy-cheeked children run by the side of the carriages, their little eyes beaming with joy, and anxious to present the travellers with a bunch of grapes just gathered; this they often do, not in the expectation of receiving money in return, but as a mark of kindness to strangers passing through the country. The vintage is gathered in the latter end of the ninth, or sometimes, the tenth month, whenever the grapes are fully ripe; and affords, while it lasts, constant employment for men, women, and children. The vineyards, at this season, present a scene truly picturesque; both men and women wear hats with very broad brims to protect

them from the rays of the sun ; and their clothing, being generally of a light colour, contrasts with the verdure that surrounds them; while the light-hearted reapers vie with each other, in filling the baskets with abundance of fruit. Surely it is a scene calculated to raise in the mind of the traveller, a grateful sense of the goodness and mercy of our Heavanly Father ; who, amid all the thoughtlessness, and transgressions of his unworthy children, is still pleased to ordain that seed-time and harvest shall not cease ; and, in his universal kindness, still causes 'his sun to shine on the evil and on the good ; and sendeth his rain upon the just and upon the unjust.'

Christ is the true vine, his faithful followers are the branches; in order to bring forth fruits of righteousness, they must abide in Christ, as the root of the vine,—the root is unseen, and the life of a true Christian is hid with Christ in God!

THE VINE.

As clings the branch round the sustaining vine,
So may my soul around its Saviour twine;
In meek submission dwell before his throne,
And seek its nourishment from Him alone;
Resigning all unto His holy hand,
And waiting to obey his blest command.
O, may He hear ! the humble, fervent prayer,
For faith, and strength—the pruning knife to bear;
That every withered branch may fall away,
And heavenly virtue nourish those that stay.
Thus may the fruits of grace divine be seen,
Shaded with humble leaves of evergreen;
Watered through prayer, to living faith allied,
And thus my Heavenly Father glorified.

(YEARDLEY'S *Eastern Customs.*)

VINEYARDS LET OUT TO HUSBANDMEN.

'There was a certain householder who planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine-press in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country. And when the time of the fruit drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, that they might receive the fruit of it.' Matt. xxi. 33, 34.

On leaving Neufchatel, for a journey through Italy, we had the company of a pious young woman, a native Swiss, whose acquaintance we had made during a short sojourn at the above-mentioned place; and as she was travelling the same way for a short distance it gave us pleasure to offer her a seat in our carriage. Our road winding on the banks of the transparent lake of Neufchatel led us under the richly-clad vine hills; and the grapes hanging in ripened clusters on the branches by the wayside added greatly to the beauty of the scene. The Swiss are amiable in their character, and simple in their dress; and some of the more pious among them remarkably affectionate and pleasing in their manners; with agreeable company and a sunny morning, a few hours travel were spent to mutual edification.

A remark on the luxuriant fruit by which we were surrounded, unexpectedly drew from our intelligent companion a description of the culture of the vine, and the management of the vineyards, which afforded a literal illustration of the above Scripture passage.

'These extensive vineyards,' she observed, 'which we see around us, belong to large pro-

prietors, who plant and fence the vines, provide wine-presses for crushing the grapes, &c., and then let out the vineyards to husbandmen, and retire to their own residences, often at considerable distances. The labourers have the sole care of these grounds during the year, and it is their business to prune and dig about the vines; also, at the time of vintage, to make ready the wine for sale; once in the year the proprietors of the vineyards come to receive the fruits, when the managers of the vines, have, for their wages, a certain portion of the produce, which they claim as their own; but when any neglect or dishonesty is proved against the husbandman, the master of the vineyard refuses to give him that portion to which he would have been entitled had he dealt justly. By this we may well understand these words of our Saviour—'If ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?' (Luke xvi. 12.)

It is evident, that our holy Redeemer made allusion to the customs of those countries where his blessed feet trod, while putting forth his impressive parables. The spiritual instruction conveyed to us under the figure of the husbandman and the steward is very forcible; that if we do not, through the grace of God, faithfully occupy and improve the gifts and talents which he has bestowed upon us, we shall run the risk of having that taken away which has been intrusted to us, and thus lose the means of acquiring more.

In the literal meaning of this parable, the church of God is represented as a vineyard; planted, hedged round, and furnished with every means for an advantageous management and improvement; and let out to the people of the Jewish nation, as husbandmen; to whom were committed the many and various privileges of the first visible church. 'When the time of fruit drew near,' God, the great householder, sent his servants, the prophets, to receive that which was his due: the rebellious Jews would not hear. 'They killed the prophets, and stoned those that were sent unto them.' Afterwards came John the Baptist preaching the kingdom of heaven as being at hand: him they beheaded. At length, God sent his only Son: him they they crucified! In the just treatment of these wicked husbandmen is set forth the condign punishment which awaited the Jewish nation; seeing they rejected Christ, their religious privileges were taken from them and given to the Gentiles, who were to be called in and made partakers of life and salvation.

What is here spoken against the Jews ought to serve as a warning to us, who have much greater privileges under the gospel dispensation. 'Because of unbelief they were broken off, and *thou* standest by faith. Be not high-minded, but fear.'

THE VINEYARD.

Where is the Vineyard by the Lord prepared?
And, through his grace, to numerous servants shared;
The hedge around, the wine-press, and the tower,
Emblems of heavenly love's preserving power.

Ah, is it not His Church—composed of all
Who hear, and who obey His sacred call?
But there are still who, faithless to their trust,
Refuse to labour—selfish, and unjust;
Who, like these husbandmen, disown their Lord,
And will not listen to His sacred word.
Ungrateful for the mercies freely given,
Madly reject the choicest gift of heaven.
What more could love—eternal love! have done,
Than grant the blessing of His glorious Son,
To guide our steps through life's uncertain span,
To suffer, and to die, for fallen man?
What shall we render at His sacred throne?
A heart that seeks to live to God alone!

(YEARDLEY'S *Eastern Customs*.)

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

ONE of the persecuted reformers had these words for his motto—'A good conscience is a paradise.' He who has this paradise should both highly value and diligently keep it. Sin, once admitted and indulged, will soon blast its bloom, fill it with briars and thorns, and make it a howling wilderness.

GOOD REASONING.

A BUKAPURAM, in the Northern Circars, a child only eight years old, who had been educated in Christianity, was ridiculed on account of his religion by some heathens older than himself. In reply, he repeated what he had been taught respecting God. 'Show us your God,' said the heathens. 'I cannot do that,' answered the child, 'but I can show yours to you.' Taking

up a stone, and daubing it with resemblance to a human face, he placed it very gravely upon the ground, and pushed it towards them with his foot. 'There,' says he, 'is such a God as you worship.' But to whom will ye liken me? or what likeness will ye compare unto me, saith the Lord? I am Jehovah, and besides me there is no God. A just God, and yet a Saviour!

THE FOUNDLING.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF URSULA COTTOM, OF SCARBRO'.

It is a peculiar satisfaction to have something instructive to record, which may be ranked amongst

'The short and simple annals of the poor.'

The subject of this memoir knew nothing of her parentage, having, at an early period of life, found an asylum in the foundling hospital, in London; and although, in after years, it was her anxious wish to obtain some traces of her relations, yet no clue to them could be obtained from the records of that institution.

She remembered being brought from London to the village of Ackworth, to be placed in that branch of the establishment for which a large and commodious building was there erected; but which, on trial, was not found to answer the benevolent object, at that distance from the original establishment; and which, after remaining unoccupied for some years, was purchased by Dr. Fothergill on behalf of our Society, and

is now occupied as the school, at Ackworth, for Friends' children.

Ursula Cottom well remembered her journey from London to Ackworth, with many other children, who were brought down in covered carts provided by the institution; and that she was privileged to be put out to a kind nurse, to whom she felt considerable attachment. Her lot, in this respect, was indeed a favoured one, as many of the children died from the cruel inattention of those with whom they were placed.

With her kind foster-mother she remained till of an age to return to the school, at which she did not remember experiencing any unkind treatment; but she clearly recollected that great numbers of the children died.

When eleven or twelve years of age, she and another girl were thought fit to be put out as apprentices; and a person applying for one was so much at a loss to choose between them, that he set them to run round the pump; when Ursula, though not very nimble, won the race, and obtained the situation.

She always looked upon this as a providential circumstance in her history, and observed, in her simple style, 'that a watchful providence had good things in store for her.' The man and his wife, with whom her lot was cast, were both pious people, and, being Methodists, took their charge to meeting with them. She soon became acquainted with the visitations of Divine love; and before her apprenticeship expired, she was united to that society in member-

ship, and was a zealous and consistent member.

After living in this family a year as a servant, she was engaged as housekeeper to Richard Cottom of Scarborough, a worthy man of the same society: and she remarked upon this circumstance of her life, she might well say, 'that though father and mother had forsaken her, yet the Lord took her up.'

When she had been three or four years in her new situation, her master made her an offer of marriage, which she ultimately accepted; and she afterwards became an active member and class leader in the society to which she belonged.

Some time after this, she felt her mind drawn towards the Society of Friends, and frequently attended their meetings; being convinced of the value and importance of silent waiting upon God, and of close attention to the manifestations of the Spirit in her own heart. Her husband at first strongly objected to her leaving the Methodist connection; but being reasoned with by his employer on the propriety of granting full liberty of conscience, he complied; and ultimately, in 1798, she became united to Friends, with whom she remained an upright and consistent member until the close of her life.

She contributed to the support of herself and her husband by keeping a small shop, in which situation she was a remarkable instance of the strictest honesty and uprightness; and she also showed, by her example, how much good may be done in the humblest sphere of life, if the

heart is but rightly influenced, and directed by the power of Divine grace.

She was a diligent reader, and an active distributer of tracts and other good books, and faithful in exhorting some and consoling others, so that her company was often sought both by the rich and poor, particularly when labouring under doubt and discouragement, or groaning under the burden of a guilty mind or an awakened conscience. Many of these came to tell their sorrows, or to ask her advice; and were led to consider her as a nursing mother.

A friend having inquired of her whether, in noticing others who appeared serious, she was not sometimes afraid of laying hands too suddenly upon them, she said—'O, no! Say to them—"Come with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning this people."'

Her husband lived till he was ninety-five years of age; and, during the latter part of his life, was quite dependent upon her exertions for his support. She appeared to do all in her power for him, and maintained the character of a faithful wife and kind nurse; but she now found her means so diminished, that she was induced to accept one of the residences provided for those in straitened circumstances, by the benevolence of its founder.*

* The dwellings here alluded to were founded agreeably to the will of the late Joseph Taylor, who left £1000 for that purpose; by which fourteen poor families are provided with a comfortable residence.

In this residence she still continued to carry on her little business, but, being unable to do much, she found the advantage of having, by the strictest economy, laid up a little provision for old age; and the repugnance which she evinced to accepting any assistance from a fund, which could be properly applied to lengthen out her little store, was truly praiseworthy, though almost carried to excess. This conduct evidently did not arise from pride, but from a spirit of independence and scrupulous honesty; and when she did accept of assistance, a most exact account was kept of the application of every part of it.

At this time her heart overflowed with gratitude and thankfulness; and, placed in a small, but comfortable apartment, kept scrupulously clean, she was led to exclaim, 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' And her piety and contented cheerfulness exhibited an instructive lesson to all who visited her.

She latterly suffered much from ill health, and, on the 21st of 1st Month, 1833, was taken very ill; and, on being put to bed, expressed her belief that she should never rise from it again.

A Friend calling to see her, asked her if she wanted anything? 'O no!' she replied, 'I have more done for me than any one could ask for or think of. I am surrounded by so many comforts, through the kindness of my heavenly Father. How can I be thankful enough?'

On the Friend expressing a wish that she

should not want anything, she said, 'Dear hearts, you are very kind; my heart overflows with love and gratitude. My heavenly Father has been merciful to me every way; my pain has been very great, but I trust that the rod which he sees meet for me is intended to purify me from something that is left, and that, in his own time, he will take me to his kingdom. My heart feels already united with those who are around the throne, ascribing to him, and to the Lamb, all glory, and honour, and praise, which is his due.'

Another time, awaking from a slumber, and taking the hand of a Friend who sat by her, she said, 'I have been favoured this morning with such a remarkable sight of the wisdom and goodness of God. O! it was beyond all expression! His marvellous goodness and mercy to his creature, man; how he provides for his comfort, and feeds both him and the beasts of the earth. And I bless and praise his holy name, that he has surrounded me with comforts, with everything I want. Thou sees I am nearly a lump of clay; "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." This was the sentence pronounced upon fallen man, and I am willing, very willing, to die; my body feels like unto the grave, where it will soon be laid, but my spirit is filled with unspeakable love and mercy. I feel I shall be clothed with the nature of Christ, my Saviour, and for this my spirit shall praise him.'

A belief being expressed that she would be sustained through the conflict, she said, 'O yes,

my Saviour is with me. He will sustain me through all; he will conquer all things for me, and give me the victory.'

At another time, under a sensible covering of Divine goodness, she said, 'I am endeavouring to clasp, by faith, my dear Redeemer, who has done, and will do much for me. It is said "the righteous hath hope in his death;" I have no merit of my own, ah! no, *it is the interest I feel in the all-atoning sacrifice.*'

A Friend who called to see her said, 'I trust thou feels that Ancient Goodness is near.' She replied, 'Yes, bless and praise him; I am seeking after inward stillness.'

The following morning she observed to the same Friend, 'I am still here, a monument of love and mercy.' After which she repeated the following lines:—

Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the nether waters roll;
While the tempest still is nigh.

Hide me, O! my Saviour, hide!
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O! receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

All my help on Thee is laid;
All my wants to Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

A short time after this she prayed thus, 'Pure and holy God, fit and prepare me for an entrance into that city, where nothing that is impure, nothing that worketh an abomination, or that maketh or loveth a lie, can ever enter.'

A short time before her death, calling a Friend to her, she said, 'I found in the night I had a strong city; "salvation has God appointed for walls and bulwarks." O thank God for all things! "He is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation!" Blessed and everlasting God, thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me. O mercy, mercy, I ever bless and praise thee! In the end everlasting righteousness.' Here her voice failed her, from being exhausted.

After this, although she continued a few days, she was not able to express much. A few hours before her close, on being asked if she was in much pain, she said, 'Death, death!' and then, after lying still some time, gently departed.

Her attendants bore witness to the quietude, patience, and cheerfulness with which she was enabled to endure the most acute bodily pain. One of them was led to observe the sting of death was taken away, as frequently during her illness did she burst forth into expressions of praise and thanksgiving, similar to the few which have been recorded.

She was, indeed, a remarkable instance of the expansive influence of Divine love, a theme on which she often dwelt, which enabled her to soar above all her sufferings, and caused her

heart to overflow with praise and thanksgiving, though placed in a very humble station, and furnished with little more than the necessaries of life. What a lesson might here be learned by the proud and unthankful! How empty, at such an hour as this, are the riches, and pleasures, and pursuits of this sublunary world; when weighed in the balance they appear as less than nothing, and vanity. Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?

She died on the 15th of 2d Month, 1833, aged 75 years, and her remains were interred in the Friends' burial-ground, at Scarborough, on the 19th, followed by a large number of her sorrowing friends and neighbours. — (*Annual Monitor.*)

AN INDIAN'S ANSWER TO A PERSON WHO ASKED HIM WHAT RELIGION WAS.

When inquiry was made of a pious Indian, who laboured to bring his countrymen to a sense of God, what he meant by the religion he wanted to promote, he answered in substance as follows:—'My brother, I was made sensible my heart was hard and bad; under this sense I cried to God, who made the heart; the water ran long, some years, down my eyes, till at last I felt my heart was changed, that it was become soft and good, and I thought myself raised as it were above the world; that I was in such dispo-

sition, that I loved every man, and would bear without anger anything from any of my fellow-creatures; from a sense that anything wrong in them proceeded only from that same badness of heart I had too long groaned under.' This, the Indian said, was what he called religion, and what he was concerned to exhort his brethren to seek the experience of.—(LEADBEATER'S *Extracts*.)

RELIGION.

RELIGION will cost us something, but the want of it infinitely more.—(CECIL.)

HUMBLE BENEVOLENCE.

THE benevolence of an humble mind may be compared to a rivulet in a meadow, which, though it glides along quietly and unseen, refreshes and fertilizes the soil, leaving it to display the benefit received, by its increased verdure and fruitfulness.

LINDLEY MURRAY, THE GRAMMARIAN.

BORN 1745—DIED 1826.

Still turned to virtue were his books, his speech;
And gladly would he learn, and meekly teach.

'THAT one author should have supplied so many works on education, each of which is so extensively circulated, and so highly approved, is, I believe, unprecedented in the annals of litera-

ture.'—'It is a striking recommendation of these works, that they have had a considerable influence in promoting the correct and chaste education of young persons. The strain of piety and virtue, and the elegant taste, which pervade them, have had happy effects in forming the minds of young persons who have studied them; and in producing or expanding a similar spirit, in the publications since introduced into seminaries.'—'There is in them no expression or sentiment of an indelicate nature; nothing which tends to vitiate taste, or undermine principle; nothing that is vulgar or frivolous, eccentric or dubious; nor is there, on the other hand, any thing too nice, critical, or refined, for general use and acceptance.'

Such is the character given, by his intimate friend and biographer,* of the publications of Lindley Murray—works that have been issued by millions in this country and in his native land; and the moral and religious influence of which, we trust, will extend to thousands yet unborn.

Lindley Murray, the oldest of twelve children, was a native of North America, having been born at Swetara, in the State of Pennsylvania, in the year 1745. He had a birthright in the Society of Friends, to whose doctrine and discipline he continued warmly attached to the time of his decease. Yet his works are perfectly unsectarian in character; and the reader

* Elizabeth Frank.

would by no means discover from them either his religion or his native land. This imparts to them a peculiar value; and their extensive circulation here and in America, may tend in no small degree 'to preserve the Anglo-American language from corruption, and to stop the progress of useless innovation.'

At the repeated and urgent solicitations of the individual before alluded to, who, 'from motives of friendship to himself and his wife,' resided under his roof upwards of twenty years, he was induced to become his own biographer. From this autobiography, which, with additions by the same person, was published after his death, we select the materials for this notice; having also access to a number of letters addressed to an intimate correspondent, for whose remarks and criticisms on several of his publications he expresses himself greatly indebted, as having contributed very much to that degree of correctness which his works are allowed to possess.

To some disconsolate mother, fondly pleased with the precocious intellect of her first born, but now sorrowing over the barren or undeveloped capacity of her younger child, blissfully ignorant of what some mothers have seen and felt, it may be consolatory to know that 'the first months of the author's life afforded no promise of bodily or mental vigour. Till about half a year old he was almost perpetually crying; and his countenance gave no indication of intelligence.' He considers himself as having

been a 'mischievous' child; but like many others of the same *genus*, he was 'protected from proper chastisement' by a fond * grandmother. His biographer, however, concludes, 'that his childhood and youth were lovely; and formed a natural and beautiful prelude to the wisdom, piety, and benevolence, which his advanced years exhibited.'

When about ten years of age, a very happy impression was made on his mind by a piece which he had to write, on one of those ornamental sheets that are so pleasingly associated with our school-boy memories, referring to the visit of the angels to the shepherds near Bethlehem; and he very pertinently remarks, 'If parents and others who have the care of young persons, would be studious to seize occasions of presenting the Holy Scriptures to them, under favourable and inviting points of view, it would probably be attended with the happiest effects.'

In 1771, when on a visit to England, he very narrowly escaped the resentment of an elephant to which he had given some provocation, and which again recognized him after an absence of several weeks.

Speaking of a debating society into which he had entered, he says, 'This institution enlarged my stock of knowledge, promoted the business of arranging my ideas, and probably produced a small degree of correctness and fluency of expression. These are some of the benefits

* 'Fond;' foolish, silly, indiscreet.—*Imperial Dictionary.*

which result from societies of this nature; but they frequently produce in young persons a spirit of disputation and loquacity; and, at least, an inclination to scepticism, even on subjects of great importance. By discovering how much may be plausibly advanced against established truths, and by exerting its ingenuity in support of error, the youthful mind, attracted by the gloss of novelty, and unaccustomed to distinguish between the solid and the superficial, may lose or abate its veneration for truth, virtue, and religion.'

When about twenty years of age, and before entering into business, he 'had the satisfaction of being united in the tender bonds of marriage;' and this near and dear union with his tenderly beloved wife he was permitted to enjoy for about sixty years. How few have such a privilege! 'They had no children: but neither this circumstance, nor any other, diminished their mutual affection, or their happiness.'—'He used to say pleasantly that his books were his children; that he hoped they were well settled, and doing good in the world; and that they had occasioned him less trouble and anxiety than most children give to their parents.' His first-born was his most beloved.

Though not at all referring to himself, we here introduce, from his autobiography, some account of the mode of proceeding in relation to marriage, which he obtained on visiting, with his wife, one of the establishments of the United Brethren, at Bethlehem, about fifty miles from

Philadelphia. It will amuse, perhaps instruct some of our fair readers. 'Among other observations, we took occasion to inquire, whether the practice of the elders and elderesses, in selecting a partner for a young man who wished to marry, was not sometimes attended with serious inconveniences. But they seemed to have no doubt, that this regulation produced more happy marriages than would be effected by leaving the parties to choose for themselves. A lively and sensible person, with whose conversation we were particularly pleased, took occasion to give us his own experience on the subject. He expressed himself to the following effect:—"When I wished to change my situation in life, I applied to one of our elders, and communicated the matter to him. He asked me whether I had any particular young woman in view. I replied in the negative; and that I wished my superiors to choose for me. Pleased with my answer, and the confidence reposed in them, he assured me that the greatest care should be taken to select for me a partner who would be, in every respect, proper for me. The elders and elderesses consulted together; and, after a suitable time, fixed on a young woman whose disposition and qualifications were correspondent to my own, and which they thought were adapted to make me happy. We were introduced to each other in the presence of our superiors. The interview was favourable; we became mutually attached, and, in a short time, we were married. The event

has perfectly answered our most sanguine hopes. I probably should not have chosen so happily, if I had been left to decide for myself; but I am certain I could not have made a better choice." He concluded his observations with a degree of animation and satisfaction, which precluded all doubt of the truth of his assertions.'

Having qualified himself for the legal profession, Lindley Murray commenced business in New York. He observes, that in the practice of the law pecuniary interest was not his only rule of action. He frequently recommended clients to make satisfaction or to submit to arbitration. 'I do not recollect,' says he, 'that I ever encouraged a client to proceed at law, when I thought his cause was unjust or indefensible.' *Tempora mutantur!* The practice or the profession is indeed changed.

He continued his legal practice till the troubles in America commenced, when he retired for some years into the country, partly on account of his health; but not finding the anticipated benefit, he was advised by his medical attendant to try the climate of Yorkshire, in England; and in 1784 he left America, with an expectation, never realized, of speedily returning to his native land; for his health suffered him not, and he took up his permanent abode at Holdgate, near York. He was attached to England: he admired her laws and constitution. He says (and being an American, the sentiment should have the more weight), ' I was ever partial to its political constitution, and the mildness and

wisdom of its general system of laws. I knew that, under this excellent government, life, property, reputation, civil and religious liberty, are happily protected; and that the general character and virtue of its inhabitants take their complexion from the nature of their constitution and laws. On leaving my native country, there was not, therefore, any land on which I could cast my eyes with so much pleasure; nor is there any which could have afforded me so much real satisfaction as I have found in Great Britain. May its political fabric, which has stood the test of ages, and long attracted the admiration of the world, be supported and perpetuated by Divine Providence! And may the hearts of Britons be grateful for this blessing, and for many others by which they are eminently distinguished.'

His peculiar complaint, relaxation of the muscles, continued, and he was obliged to give up all bodily exertion. But his mental faculties were actively and cheerfully employed for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, in compiling the works alluded to at the head of this article. He thought it better 'to wear away than to rust away;' and he put his thoughts into execution.

For many of the latter years of his life he was entirely confined to the house, and quite disabled from walking. Yet his general health continued tolerably good; and this blessing he attributed in no small degree to his abstinence from medicine. He lived on a plain diet, but was not very particular. He regulated the

temperature of his room by a thermometer, which he kept at about 65 degrees. He did not entirely refrain from the use of fermented liquors; but he was temperate in all things. He was grateful for the good things of this life, and thankful that he was grateful; quoting, as he used to do, the beautiful sentiment of the 'devout Addison':—

> 'Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
> My daily thanks employ;
> And not the least a cheerful heart,
> That tastes those gifts with joy.'

He carefully avoided all habits of indolence, both as to body and mind. And by these means he continued to enjoy a state of health which many would suppose, under the circumstances, to be scarcely retainable.

Thus continued the even tenor of his life till he attained his eighty-first year, when he died in a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers. He was truly a good man. In the words of his biographer, we may say that he exhibited to the world a beautiful specimen of a Christian character. His endowments, both moral and intellectual, were of a superior order. Few men have left behind them a higher character for wisdom, piety, and benevolence.

He was evidently a man of peace. And, as characteristic of his peaceful life and peaceful death, we cannot refrain from quoting the happy language of Knox's *Christian Philosophy*—'Thus he lives; at peace with himself, at peace with his neighbour, at peace with his God. Thus

he lives; and, when he quits this earthly scene, like a river, whose banks are flowery, and whose waters limpid and smooth, he glides, unruffled, into the ocean of eternity.'

We now give a list of his works, in the order of their publication, with the amount that he received for the copyright of each. They were all sold to Longman and Co., and as he had a competency of this world's goods, and was not desirous to accumulate riches, he appropriated no portion of the money to his own use :—

Power of Religion on the Mind	£—
Grammar, Exercises and Key	700
Abridgment of Grammar	100
English Reader	350
Sequel to ditto	200
Introduction to ditto	200
Lecture François, Introduction au Lecteur François	700
Spelling Book, First Book	500
Selections from Horne's Commentary on the Psalms	100
On the Daily Perusal of the Holy Scriptures	—

Of the first and the last he presented the copyright to his publishers. Besides the above, he issued two small works relative to his own religious Society, and the Grammar, &c., in two volumes 8vo.

The sale of his various publications has been immense. From a letter addressed to the correspondent before-mentioned, and which now lies before us, dated '3d of 2d Month, 1826,' we

find that the fortieth English edition of the Grammar, then in the press, made the whole number of copies more than 310,000; of the Abridgment had been printed more than 950,000; Spelling Book, 300,000; First Book, 150,000; Exercises, 260,000; Key, 70,000; Introduction, 160,000; Reader, 125,000. And a bookseller in America informed him that more than 100,000 of the different books were printed annually in that country. These particulars were furnished at the special request of his correspondent; and we believe were not communicated to any other individual.

It is probable that not less than five or six millions of these various works have been issued, here and in the New World. And when we consider that in one and all the 'end and aim' of their pious author was to make education subserve the cause of religion and virtue, we think it would not be very easy to over-estimate the value of his labours.

His biographer informs us that the demand for his grammatical works, and also for his spelling book, has been so great and regular, that, excepting the octavo edition of the Grammar, the types which compose them have long been kept standing; and that the editions, though numerous, have not been limited to a small number of copies. For many years each edition of the Grammar has consisted of 10,000 copies; Exercises, 10,000; Key, 6000; Abridgment, 12,000; Spelling Book and First Book, 10,000; English Reader, and Introduction, each

10,000; Sequel, 6000; Lecteur François, and Introduction, each 3000.

His works are not perfect. This he knew; and with care and assiduity he devoted himself to their correction and improvement.* The labour thus devoted occupied no small portion of his time; and by the constant reprinting of his books, he had opportunities for revision, which seldom fall to the lot of any author.

To conclude, Murray's works have been our delight from boyhood. Memory still clings to the feelings of youthful awe with which we contemplated Mirza's bridge of life, with its remnant of threescore and ten arches, as we imagined to ourselves one traveller after another stumbling on the trap-doors, and floating down the stream of time into the ocean of eternity—we still gaze with mental pleasure on the graphic picture of Antiparos—we remember the mingled feelings with which we learned, as a holiday task, the thrilling story of Parnell's hermit; and the events of life have forced on us the conviction that such angel visits are not few nor far between—we feel afresh tempted, in our 'wildly devious' 'search after happiness,' to discover, if it were but the precincts even of the deserted Theopolis:—

'Sweet Auburn,† loveliest village of the plain.'

We wish never to forget the little Shrewsbury workhouse boy who took his 'very little money,

* The writer of this note has in his possession a copy of the first edition of the Grammar, published in 1795. How different from the last!

† It is said that the site of the Deserted Village has eluded

all that he had,' to his sick and widowed mother —the sad and mournful exit of Altamont—the liquid fire of Vesuvius—the fearful Calabrian rock, and the frightful Sicilian whirlpool * rise before our view—and we again see the great apostle of the Gentiles, as, standing with manacled limbs before the 'expert' Agrippa, and the 'noble' Festus, claiming the rights of a Roman citizen, and exercising the privileges of a *Christian orator*, he utters, to the astonished, the almost persuaded King, these memorable words—'I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am—except these [chains]!'

It was through Murray that we first met with Akenside, caught the spirit of the author, soared with him into the regions of fancy, felt the unspeakable 'pleasures of the imagination,' as we have often witnessed with the eye and the mind what he so sweetly describes:—

> 'Not a breeze
> Flies o'er the meadow; not a cloud imbibes
> The setting sun's effulgence; not a strain
> From all the tenets of the warbling shade
> Ascends; but whence his bosom can partake
> Fresh pleasures, unreproved.'

But we must check our imaginings. Murray's

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the search of each and every antiquary! Is it this rumour, or is it thyself, that is unfounded,

> Thou sweet Utopian Auburn of the plain,
> That art not, wast not—save in Goldsmith's brain?

* Scylla and Charybdis.

works have been our friend and our father's friend; and though the condensations of Lennie —the gradations of Butler—the new collections or the new collocations of the Dublin or the sessional school, may be in some respects more suited to the wants, or at least to the taste, of the present age, yet we hope and trust that ourselves and our children, aye and our children's children, may ever value the works, and venerate the character, of Lindley Murray.

WITHHOLDING CITY FREEDOM, &c.

In 1657, at Bristol, John Love and John Withers, having served their apprenticeships, and declining to swear, were refused the freedom of the city, had their shops several times shut up, and their goods taken from them; and, at length, being summoned to the Mayor's Court, and appearing there with their hats on, were committed to prison.

VARIETY OF CASES OF SUFFERING.

The following, all from Besse's collection, show the variety of ways in which Friends were troubled for nonconformity—

Bedfordshire and Herts.—1678, two Friends, John Barton and Henry Newman, are committed to jail for not paying the sums of 2*s.* 2*d.* and 1*s.* 1*d.* respectively for *church-rates*, on writs *de excommunicato capiendo;* in which they lay, the

one three years and a half, the other above two and a half.

Berkshire.—1678, Michael Reynolds of Faringdon, on an *execution for tithes*, at the suit of Robert Pye, impropriator, had his corn and cattle taken away to the value of £97, 6*s.* 9*d.*, for one year's tithe of land of £55 yearly rent.

Robert Ewer, *being chosen tithing-man at a court leet*, and refusing to swear, suffered distress of his goods to the value of 40*s.*

Bucks.—1678, John Stratton of Ivigoe, a poor husbandman, was imprisoned twenty-one months, away from a wife and eight children, for not appearing before the Surrogate of the Bishop of Lincoln, to answer a charge of *absenting from his parish church, and for not receiving the sacrament.*

Cambridgeshire. — 1678, Thomas Amey of Great Abingdon, imprisoned in Cambridge Castle on a writ *de excommunicato capiendo*, at the suit of John Boulton, vicar, for a claim of *oblations and tithe of wild pigeons*, remained there a year and a half.

Cheshire.—1679, John Simcock, *for speaking some words of exhortation at a funeral*, had his goods taken away to the value of £100. In the preceding year he had taken from him, for a fine *for preaching*, eight cows and eleven heifers, worth £90. *Sir* Philip Egerton disgraced himself, by encouraging the lawless plunder of informers ; saying he would justify them if they sold cattle at 12*d.* a piece.

Derbyshire.—1678, for *small tithes* of about

1*s.* 6*d.* value, Eleanor Robothan, a widow about sixty years of age, was found to have been two years a prisoner. And William Beard, *for absence from the public worship*, was fined £220 as a *Popish Recusant*, and imprisoned.

Devonshire.—1678, Elias Tuckett of Christow, aged eighty-one years, blind and almost deaf, was imprisoned ten weeks, at the suit of John Davis, *a Justice and Impropriator*, for tithes. And Manasses Orchard of Tiverton, was imprisoned by a writ *de capiendo* after prosecution in the Ecclesiastical Court, *for opening his shop on the day called Christmas-day.*

Dorsetshire.—1678, Joseph Gillett, a clothier of Wooton-near-Lyme, was arrested in the month called May, for a demand of £220, *for eleven months absence from the National worship ;* he put in an appearance to the action, but in the next term execution was awarded against him for that sum, *which obliged him to shut up and leave off his trade*, to the detriment of many poor people by him employed. In November, he was again committed to prison at the suit of Priest Bird, *who himself assisted in plucking him out of his house.* He was continued a prisoner near six years.

Durham.—1678, Richard Watson, of this Quarterly Meeting, having preached at Darlington in 1676, had six cows taken from him, worth £30.

John Field, of the parish of Anne and Agnes Aldersgate, was prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Court *for teaching school without a license* from

the Bishop; and because after admonition he desisted not, was, for his 'contumacy,' committed to Ludgate prison on December 9, 1678, where he was confined twenty-nine weeks; and though sick, he could not obtain leave either to go home, or to a Friend's house near the prison for the recovery of his health, *the severity of ecclesiastical censure not admitting of any such mixture of mercy!*

THOMAS STORY ON DRINKING HEALTHS.

Some of my well-wishers supposing me melancholy, because reduced from my former airs and cheerfulness to silence and gravity, got together in a tavern and my father with them, intending to have me among them to drink a hearty glass; and try, in their way, whether they could raise my spirits into a more sociable temper, and bring me off from such thoughts. While they were contriving their scheme, I was retired alone in my chamber, and favoured with a sense of the good and soul-nourishing presence of the Lord; but after some time a concern came upon me, which gave me to expect *something was in agitation concerning me;* and soon after, an attorney at law, of my acquaintance, came from the company to me, and mentioned certain gentlemen who desired to see me at the tavern. I was not hasty to go, looking for the countenance of the Lord therein, neither did I refuse; but my father and some others, being impatient to have me among them, came likewise to me. I arose from

my seat when they came in, but did not move my hat to them, or they to me; upon which my father fell a weeping, and said, I did not use to behave so to him. I intreated him not to resent it as a fault; for though I now thought fit to decline that ceremony, it was not in disobedience, or disrespect to him or them; for I honoured him as much as ever, and desired he would please to think so, notwithstanding exterior alteration.

But most of the rest kept up another air, hoping to bring me into the same at the tavern. But I, through grace, saw their intent and was aware; and I had now freedom of mind to go among them. And when we came there, the company all rose from their seats, and seeming generally glad put on airs of pleasantness. In seating themselves again, they placed me so as that I was in the midst, environed by them, and then they put the glass round; and to relish it the more they began a health to King William.

But the secret presence of the Lord being with me, though hid from them, it affected them all in a way they did not expect; for scarce had two of them drank till their countenances changed and all were silenced. The glass, nevertheless, went forward till it came to me, and then I told them I wished both the King and them well, and if I could drink to the health of any at all I should to the King's, but should drink no health any more, and so refused it. And the glass never went round; for several of

them fell a weeping and were much broken, and all of them silenced for a time; which when over, some of them said they believed I intended well in what I did, and that every man must be left to proceed in the way which he thinks right in the sight of God; and so we parted in solemn friendship. It was the secret grace of God which wrought this; and to him, the Lord alone, did I impute it. And the company dispersing I returned to my chamber in Divine peace and true tranquillity of mind; with which I was favoured for many days.—(*Journal of* T. STORY.)

GEORGE FOX ON SOBER HABITS.

WHEN I came towards nineteen years of age, being upon business at a fair, one of my cousins, whose name was Bradford, a professor, having another professor with him, came and asked me to drink part of a jug of beer with them. Being thirsty, I went in with them; for I loved any who had a sense of good, or that sought after the Lord. When we had drank a glass of beer apiece, they began to drink healths, and called for more drink, agreeing together, that he that would not drink should pay all. I was grieved that any who made profession of religion should offer to do so. They grieved me very much, never having had such a thing put to me before, by any sort of people. Wherefore I rose up, and putting my hand into my pocket took out a groat [probably the whole expense as yet incurred] and laid it on the table before them,

saying 'If it be so, I will leave you.' So I went my way, and when I had done my business returned home; but did not go to bed that night, neither could I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed and cried to the Lord, who said unto me, 'Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be as a stranger unto all.'—(GEORGE FOX'S *Journal.*)

PLAYS.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON, on the subject of plays, says:—'They are intolerable, and not fit to be permitted in a civilized, much less a Christian nation. They do most notoriously minister to vice and infidelity. By their profaneness, they are apt to instil bad principles into the minds of men, and to lessen that awe and reverence which all men ought to have of the Almighty and religion; and, by their lewdness, they teach vice, and are apt to infect the minds of men, and dispose them to lewd and dissolute practices.'

EXTRACT FROM COLLIER'S ESSAYS.

JEREMY COLLIER says, 'I have no intention to argue against gold chains, velvet caps, or sables, or anything of this nature; but, granting this furniture may be somewhat of a guard to authority, yet no public person has any reason to value

himself upon it, for the design of this sort of state is only to comply with the weakness of the multitude. It is an innocent stratagem to deceive them into their duty, and to awe them into a just sense of obedience. A great man will rather contemn this kind of finery, than think himself considerable by it. He will rather be sorry that his authority needs the support of so little an artifice, and depends, in any measure, upon the use of such trifles. To stoop to the vulgar notion of this, and establish one's reputation by counterfeit signs of worth, must be an uneasy task to a noble mind. Besides, we are not to think the magistrate cannot support his office without fine clothes; for, if he is furnished with general prudence, with abilities particular to his business, and has a competent share of power, he needs not doubt his influence over the people.'—(HOLT'S *Extracts.*)

A SERMON DELIVERED AT FRANKFORD, BY JAMES SIMPSON, A MINISTER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, A FEW MONTHS BEFORE HIS DECEASE.

WHAT I am now going to relate is but a simple story, and it is probable some of you may have heard me to tell it before, but it has taken such possession of my mind that I thought I would just drop it for your consideration. When I was a young man there lived in our neighbourhood a Presbyterian, who was universally re-

ported to be a very liberal man, uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends observing his frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it could not be to his own advantage. Now, my friends, mark the answer of this Presbyterian:—'God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes.' Think of this, friends; but one journey through the world, the hours that are past are gone for ever, and the actions in those hours can never be recalled. I do not throw it out as a charge, nor mean to imply that any of you are dishonest, but the words of this good Presbyterian have often impressed my mind, and I think in an instructive manner. But one journey, we are allowed but one journey through the world; therefore, let none of us say, 'My tongue is my own, I'll talk what I please. My time is my own, I'll go where I please; I can go to meetings, or, if the world calls me, I'll stay at home—it's all my own.' Now this won't do, friends; it is as impossible for us to live as we list, and then come here to worship, as it is for a lamp to burn without oil. It is utterly impossible; and I was thinking what a droll composition man is—a compound of bank notes, dollars, cents, and newspapers—and bringing, as it were, the world on his back, he comes here

to perform worship, or at least would have it appear so. Now, friends, I just drop it before we part for your consideration, let each try himself, and see how it is with his own soul.

A REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE, RELATED BY A FRIEND IN THE MINISTRY AFTER HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE.

A NATIVE of Sweden, having occasion to go a short distance by sea, found, when he came to the place from which he expected to embark, the regular vessel between the ports had sailed. On inquiry, he discovered a fishing boat going that way, in which he took passage. The boatmen, observing he had several trunks, concluded he must be rich, and determined to throw him into the sea, and keep his property. This he overheard, and it gave him great uneasiness. To show them he was not laden with money, he took occasion to open one of his trunks containing books. On seeing this, they said one to another, ''Tis not worth while to throw him overboard, as we do not want books.' They then asked him whether he was a priest? he told them he was. At this they appeared pleased, saying they would have a sermon the next day, it being Sunday, as they called it. This, however, had a tendency to increase the anxiety and distress of his mind, believing himself to be as incapable of such an undertaking as it was possible for any man to be; for he knew not much about the Scriptures, neither did he be-

lieve in them, nor in any Divine revelation whatever manifested to man.

They came to a small island of rocks in the sea, about a quarter of a mile in circumference, where were a number more such like men. By this time he found he had fallen into the hands of a company of pirates, who had chosen that little spot to deposit their treasure. He was taken to a cave, and introduced to an old woman, the men telling her they had got a priest, and should have a sermon the next day. She said she was glad, for she had not heard the Word of God for a long while. His case appeared desperate indeed. Preach he must, and he knew nothing about it. If he refused, he expected death would be his portion; and, if he undertook it and did not succeed, it would be the same. In this deplorable situation he passed the night, not having power to settle his mind upon anything to offer to the people; and to call upon a God, whom he had believed to be inaccessible, appeared altogether vain, and he could not devise any way whereby he might be saved. When morning came he arose and walked to and fro, still shut up in darkness and distress, striving with all his might to collect something, but could not one single sentence. The time for the meeting to begin came, and he returned to the cave, where he found them assembled, and a table with a Bible on it, and a seat provided for him. Upon sitting down, they all continued, he believed, the space of half an hour in profound silence, when the exercise

and anguish of his soul was as great as was possible for human nature to bear, without any way opening to address the people. At length these words came before him, 'Verily there is a reward for the righteous, verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth.' With these words he arose, and, having delivered them, some other pertinent matter presented, and so on from less to more, until his understanding (by a Power stronger than human genius) became opened, and his heart enlarged, in a manner wonderful to himself, to treat on subjects suiting their condition, such as the excellent rewards for the righteous, the just judgments of God awaiting the wicked, the necessity of repentance and amendment of life, the universality of the love of God to the children of men. This had such a powerful effect on the minds of these poor wicked wretches, that they were exceedingly broken into tenderness, weeping to such a degree that the floor was wet with their tears; and he, no less astonished at the unbounded goodness, power, and love of an almighty Creator, in thus interfering for the saving of both his natural and spiritual life, might well exclaim, 'It was the Lord's doing, and marvellous in his eyes.' Under an awful sense of the favour, his heart became filled with such thankful acknowledgments as were beyond the power of language to convey.

After the meeting ended, the poor creatures were very loving and affectionate, willing to show him all the kindness in their power. The

next day they fitted out one of their vessels, and carried him whither he wished to go. From that time he became, and continues to be, an entirely changed man. From being an infidel, he has become a sincere believer in the efficacy and power of the unchangeable truth, as it is in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. He has since settled in the south of France. The Friend from whose lips this narrative was taken is still living (1844).

RELIGION.

It is of great consequence, that the first impressions made on the minds of children respecting the Divine Being, be correct. They should be taught he is the giver of every good, the author of all felicity, that he is love itself, and delights in our happiness.

The principle of accountability for all our actions is the basis of religious instruction, and ought to be early and forcibly impressed upon the minds of children. They should understand, that not for actions only, but for words and thoughts also, we shall be called to give an account. That wherever they are, or whatever they are doing, they are continually in the sight of the Great Searcher of hearts, and that how much soever they may conceal their faults from men, he sees and knows all they do—that he loves and approves them when they do well, but is displeased with and condemns their evil words or actions. We should endeavour early to make them acquainted with the operations

of Divine grace in their own minds ; teach them that it is this which comforts and approves them for their good behaviour, but makes them uneasy and distressed when they have conducted amiss, and that to yield implicit obedience to its gentle intimations, is the only sure path to peace and blessedness. Impressions like these, and having religion and happiness connected together in their view, will be likely to beget feelings of love, reverence, and gratitude. And as age unfolds the capacity, the doctrine of Christianity ought to be presented in the simplest forms. No religious instruction is better suited to the minds of children, than that derived from the precepts and example of Christ; and no part of his example is more calculated to touch their hearts, than the compassion and the tenderness which he so perfectly displayed.

It is a very interesting part of religious education, to fix on the young mind a conviction, that religion is not an occasional act, but the effect of the indwelling principle of Divine grace, by which their common conduct is to be governed, and their evil propensities subdued ; that the indissoluble connection between religion and moral rectitude must ever be maintained, *if ye love God, ye will avoid evil, and do good.* And that as it is the purity of the motive which not only gives worth and beauty, but which, in a Christian sense, gives life and efficacy to the best actions, so without pure motives, acts of devotion, however splendid, will not be accepted in the Divine sight.

Whatever may be the event of a pious education to the child, it is very important to parents to have acquitted themselves of the incumbent duty of training their child in the way he should go. Those who, though mourning over a prodigal child, can appeal to the searcher of hearts, for having endeavoured, to the best of their knowledge, to lead him in the path of rectitude, must have feelings and reflections widely different from those of parents who, though also lamenting the evil course of their offspring, feel their own neglected duty of seasonable care and instruction greatly increasing the bitterness of their sorrows.

THE QUAKER POET.

LINES BY BERNARD BARTON ON SEEING HIMSELF SO DESIGNATED.

'The Quaker Poet!'—is such name
A simple designation;
Or one expressive of my shame,
And thy vituperation?

If but the former—I, for one,
Have no objection to it:
A name, as such, can startle none
Who rationally view it.

But if such title would convey
Contempt, or reprobation,
Allow me, briefly as I may,
To state my vindication.

It is not splendour of costume
That prompts harmonious numbers;
The nightingale, of sober plume,
Sings while the peacock slumbers.

The shallow brooks, in spring so gay,
In summer soonest fail us;
Their sparkling pride has pass'd away,
Their sounds no more regale us.

While the more deep, but quiet streams,
By alders overshaded,
Flow on, in spite of scorching beams,
Their beauties uninvaded.

And on their peaceful verge we see
Green grass, fresh flowers, and round them
Hover the butterfly and bee,
Rejoicing to have found them.

Is it the gayest of the gay,
The votaries of fashion,
Who feel most sensibly the sway
Of pure and genuine passion?

No! hearts there be, the world deems cold,
As warm, as true, as tender
As those which gayer robes enfold,
However proud their splendour.

Of mine I speak not: He, alone,
Who form'd, can truly know it;
Nor of my verse; I frankly own
Myself no lofty poet.

But I contend the Quaker creed,
By fair interpretation,
Has nothing in it to impede
Poetic aspiration:

All that fair nature's charms display
Of grandeur, or of beauty;
All that the human heart can sway,
Joy, grief, desire, or duty;

All these are ours—the copious source
Of true poetic feeling:
And wouldst thou check their blameless course,
Our lips in silence sealing.

Nature, to *all* her ample page
Impartially unfolding,
Prohibits neither saint, nor sage,
Its beauties from beholding.

And thus the muse her gifts assigns
With no sectarian spirit;
For *all* the wreath of fame she twines
Who fame and favour merit.

Through every age, in every clime,
Her favour'd sons have flourish'd;
Have felt her energy sublime,
Her pure delights have nourish'd.

From Lapland's snows, from Persia's bowers,
Their songs are still ascending,
Then, Quaker Poets, try your powers!
Why should you fear offending?

Still true to nature be your aim,
Abhorring affectation;
You, with peculiar grace may claim
Each simpler declaration.

And, with such you may blend no less,
Spite of imputed weakness,
The god-like strength of gentleness,
The majesty of meekness!

The blameless pride of purity,
Chast'ning each soft emotion;
And, from fanaticism free,
The fervour of devotion!

Be such your powers: and in the range
Of themes which they assign you,
Win wreaths you need not wish to change
For aught that fame could twine you.

For never can a poet's lays
Obtain more genuine honour,
Than whilst his *gift* promotes the praise
Of *Him* who is its Donor!

THE LORD LOOKETH AT THE HEART.

No action will conduce to our everlasting happiness that is not the offspring of a heartfelt conviction of duty. Mere outside imitations of the best actions of the best men, will never advance the imitator one step nearer heaven.

DUTY OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Public worship is so important a duty, so necessary a part of Christian conduct, that no persons can live in the habitual neglect of it, without endangering the highest interests of themselves and their families. We know that we serve not a hard master, that when sickness or absolute necessity prevent our performing this solemn duty, the omission will not be laid to our charge; but beware of inventing a necessity for absence, beware of false and vain excuses. 'It is by first suggesting false excuses that Satan tempts us to neglect our duty, and robs us of our reward.' Consider our Lord's parable of the great supper (Luke xiv. 16–24). Why did not those who were bidden, partake of the supper? Because, 'with one consent they began to make excuse;' one 'has bought a piece of ground and must needs go and see it; another must 'prove his oxen;' another 'has married a wife, and therefore cannot come.' But what saith the lord of the supper? 'None of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.'

CONSISTENCY OF CHRISTIAN PROFESSORS.

THERE prevails in society around us, a disposition to compare and to contrast the man of the world with the professor of religion, whenever it may be thought that the result of the comparison will prove disadvantageous to the latter. Shall the character of those who make no pretensions to decided piety, be eulogized on the ground of their amiableness of temper, and gentleness of spirit; and shall there be ground for an impeachment of those who make a public profession of religion, as in these respects greatly inferior? Shall it be said, with any colour of truth, that not a few of them betray a disposition unyielding and unkind, uncharitable and severe, irascible and unforgiving, arbitrary and impetuous? 'My brethren, these things ought not to be.' They are incalculably injurious to the souls of men. They arm the carnal and unrenewed mind with all the force of the most determined prejudice, against those who lay claim to the character of separatists from an ungodly world, and also against that truth which they profess to embrace. O! never let it escape your remembrance, my Christian friends, that not only your own honour, is at stake, but also the honour of the glorious cause of truth and holiness, to which you profess a devoted attachment. The honour of our Lord Jesus Christ requires you to adorn in all things the doctrine of his gospel; and how can it be more beauteously adorned than by 'the orna-

ment of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of the Lord of great price?'

PENN'S TREATY TREE.

'But thou, broad Elm! Canst thou tell us nought
Of forest chieftains, and their vanish'd tribes?
Hast thou no record left
Of perish'd generations, o'er whose head
Thy foliage droop'd? those who shadowed once
The rever'd Founders of our honour'd State.'

The site of the venerable elm tree of Shackamaxon, under which the memorable treaty of Penn with the Indians took place, is filled with local impressions. 'The tree itself, of great magnitude and great age,' says Watson in his *Annals of Philadelphia*, 'was of most impressive grandeur, and long stood in its arborescent glory the stately witness of the solemn covenant, a lasting emblem of the unbroken faith, "pledged without an oath, and never broken!"'

The spot whereon it stood, Penn, with appropriate acumen, selected as the treaty ground. And nothing could surpass the serenity of the whole scene as it once stood, before *improvement* (that effacive name of everything rural or picturesque) destroyed its former charms, cut down its sloping verdant bank, razed the tasteful Fairman's mansion, and turned all into the levelled uniformity of a city street. Once remote from city bustle, and blest in its own silent shades amid many lofty trees, it looked out upon the distant city, 'saw the stir of the great

Babel, nor felt the crowd;' long therefore was it the favourite walk of the citizen. There he sought his seat and rest. Beneath the widespread branches of the impending elm gathered in summer whole congregations to hymn their anthems, and to hearken to the preacher, beseeching them 'in Christ's stead to be reconciled unto God.'* Those days are gone but sweet is their memory still.

During the American revolutionary war, the British General Simcoe, who had the command of the district in which the Treaty Tree stood, was at one time quartered in its immediate vicinity. His troops were at that time suffering from the severity of the cold, so that even the fruit trees in the neighbourhood were cut down for fire-wood. Yet such was General Simcoe's regard for the character of William Penn and the interest he took in the history connected with the aged elm, that he placed a sentinel under it, and ordered a guard of British soldiers to protect it from the axe, and prevent it being injured. 'This circumstance,' says Benjamin West, 'the General related to me, in answer to my inquiries, after his return to England.'

The memorable Treaty Tree was blown over on the 3d of 3d month, 1810, by a wind not deemed generally prevalent or strong. The root was wrenched and the trunk broken off. Hun-

* While it stood, the Methodists and Baptists often held their summer meetings under its shade.

dreds of people visited it after its fall, and many secured some of the wood as relics, from which a large number of boxes, picture frames, vases, and other mementos were made. An arm chair was made of it, and presented to Dr. Rush; and Dr. Rush presented an inkstand made of the same wood to William Roscoe, who wrote some appropriate lines on the occasion.* Something was constructed out of the tree for Penn's park in England. The commissioners of Kensington, a suburb of Philadelphia, in the vicinity of which the aged elm grew, had made for their town-hall a great arm chair of the Treaty Tree and other woods, designated in a secret drawer attached, so as to perpetuate the facts intended to be consecrated to posterity by the enduring presence of this elegant piece of furniture.

The Treaty Tree in its form, was remarkably wide spread, but not lofty. Its main branch, inclining towards the river, measured 150 feet in length; its girth round the trunk was 24 feet, and its age as determined by an inspection of its circles of annual growth, was 283 years, being 155 years old at the time of the Treaty.

As it existed in 1800, it was very accurately drawn on the spot by Thomas Birch, and a large engraving executed from it by Seymour, is said to give the true appearance of every visible limb. A representation of it also occurs in Sherman Day's *Historical Collection of the State of Pennsylvania.*

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* See *Select Miscellanies*, vol. i. p. 269.

The aged and venerable Judge Peters, a citizen of Philadelphia, wrote the following beautiful lines on

PENN'S TREATY ELM.

Let each take a relic from that hallowed tree,
Which, like *Penn*, whom it shaded, immortal should be,
As the pride of our forests, let elms be renowned,
For the justly prized virtues with which they abound.

Chorus.

All hail to thee, highly favoured tree,
Adorning our land—the home of the free!
Most worthy was he
Who first honoured thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

Whilst the natives our forests in freedom shall roam,
Thy remembrance they'll cherish through ages to come.
Though sorrows their bosoms should oft overwhelm,
With delight they'll reflect on *good Onas's* Elm.
All hail, &c.

For that patron of justice and peace there displayed,
His most welcome good tidings, beneath its fair shade;
And furnish'd examples to all future times,
That justice and peace may inhabit all climes.
All hail, &c.

The *Oak* may be famed for its uses in war,
Or wafting wealth's idols to regions afar;
But the Elm bears no part in such objects as these,
Its employment is solely in fabrics of peace.
All hail, &c.

When *Daphne*, 'tis fabled, eluded *Apollo*,
And he found it in vain her footsteps to follow;
He fixed the coy nymph—to avenge a love quarrel,
In the evergreen form of the bright shining *Laurel*.
All hail, &c.

But *her* chaplets bedeck the grim warrior's helm,
Who'd more worthily shine in the shade of the Elm;

And there cause all wars and their horrors to cease,
And, like *Penn*, spread the blessings of safety and peace.
All hail, &c.

Of *Avon* the Bard and *his* Mulberry tree,
In song have long lived with the votaries of glee,
His fame of *his* tree has prolonged the renown,
Our tree, with *Penn's* fame, will to ages go down.
All hail, &c.

Let the Bard be encircled with laurels e'er green,
As the chief in the choir whereof Fancy's the Queen,
Yet truth and just laws all fictions o'erwhelm;
And these *Penn* secur'd in the shade of the Elm.
All hail, &c.

Let our Poets all sigh for Bay wreaths, without scars,
And the Laurel hide wounds of the champions in wars:
But the branch of the *Olive* its office should cease,
And the branches of Elm be the emblems of Peace.
All hail, &c.

The *Olive* abounds where stern despots bear rule,
And their slaves pluck its products in poverty's school;
But the Elm delights most in the mountains and dells,
Where *Man* is ne'er shackled, and Liberty dwells.
All hail, &c.

Tho' time has devoted our tree to decay,
The sage lessons it witnessed survive to our day.
May our trustworthy statesmen, when call'd to the helm,
Ne'er forget the wise *Treaty* held under our *Elm*.
All hail, &c.

MONUMENT ERECTED ON THE SITE OF PENN'S TREATY TREE.

Several suckers were planted from the old elm tree, when it was blown down, and the Penn Society erected a monument on the spot where the tree stood, near the intersection of Hanover

and Beach Streets, Kensington. The Plate facing the title-page of this volume is from a pencil sketch of the same, supplied by the compiler's friend, Isaac Collins of Philadelphia. The annexed is a nearer view of the monument, with the inscriptions.

BARBARA BEVAN,

A YOUTHFUL minister, daughter of John Bevan of Trevrygg, in Wales, was a virtuous young woman, zealous for the holy name and truth of God, and greatly desired the exaltation and spreading thereof, labouring that all might come to live therein, and order their lives and conversations by it, which she came to know and experience in her own heart by the Divine power of God. For though she was religiously educated by her parents, and when she was but six years of age, diligently kept to Friends' meetings, was dutiful to her parents, loving to her relations and neighbours, and, for her orderly behaviour, well beloved by the faithful that were acquainted with her; yet as she grew up, the enemy laboured often to draw her mind to delight in vain objects, and at times prevailed, to her great grief and exercise of mind. But after that it pleased the Lord to visit her with sickness of body, when about sixteen years of age, and to show her state and condition to her, and let her see, as she afterwards declared, that the form of truth, and the profession of it only, would not satisfy without possession; that she

had great need of a Saviour; and that the pleasures and delights here below were but as dross and dung, in comparison of God's salvation and life-giving presence; and that there is but one way to obtain it, and that is, by giving up in obedience to the Lord, to work and operate in her heart, who had many times begotten desires and breathings in her soul after him.

She came to receive a dispensation of the gospel about the sixteenth year of her age, and visited Friends in West Jersey, and some parts of East Jersey, which service she zealously performed, being concerned for the honour of God; and her labour was acceptable, and well received.

She afterwards returned into Wales; and though she was weak in body, in the year 1704 she travelled in North and South Wales, about six hundred miles, and her service and labour of love was effectual to many.

She was sound in doctrine, and the savour of life attended her declaration. She was a good example in her conversation, amongst those she conversed with; and at monthly meetings she exhorted friends to be faithful in their testimony against tithes, and to keep clear of the world's spirit and fashions.

During her illness she had some meetings in the family where she was, and earnestly exhorted them to beware of an easy lukewarm condition; and admonished to wait often upon the Lord, that they might get something in store against a trying time.

She was sensible her time here was not to be long, and declared she was not afraid to die. Seeing some of her relations weep, she said, 'Why weep ye on such an occasion?' The day before she departed she said to her father, mother, and relations then about her, 'I love you all, and have a love to the family.'

She had an easy passage, and departed this life on the 26th of the 11th month, 1705; and on the 28th her body was accompanied by relations, friends, and neighbours, to the meeting-house at Trevrygg, where there was a good meeting, to the satisfaction and comfort of many then gathered. Aged about twenty-three, and a minister about seven years.

DEEPEST EMOTIONS THE QUIETEST.

In a recent lecture at Manchester, George Dawson said, 'The deepest emotions are the quietest and stillest. The deepest worship is the quietest worship. Be still and know that the Lord he is God; in sitting still is thy strength.' These are passages forgotten in these noisy days of ours.

SINGULAR DOCTOR'S FEE.

A Captain of a Philadelphia vessel, a while before the American Revolutionary War, being in London, was taken very ill. Dr. Fothergill hearing of the case, voluntarily and gratuitously

attended him, until his health was established. The Captain deeply felt the kindness thus showed to him, a stranger in a strange land, and being desirous of testifying his gratitude in something more substantial than words, he requested the Doctor to point out some way in which he might render him a service. The Doctor told him, that if as he was dropping down the Delaware, on his next voyage to England, he would send his men on shore, and from the natural hollows in wild and woody places, shovel up the surface soil and bring him a hogshead or two of it, he would feel himself amply repaid for all that he had done. The astonished Captain deemed the Doctor hardly sane to make the request, yet he could not refuse to fulfil it. He left England, returned to America, and when fitting out for his next voyage, did not forget his benefactor, nor his strange request. Although ashamed to employ his sailors in the work, yet prompted by gratitude he acted in accordance with his instructions, and delivered the earth collected to the Doctor's order in London. Some time after, being again in England, he called to see his old friend at his country seat. The Doctor took him into his hot-houses and gardens, and showed him his various plants. Amongst them he pointed out to his visitor a collection of American wild flowers, which were growing vigorously under his judicious care. These he said were all the proceeds of the hogsheads of surface earth from the banks of the Delaware. When he had received the bill of lading, he had a bed nicely prepared in his

garden, over which he carefully spread the American soil, the seeds therein quickly took root, and many of the plants from them reached perfection. Thus the Doctor attained what he desired, the wild flowers of the country. He knew if he asked the Captain, who was no botanist, to bring him roots, seeds, or flowers from America, he would be likely to receive exotics—plants deemed valuable for their rarity—in short, just such as he had abundance of in England, and did not want.

THE TREASURY.

'*And Jesus sat over against the treasury.*'

CHRIST sits against his treasury, our offerings now to view,
He sees the hand that bears the gift, the heart that gives it too;
The sanctimonious pharisee, with his phylactery wide,
'Humility' upon his robe, his soul's inscription 'pride;'
The Ananias offering that keepeth back a part,
That gives not to his treasury an undivided heart;
The ostentatious giver, with his whole offered ox;
The simple-hearted woman, with her spikenard in her box;
The little child with his pet-dove to offer to the Lord;
A tear, a pearly tear, is all yon widow can afford;
The sinner who, with downcast eye, to deep reproaches given,
Strikes on his breast, nor dares to raise a suppliant look to heaven;
The keeper of the law in word, with his confiding air;
The beggar with his woes and crutch—before the Lord are there!
All, all unto Christ's treasury their tributes free may bring;
But *hearts*, not *gifts*, are prized by Him, who tries each offering!

THOUGHTS ON OUR PRESENT POSITION.

It is no new thing for persons to imagine that they live in an eventful period. The affairs of their own age naturally engross their attention, and are apt to assume an exaggerated importance. But while we may seek to avoid this snare, we ought not to be dead to present interests, or watch the signs of the times with indifference or unconcern.

To enumerate all the objects that must arrest our attention, in the present day, would be no easy task; but we cannot observe the increased interest that is taken by all classes in the spread of education, and the various efforts that are making for the amelioration of the condition of the human race, and for the spread of the Scriptures, and the evangelization of the heathen world, without being convinced that a great work is going forward. And when we see, especially amongst the clergy of the national church, opinions more than ever tending to the subversion of spiritual Christianity, and the establishment of a religion of form and ceremony, and observe the inquiry that has been awakened in many minds on questions which concern the very foundations of the truth, we can hardly be mistaken in believing that some crisis is approaching, though it may be but slowly, in the long-continued conflict between truth and error.

How important is it, in the present day, that our religious Society should be found maintain-

ing its position in the Christian church. Far be it from us to judge harshly of others, or to indulge in a spirit of vain-glory over them. We have enough in our own weaknesses to humble us; and we ought carefully to watch over our own spirits, lest what may appear grievous errors in the doctrine or practice of other Christians, should be viewed by us with self-congratulation.

But, if we rightly consider our past history and present condition, we shall find abundant cause for commemorating that Divine love and compassion which have hitherto guided and sustained us.

Other Christian communities have more or less depended upon human means for their support. The Church of England has her endowments, her colleges, her beneficed clergy, her dignities, her titles of honour, and the support of the State; other bodies of professing Christians have likewise their colleges, their regularly trained and apprenticed ministers, and voluntary contributions of money for their maintenance. But we have used none of these things. We have no establishments for the training of our ministers, nor do we pay them for their services. It has been our principle from the first that they should follow the exhortation of the apostle to the gospel ministers of the early church; 'I have coveted no man's silver, nor gold, nor apparel; yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered to my necessities and to them that were with me, I have showed you all things how that *so labour-*

ing ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive' (Acts xx. 33, 35).

Our worship has been conducted with the utmost simplicity. We have met together in silence, without the allurement of music or chanting, without any arrangement for stated preaching or stated prayer, or to please the taste of the multitude; but desiring to have no other object in view than the solemn worship of Him who loves to be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

Our numbers have been diminished by a constant exercise of strict discipline. Where would the Church of England be if the same were enforced within her borders; if a dignified Christian testimony were pronounced against all the drunkards, gamblers, swearers, dishonest, profane, and immoral persons, and those who are habitually addicted to vain sports and places of diversion (not to mention the multitudes who are concerned in the making and bearing of arms), who now swell the numbers of her professed members?

Had a mere human reasoner, two centuries ago, ventured to predict with certainty that our existence would be as ephemeral as that of the many sects that rose and disappeared during the time of the Commonwealth, he would not have wanted arguments to make his prediction appear probable. But, notwithstanding all our weakness, we have been graciously preserved,

without need of those outward helps and human contrivances that have been so necessary for the support of other fabrics less simply founded. And can we believe that we have been preserved in vain?

There has seldom been a period since the rise of our Society when there was a louder call, or greater encouragement, for the right advocacy of our Christian principles. As far as respects our own country, one great work—the abolition of Negro slavery—has been achieved; but we have still to lament its continuance in other parts of the world. While we may rejoice in believing that the principle of peace is making a silent progress in many minds, we cannot think upon our national atrocities in India and the East, and the congratulations wasted by Parliament upon those who conducted the wars, without being convinced how much yet remains to be done. And, if we consider the questions which are agitating the Church of Scotland, or those distracting the National Church of this country, we cannot but earnestly desire that the freeness and fulness of the gospel were more clearly understood, and a living testimony more generally borne to the reality and continuance of spiritual gifts in the church, by the administration and government of her holy Head—the Apostle and High-priest of our profession.

May we be enabled to maintain these blessed truths in the meekness of wisdom, and seek to be found individually engaged in our own sphere of allotted duty, and so follow on to know the

Lord, that we may yet more abundantly realize the fulfilment of his precious promise. 'This people have I formed for myself, they shall show forth my praise.'—(*The Friend.*)

SOME PARTICULARS RELATING TO THE DEATH OF JOHN SILVANUS COTTERELL,

A MEMBER of our Society, late of Bath, during an affray between some colonists and natives, at Wairou, Cloud Bay, New Zealand, which took place on the 17th of 6th month, 1843:—

This dear Friend was employed by the New Zealand Company to survey a tract of land in the neighbourhood of Cloud Bay, purchased by them a few years since, from the native chiefs. He had not long commenced his labours, before he was interrupted by the aborigines, in consequence of their disputing the right of the New Zealand Company to a particular tract, when Raupacaha and Rangaiata, native chiefs of the locality, expressed their determination immediately to stop the proceedings. This they carried into effect, by burning the temporary hut that was erected for the purpose of the survey; but not without first removing the instruments and valuables belonging to our Friend, which they restored to him. Upon this occurrence, J. S. Cotterell immediately proceeded to Nelson, and there gave information of his being unable to proceed with the survey: when the chief police magistrate, H. A. Thompson, the

governor of the colony, Captain Wakefield, several influential men, and a party of labourers, who were subsequently armed, proceeded at once to the spot, with a warrant for the apprehension of Raupacaha, who had burned the hut. It is very satisfactory to be able to state, that our friends, J. S. Cotterell, F. Tuckett, and another, who, in pursuance of their duty, accompanied this party, *were unarmed.*

At this juncture, a parley took place, apparently friendly, for half an hour, between the chief police magistrate, H. A. Thompson, the Governor, with other gentlemen, and the natives; when the former became exasperated, in consequence of the refusal of the chief, Raupacaha to accompany him; and ordered the armed party to advance, when the accidental discharge of a musket took place, upon which a volley was immediately fired from the natives, which was followed by an indiscriminate firing on each side, when the colonists gave way, and part escaped by flight, among whom was Frederick Tuckett, and the remainder surrendered to the natives, but were afterwards put to death by the chief Rangaiata, in a frenzy of revenge, upon the discovery of his wife having been accidentally shot in the affray.

Our Friend J. S. Cotterell was among those thus massacred; together with Captain Wakefield, H. A. Thompson, and many others.

A resident Wesleyan missionary of Cloudy Bay, named Sionsides, proceeded to the spot after the fatal occurrence, and found nineteen

European corpses, which he obtained permission, of the chiefs Raupacaha and Rangaiata, to inter.

The chiefs then stated, in reference to the affray, that they had no intention to fight; that it was the wrath of the Europeans that made them fight; and it was not till the wife of Rangaiata was discovered to be shot that they began to seek for revenge.

J. S. Cotterell was upon the most friendly and intimate footing with the natives; indeed all his letters to his relations at home spoke of the great cordiality that existed between him and them. It is evident he had formed a high opinion of the native character, and he had confidence in the chiefs. This will account for the prominent situation he occupied in the parley, previous to the fatal affray.

It has been a satisfaction to his mourning relatives to learn, by information from the Colonial Office and New Zealand House, that 'there has appeared nothing which implicates him in any way with the hostile proceedings, or with any act of aggression; and the natives do not appear to have had any feeling of hostility against him, personally, but quite the contrary.' The dreadful scene which occurred, appears to have been owing entirely to the indiscretion of others of the party.

The tenor of all his letters, both before leaving England, and during his residence in the Colony, show that he considered himself to be fully in the way of his duty; and it has been a

consolation to have noticed in them throughout, a humble reliance upon, and testimony to the love and goodness of his heavenly Father.

He sailed from England on the 20th of the 9th month, 1841; and was killed on the 17th of the 6th month, 1843, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The following is an extract from the last letter received from J. S. Cotterell by his family, dated,

'*Nelson, 4th Month 1st*, 1843.

'I am getting on with the native language, and can talk to them a little of the feelings of the soul, of the love of God, and of the advantages of goodness. I am delighted with the deep thought and fervency of character of many of them, to see the brightening of the eye, on the contemplation of the great and the good.'

The following extract has been kindly furnished by Josiah Forster, from a letter to him by J. S. C., dated the 11th of 6th month, 1843:—

'I received thy kind letter only a few days ago: but though long after date, I hasten to reply to thy inquiries. I have indeed had none to associate with, in religious intercourse, till the arrival of ——, a few months ago: and even were there Friends here, my habitations are mostly far removed from the colony, so as to render that intercourse impossible. But while thus quite alone, I have often recurred with joy to seasons of refreshment afforded at home, with a desire that barrenness or distaste may not result from an entire cessation of such privi-

leges. At times, even the wilderness shines with his presence, and this solitary heart rejoices in Jehovah.'

LINES ON THE DEATH OF J. S. COTTERELL.

'One 'neath the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid,
The savage knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.'

Far in the forest glade,
Across the stormy sea,
Beneath strange branches laid,
Lost one, we think of thee!

A stranger's hands have smoothed thy lonely bed,
A stranger's hands have laid thee to thy rest;
The forest winds have thy sad requiem said,
Unknown to those who knew and loved thee best.

'Twas a sad death to die: so far away
From the calm shelter of thy native skies;
To be of hate the unoffending prey,
To others' passions the sad sacrifice.

No friends assembled round thy dying bed,
To hear thy words of confidence and faith,
In place of tears, was blood around thee shed,
Instead of comfort, agony and death.

In that last hour did one sad thought of home,
One farewell thought, rise in thy throbbing heart?
Say didst thou grieve that thou so far shouldst roam
And there be call'd from all life's joys to part?

Couldst thou recall to mind thy mother's smile?
Did one home look seem bent upon thee there?
In that last hour didst thou advert the while
To friends endear'd, and breathe their names in prayer?

Vainly we ask; none bent him by thy side
To catch the whisper of thy parting breath,
And thy blood mingled with the crimson tide
From those around thee who lay stretch'd in death

Thou art not where the forest branches wave,
And strange birds' music fills the summer air:
They laid thy body in that distant grave,
Thy soul has flown!—it could not linger there.

Far from thy native land—thy own fireside,
Thou ventur'd forth on other shores to roam;
To cross the ocean's dark and stormy tide;
But now we trust thou'rt safe with Heav'n thy *home*.

Far in the forest glade,
Across the stormy sea,
Beneath strange branches laid,
'Tis vain to think of thee.'

PROVIDENCE.

'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right.'

I RECOLLECT that, when a lad, I was crossing the East river, from New York to Brooklyn, on a very foggy day, in a small ferry-boat. My father and several other individuals, belonging to the same Society with myself (Friends), were desirous of going to Flushing, on Long Island, to attend a meeting. It was necessary, therefore, to cross the river early, and when we arrived at the foot of Fulton Street, we found that the steamer had just left the wharf. Being unwilling to wait for its return, we made a company, with the passengers who stood on the ground, sufficient to tempt the ferrymen to put off in a small boat, and convey us across the river. The ferrymen hesitated for some time, but at length the offer of a sufficient reward induced them to set out. The reason of their objection to starting was, that the thick fog

rendered the passage uncertain. They could scarcely see from one end of the boat to the other; and much they feared that they would lose their way, and row about the river for several hours to no purpose.

At length we set out, the ferrymen magnifying the difficulties of the passage as much as possible, in order to enhance the value of their services. When we first left the wharf, a stranger stepped towards the stern of the boat, and took the helm. Every eye was fixed upon him who had assumed this responsible station from which every passenger had shrunk. But now that one of their number had seen fit to take the command of the boat, on whose skill and knowledge solely depended the success of our little voyage, every one was disposed to criticise him. There could be no doubt that if he failed of bringing us safely to the landing-place on the opposite side, he would be obliged to endure the reproaches of every one who had embarked. Indeed, it was soon perceived some were unable to wait for his failure before they gave vent to their feelings. Thinking it a matter of certainty that he could not find the way to the ferry-stairs during a fog as impenetrable as midnight darkness, they began to murmur in anticipation. The ferrymen were the first to evince their uneasiness, by casting glances at each other, which were noticed by the passengers, and regarded as prognostic of ill success. One of the passengers then asked the stranger at the helm, if he did not think he

was going too far up the river. The stranger bowed and made answer, that if any other gentleman present wished to take the helm, he would resign it to his charge; from which it was readily inferred, that so long as he held his place, he intended to be guided solely by his own judgment. This answer silenced complaint for a time, as no other individual felt disposed to relieve him of his responsibility. But the uneasiness of the passengers increased as we proceeded; and when we became entirely surrounded by a fog, and no object in sight by which our course could be directed, the murmurs and conjectures of the little company were audibly expressed.

'Why don't he put the helm up,' said one, nestling in his seat.

'We shall come out somewhere near the navy-yard,' said another.

'He had better let the helm go, and trust to the ferrymen,' said a lady present.

'Why don't he keep the tiller to him,' said an elderly black woman anxiously.

As the stranger paid no attention to these remarks, his silence was set down for obstinacy; and I am afraid that a few observations were added which somewhat exceeded the bounds of civility. The stranger evidently heard these injurious observations, for he made answer again, that if any other gentleman wished to take the helm, he would resign it to his hands. Just about this time a dark object appeared in the water, and as it became more visible through

the fog, it was recognized as a vessel which lay at anchor between the landing-places on either side of the river. This convinced every one that, so far, the stranger had gone as correctly as if the bright sun had shone, unclouded, upon the river; and silence was at once restored. All murmurs were hushed, satisfaction appeared upon every visage. But the vessel very soon faded again in the mist, and again nothing but fog and water surrounded us. Dissatisfaction once more prevailed, and the steersman received a great many instructions in his duty, to which he paid no heed, and only returned for answer as before, that he was willing to resign his station to any one who would accept it.

After a great deal of fretting and needless discomposure, the travellers perceived land dimly emerging through the dense fog of the morning. Shapeless and unusual as everything appeared, it is no wonder that some had imagined they had reached the navy-yard, about a mile above the proper landing-place. But all doubts were at an end, when the prow of the boat struck the ferry-stairs, and we discovered that the stranger had conveyed us as straight as an arrow to our point of destination.

Many years have passed away since the occurrence of this event, yet occasions which have yet taken place, have frequently brought it to my recollection. When I hear fault found with the ordering of Providence; when I hear people undertake to account for his decrees, who maketh darkness his pavilion, and whose ways are past

finding out; when I see the good distressed, and apparently ready to murmur at the decrees of heaven, I remember the man at the helm; and I say to myself, that however inscrutable may be the great Father of Life, and however he may suffer darkness and doubt to overshadow our souls, he knows what is best for us, and makes all things work together for good in the end. We have a pilot at the helm of the universe, who can see through the mists which envelope us, and will bring all his ransomed creation safe to the haven of eternal rest.—(*New York Paper.*)

'HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD.'

O! 'tis a blessed thing indeed
To watch, and wait upon the Lord,
On Him, who will his people feed
With his eternal gracious Word!

For He, who once his followers fed,
When wearied in the wilderness,
Will feed us now on living bread,
And give us of His heavenly grace.

Ye fainting souls, then draw ye nigh,
And taste the goodness of the Lord;
For He our wants will all supply,
And with his blessings crown our board.

With food convenient, He'll provide us,
And of His all-sufficient love,
He'll with His Holy Spirit guide us
To realms of peace and joy above.—(H. S.)

CHRISTIANITY.

Notwithstanding all the objections which infidels and sceptics have brought against Christianity, yet it has nothing to fear from impartial examination. It will bear the closest inspection of the most wise, and outstand all the virulent attempts of the most wicked. It will afford instruction to the philosopher, however exalted, and render consolation to the ignorant, however wretched. Its doctrines are sublime, just, and pure. Its precepts are founded on the most consummate wisdom, truth, and love, every way calculated to promote the holiness, peace, and interest of mankind. Its privileges are great and extensive, allowing its votaries the most noble and refined pleasures in the present state, and opening before them a boundless prospect of immortality and glory in the future.

As to the effects of Christianity, they have been, and still are considerable, and afford at least a collateral proof of the superiority and excellence of the system. 'Destitute of all human advantages,' says one, 'protected by no authority, assisted by no art; not recommended by the reputation of its authors, not enforced by eloquence in its advocates, the Word of God grew mightily, and prevailed. Twelve men, poor, artless, and illiterate, we behold triumphing over the fiercest and most determined opposition; over the tyranny of the magistrate, and the subtleties of the philosophers; over the prejudice of the Gentile, and the bigotry of the Jew.'

'The religion of Jesus,' says Bishop Taylor, 'trampled over the philosophy of the world, the arguments of the subtle, the discourses of the eloquent, the power of princes, the interest of states, the inclination of nature, the blindness of zeal, the force of custom, the solicitation of passions, the pleasures of sin, and the busy arts of the devil.'

Sir Isaac Newton set out in life a clamorous infidel, but, on a nice examination of the evidences for Christianity, he found reason to change his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac addressed him in these or the like words: 'Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy, or other parts of the mathematics, because that is a subject you have studied, and well understand; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain that you know nothing of the matter.' This was a just reproof, and one that would be very suitable to be given to half the infidels of the present day, for they often speak of what they have never studied, and what in fact they are entirely ignorant of. Dr. Johnson, therefore, well observed, that no honest man could be a Deist, for no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity. On the name of Hume being mentioned to him, 'No Sir,' said he, 'Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham, that he had never read the New Testament with attention.'

Lord Bacon, towards the latter end of his life, said, that a little smattering of philosophy would lead a man to Atheism, but a thorough insight of it will lead a man back again to a first cause, and that the first principle of right reason is religion; and seriously professes, that after all his studies and inquisitions, he durst not die with any other thoughts than those of religion, taught, as it is professed, among the Christians. To the above we may add the names of Lord Lyttleton, Charles Gildon, Gilbert West, Soame Jenyns, and Sir John Pringle, who though they had imbibed Deistical principles, were afterwards converted to the Christian faith, and four out of the five wrote in defence of it.—(Buck's *Anecdotes*.)

EXTORTED CONFESSIONS FROM ATHEISTS.

Sharp afflictions will awaken the apprehensions of a God in the most stupified consciences, and inspire them with new life and motion, and make them breathe out humble supplications for mercy and help to the Deity whom they denied before. Of this we have numerous instances.

It is recorded by Oschylus that the Persian messenger, in his narrative to the King of the overthrow of his army by the Grecians, related that those gallants who, before the fight, in the midst of their cups and bravery denied God and Providence, as secure of victory, yet afterwards, when furiously pursued by the enemy they came

to the river Strymon, which was frozen, and began to thaw, when upon their knees they mournfully implored the favour of God, that the ice might hold and give them a safe passage over from their pursuers.

Nature, in extremities, has irresistible workings, and the inbred notions of the Deity, though long suppressed by imperious lusts, will then rise up in men's souls. Tullus Hostilius is another example, who disdained to express submission to God by acts of worship, as a thing unbecoming his royal state ; but when his stubborn fierce mind was broke in his diseased body, he used all the servile rites of superstition, and commanded the people to join with him, thinking by his flattering devotions to appease the incensed Deity.

Bion, the philosopher, was a declared Atheist, till struck with a mortal disease, and then, as a false witness on the rack, confessed the truth, and addressed himself by prayers and vows to God for his recovery. Egregious folly, as the historian observes, to think that God would be bribed by his gifts, and was or was not according to his fancy. And thus it happens to many like him. As a lamp near expiring shines more clearly, so conscience burned dimly for a time, gives a dying blaze, and discovers *Him* who is able to save and to destroy.

The late Lord P——, after he turned Deist, took every opportunity to show his contempt of religion. The clergyman and parishioners of the place where his seat in Northamptonshire

was, usually passed in sight of the house, on their way to worship. At the time of going and returning, he generally ordered his children and servants into the hall, for the vile purpose of laughing at and ridiculing them. He pursued this course for some time; but, at length, drew near the close of life. Upon his dying pillow, his views were altered. He found, that, however his former sentiments might suit him in health, they could not support him in the hour of dissolution. When in the cold arms of death, the terrors of the Almighty were upon him. Painful remembrance brought to view ten thousand insults offered to that God, at whose bar he was shortly to stand; and conscience, strongly impressed with the solemnity of the day, he but too justly feared the God he had insulted would then spurn him to hell. With his mind thus agitated, he called to a person in the room, and desired him to go into the library, and fetch 'the cursed book,' meaning that which had made him a Deist. He went, but returned, saying, 'he could not find it.' The nobleman then cried with vehemence, 'that he must go again, and look till he found it; for he could not die till it was destroyed.' The person having at last found it, gave it into his hands. It was no sooner committed to him, than he tore it to pieces, with mingled horrors of revenge, and committed it to the flames. Having thus taken vengeance on the instrument of his own ruin, he soon breathed his last.—(Buck's *Anecdotes.*)

TO A BOY,

ON HEARING HIM WHISTLING IN THE STREET 'THE BONNETS OF BLUE,' DURING THE PREVALENCE OF THE CHOLERA.

Yes, indeed it is good to be wise,
It is good to be honest and true;
And the heart in which cheerfulness reigns, is a prize
Surpassing the mines of Peru.

But it is not a season for mirth,
Nor should pleasure our moments employ,
While the Angel of Pestilence walketh the earth,
Commissioned to blast and destroy.

Our neighbours around us are falling,
By the arm of his vengeance laid low;
And a voice from the tomb is impressively calling,
'Be ye also ready to go.'

Then can this be a time to rejoice?
Away with thy light-hearted rhymes,
Or tune the soft notes of thy musical voice,
To a strain more befitting the times.—(H. R.)

Newcastle, 12th Month, 1831.

THE EARLY FRIENDS, AND THEIR REMARKS RESPECTING MINISTERS AND PLACES OF WORSHIP.

If the remarks respecting ministers and places of worship, which are frequently met with amongst the early writings of the Friends, should appear somewhat harsh and unqualified, we must bear in mind, that one of the strangest features of the period was a time-serving spirit amongst the priesthood; a trait in the character of too many of them, which was curiously exhibited

by the fact, that several of them veered round with all the changes of those inconstant times; being Episcopalians with the first Charles and his bishops; Presbyterians with Oliver and the parliament: again on the side of the Episcopacy at the restoration; and probably would have been as ready to unite with the Papists, if Charles II. had established Popery instead of Protestantism.

For a proof of this the reader is referred to Neale's *History of the Puritans*, where some such instances are recorded; and also Sewel's *History of Friends* (vol. i. p. 209, Lindfield Edition), where, he says, 'One Thomas Curtis, who was formerly a captain in the parliament army, but afterwards entered into the Society of the people called Quakers, wrote, in a letter to Samuel Wells, priest of Banbury, and a persecutor of those of that persuasion, amongst other words, 'To thy shame remember, I know thee scandalous;' and relating on what account, the historian adds, that 'none need think it strange that the Quakers called such as him hirelings;' and states, 'that there were not a few of that sort, appeared plainly, when King Charles was restored; when those who had cried out against Episcopacy turned round, and put on the surplice to keep their livings, &c.'

EXTRACT FROM BLAIR.

God is never mistaken in the character of his servants, for he seeth their hearts, and judgeth

according to the truth; but the world is often deceived in those who court its favour, and, of course, is unjust in the distribution of its rewards; flattery gains the ear of power, fraud supplants innocence, and the pretending and assuming occupy the place of the worthy and modest. In vain you claim any merit with the world, on account of your good intentions; the world knows them not, it judges of you solely by your actions, which often depend not on yourselves; but in the sight of the Supreme Being, good intentions supply the place of good deeds, which you had not the opportunity of performing. The well-meant endeavours of the poor find the same acceptance with him as the generous actions of the rich; the widow's mite is, in his eye, a costly offering; and even he who giveth to a disciple a cup of cold water, when he can give him no more, goeth not without his reward.

THE PRIEST AND THE FRIEND'S COAT

The following particulars, says Dr. Hancock, were received from a Friend, who, during the rebellion in 1798, resided in a small village in the county of Kildare:—

'We escaped personal injury from either party, but seemed often in great danger from both. The country people, especially of our own neighbourhood, generally spoke and acted friendly towards us, and appeared to be sensible that, though we would not join them, we would

take no part against them. They frequently spoke well of the Quakers, and hearkened calmly to advice given by them; and when the soldiers came to quell them, *the priest ran to borrow a Friend's coat to disguise himself.*'—(H. P. E.)

THE BETTER LAND.

I hear thee speak of the Better Land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! O where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle-boughs?
Not there, not there, my child!

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there, not there, my child!

Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there, not there, my child!

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb!
It is there, it is there, my child!

(F. Hemans.)

THE DYING HOUR OF AN INFIDEL.

Dr. Young, in an account of the last hours of a young man of rank and talents, whom he designates Altamont, has described one of the most affecting death-bed scenes that ever was witnessed:—

The sad evening before the death of the noble Altamont, I was with him. No one was there but his physician and an intimate friend, whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said, 'You and the physician are come too late, I have neither life nor hope; you both aim at miracles, you would raise the dead.'

'Heaven,' I said, 'is merciful.'

'Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless and to save me? I have been too strong for Omnipotency; I plucked down ruin!'

I said, 'The blessed Redeemer'——

'Hold, hold, you wound me, this is the rock on which I split; I denied his name.'

Refusing to hear anything from me, or to take anything from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck. Then, with vehemence, he exclaimed, 'O time, time, it is fit thou shouldest thus strike thy murderer to the heart! How art thou fled for ever! A month! O for a single week! I ask not for years, though an age were too little for the much I have to do.'

On my saying, 'We cannot do too much; heaven is a blessed place.'

'So much the worse, 'tis lost, 'tis lost; heaven is to me the severest part of hell.'

Soon after, I proposed prayer.

'Pray you that can, I never prayed, I cannot pray, nor need I, is not heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own.' His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this (who could forbear? I could not), with a most affectionate look he said, 'Keep those tears for thyself; I have undone thee. Dost weep for me? that's cruel; what can pain me more?'

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

'No, stay; thou still mayest hope, therefore hear me; how madly have I talked, how madly hast thou listened and believed! But look on my present state as a full answer to thee and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain, but my soul, as if strung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason, full mighty to suffer, and that which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality is doubtless immortal; and, as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel.'

I was about to congratulate this passive involuntary confessor, on his asserting two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature, when he passionately exclaimed, 'No, no, let me speak on; I have not long to speak. My much injured friend, my soul, as my body, lies in ruin, in scattered fragments of broken thought; remorse for the past throws my thoughts

on the future, worse dread of the future strikes them back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldest struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flames; that is not an everlasting flame, that is not an unquenchable fire.'

How were we struck; yet soon after still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out, 'My principles have poisoned my friend, my extravagance has beggared my boy, my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? O thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent Lord God; hell itself is a refuge if it hides me from thy frown.'

Soon after, his understanding failed; his terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot. And, ere the sun arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenuous, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont, expired.

'BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD.'

Nothing can be more consolatory to a pious mind than the consideration of the happy deaths of believers. The idea of dissolution is, indeed, somewhat terrific in itself; but when we behold the Christian in that moment superior to every fear, and often happy beyond expression, it tends to brighten our hopes, animate our minds, and helps us to look forward to our own exit with a degree of composure and submission. There,

is nothing in history,' says Addison, 'which is so improving as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season.' Addison himself afforded a striking example of the supporting power of religion in the last solemn hour. After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concerns for the living, but sent for a youth who was nearly related to him, and finely accomplished. He came, but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, 'Dear Sir, you sent for me. I believe and hope you have some commands; if you have, I shall hold them most sacred.' May distant ages not only hear but feel the reply. Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, 'See in what peace a Christian can die!' He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.

TO THE MEMORY OF P. BURGESS.

A CHILD OF SUPERIOR ENDOWMENTS AND EXTRAORDINARY PIETY.

It is not length of years which lends
The brightest loveliness to those
Whose memory with our being blends,
Whose worth within our bosom glows.

The age we honour standeth not
In locks of snow, or length of days;
But in a life which knows no spot,
A heart which heavenly wisdom sways.

For wisdom, which is taught by truth,
Unlike mere worldly knowledge, finds
Its full maturity in youth,
Its image e'en in infant minds.

Thus was this child made early wise,
Wise as those sages, who, from far,
Beheld, in Bethlehem's cloudless skies,
The Christian church's gathering star.

What more could wisdom do for them,
Than guide them in the path they trod?
And the same star of Bethlehem
Hath led his spirit home to God!

Well may his memory be dear
Whose loss is still its sole alloy,
Whose happy lot dries every tear
With holy hopes and humble joy.

'The brightest star of morning's host.'
Is that which shines in twilight skies;
'Scarce risen, in brighter beams 'tis lost,'
And vanishes from mortal eyes.

Its loss inspires a brief regret;
Its loveliness is ne'er forgot;
We know full well 'tis shining yet,
Although we may behold it not.

And thus the spirit which is gone,
Is but absorb'd in glory's blaze;
In beaming brightness burning on,
Though lost unto our finite gaze.

There are who watch'd it to the last;
There are who can forget it never;
May these, when death's dark shade is past,
Partake with joy its light for ever!

(B. Barton.)

DISPUTE DECIDED BY A NEGRO.

A Friend and a clergyman being in company together, entered into an argument on the grace

of God which bringeth salvation, which the Friend maintained hath, as the Scriptures declare, 'appeared unto *all men*,' but the clergyman denied its universality. Upon which they agreed to refer the matter to the testimony of the first Negro they should meet. The clergyman, addressing the Negro, inquired of him if, when he had done wrong, he did not feel something check and reprove him for it? He answered that he did. It was then mentioned to him that perhaps the fear of his master's correction was the cause. The Negro said, No, there was something *here* (laying his hand on his breast) which reproved him. Upon this testimony the clergyman yielded the dispute.—(LEADBEATER'S *Extracts*.)

GREATNESS.

IT is always a sign of poverty of mind, where men are ever aiming to appear great; for they who are really great never seem to know it.—(CECIL.)

WILLIAM PENN'S TESTIMONY RESPECTING GEORGE FOX.

THE character of George Fox has been thus beautifully portrayed by his intimate friend William Penn—

He was a man that God endued with a clear and wonderful depth—a discerner of others' spirits, and very much a master of his own. And though that side of his understanding

which lay next to the world, and especially the expression of it, might sound uncouth and unfashionable to nice ears, his matter was nevertheless very profound—and as abruptly and brokenly as sometimes his sentences would seem to fall from him, about Divine things, it is well known they were often as texts to many fairer declarations. And indeed, it showed, beyond all contradiction, that God sent him, in that no art or parts had any share in the matter or manner of his ministry; and that so many great, excellent, and necessary truths, as he came forth to preach to mankind, had therefore nothing of man's wit or wisdom to recommend them. So that as to man he was an original, being no man's copy. And his ministry and writings show that they are from one that was not taught of man, nor had learned what he said by study. Nor were they notional or speculative, but sensible and practical truths, tending to conversion and regeneration, and the setting up of the kingdom of God in the hearts of men.

In his ministry, he much laboured to open truth to the people's understandings, and to bottom them on Christ Jesus, the light of the world; that by bringing them to something that was from God in themselves, they might the better know and judge of him and themselves. He had an extraordinary gift in opening the Scriptures. He would go to the marrow of things, and show the mind, harmony, and fulfilling of them with much plainness, and to

great comfort and edification. The mystery of the first and second Adam, of the fall and restoration, of the law and gospel, of shadows and substance, of the servant's and son's state, and the fulfilling of the Scriptures in Christ, and by Christ the true light, in all that are his, through the obedience of faith, were much of the substance and drift of his testimonies. In all which he was witnessed to be of God; being sensibly felt to speak that which he had received of Christ, and was his own experience, in that which never errs nor fails. But above all, he excelled in prayer. The inwardness and weight of his spirit, the reverence and solemnity of his address and behaviour, and the fewness and fullness of his words, have often struck even strangers with admiration, as they used to reach others with consolation. The most awful, living, reverent frame I ever felt or beheld, I must say, was his in prayer. And truly it was a testimony that he knew and lived nearer to the Lord than other men; for they that know him most, will see most reason to approach him with reverence and fear.

He was of an innocent life, no busy-body, nor self-seeker, neither touchy nor critical. What fell from him was very inoffensive, if not very edifying. So meek, contented, modest, easy, steady, tender, it was a pleasure to be in his company. He exercised no authority but over evil, and that everywhere, and in all; but with love, compassion, and long-suffering. A most merciful man, as ready to forgive, as unapt to

take or give offence. Thousands can truly say he was of an excellent spirit and savour among them; and because thereof, the most excellent spirits loved him with an unfeigned and unfading love.

He was an incessant labourer; for in his younger time he laboured much in the word and doctrine and discipline, in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and towards the conclusion of his travelling services, he visited the churches of Christ in America, in the United Provinces, and in Germany, to the convincement and consolation of many. And besides his labour in the ministry, he wrote much—but the care he took of the affairs of the church in general, was very great. He was often where the records of the business of the church are kept, and where the letters from the many meetings of God's people over all the world used to come. Which letters he had read to him, and communicated them to the meeting held weekly for such services. And he would be sure to stir them up to answer them, especially in suffering cases; showing great sympathy and compassion upon all such occasions, carefully looking into the respective cases, and endeavouring speedy relief. So that the churches or any of the suffering members thereof, were sure not to be forgotten or delayed in their desires, if he were there.

As he was unwearied, so he was undaunted in his services for God and his people. He was no more to be moved to fear than to wrath. His behaviour at Derby, Litchfield, Appleby, before

Oliver Cromwell, at Launceston, Scarborough, &c., did abundantly evidence it.

But as in the primitive times, some rose up against the blessed apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ, even from among those that they had turned to the hope of the gospel—so this man of God had his share of suffering from some that were convinced by him, who, through prejudice or mistake, ran against him, as one that sought dominion over conscience, because he pressed a ready and zealous compliance with such good and wholesome things as tended to an orderly conversation about the affairs of the church, and in their walking before men. That which contributed much to this ill work, was in some a grudging of this meek man the love and esteem he had and deserved in the hearts of the people ; and weakness in others, that were taken with their groundless suggestions of imposition and blind obedience. In all these occasions, though there was no person the discontented struck so sharply at, as this good man, he bore all their weakness and prejudice, and returned not reflection for reflection ; but forgave them their weak and bitter speeches, praying for them, that they might have a sense of their hurt, and see the subtilty of the enemy to rend and divide, and return into their first love that thought no ill.

And truly, I thought God had visibly clothed him with a Divine preference and authority ; and indeed his very presence expressed a religious majesty ; yet he never abused it, but held

his place in the church of God with great meekness, and a most engaging humility and moderation. For upon all occasions, like his blessed Master, he was a servant to all; holding and exercising his eldership in the invisible power that had gathered them, with reverence to the head and care over the body; and was received, only in that spirit and power of Christ as the first and chief elder in this age; who, as he was therefore worthy of double honour, so for the same reason it was given by the faithful of this day, because his authority was inward and not outward, and that he got it and kept it by the love of God, and power of an endless life. I write my knowledge, and not report, and my witness is true; having been with him for weeks and months together on divers occasions, and those of the nearest and most exercising nature; and that by night and by day, by sea and by land; in this and in foreign countries; and I can say I never saw him out of his place, or not a match for every service or occasion. For in all things he acquitted himself like a man, yea, a strong man, a new and heavenly-minded man, a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making. I have been surprised at his questions and answers in natural things; that whilst he was ignorant of useless and sophistical science, he had in him the grounds of useful and commendable knowledge, and cherished it everywhere; civil beyond all forms of breeding, in his behaviour; very temperate, eating little, and sleeping less, though a bulky person.

Thus he lived and sojourned among us. And as he lived, so he died; feeling the same eternal power that had raised and preserved him in his last moments. So full of assurance was he, that he triumphed over death; and so even in his spirit to the last, as if death were hardly worth notice, or a mention. He had the comfort of a short illness, and the blessing of a clear sense to the last; and we may truly say, with a man of God of old, that being dead, he yet speaketh; and though now absent in body, he is present in spirit; neither time nor place being able to interrupt the communion of saints, or dissolve the fellowship of the spirits of the just.

SIR JOHN RODES, BARONET.

Among those from the higher walks of life who have released themselves from the shadowy and unsatisfying nature of earthly distinctions and enjoyments, may be mentioned Sir John Rodes. In early life he retired from walking 'in a vain show,' and embracing the principles of Friends, sought his happiness in a life devoted to God. He was the intimate friend of Thomas Story, who, in his journal, thus records his visits to him:—

5th Month 15*th*, 1696.—This evening, went to Balbur Hall [near Mansfield], and lodged with Sir John Rodes,* Bart., who being convinced

* The name is spelt Rhodes in the journal, but it would appear, from the annexed autograph, to have been Rodes

of truth very young, embraced the same under the cross; forsaking all the honour of this world, and the friendship of it, for that honour which is of God only, and the friendship and fellowship of the faithful and sanctified in Christ; of whom he is beloved and honoured in the truth as worthy.

Nearly forty years after the above date, Thomas Story has the following entry in his journal relative to the same worthy individual:—On the 1st of the 9th Month, 1732, I went to Balbur Hall, to see my worthy friend and old acquaintance Sir John Rodes, who had embraced the truth early in his youth, under great self-denial; in which he had continued, and holds his integrity unto this day, and without doubt will to the end; and then an overbalance unspeakable, to all the honour and pleasure he hath, for the cross of Christ, sacrificed in this world, he will meet with in that which is to come, never ending, or suffering any change, but from glory to glory for ever. Here I staid in open friendship with him till the 4th.—(T. Story's *Journal*, pp. 90, 684.)

THE POWER THE SAME.

'The Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save.' His power is the same now that it was when our early Friends were so remarkably

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more correctly, to which I have altered it in the above extracts. There are Friends in Pennsylvania, originally from the same locality, who write their name Rhoads.

raised up to testify against the vain customs and superstitions of a world lying in wickedness; and if we are but engaged as 'with the heart of one man,' under the guidance of that wisdom which is from above, to preserve our precious doctrines and testimonies upon their ancient foundation, the day will come when our Society will again shine forth in renewed brightness, and 'judges will be restored as at the first, and counsellors as at the beginning.'

WAR ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

One of the conditions of the treaty with Mexico, it is said, is, that any future war which may break out between the two countries shall be conducted on Christian principles. Now we all know that this is an age of progress, and that all sorts of improvements are constantly taking place in all sorts of matters; but *war on Christian principles* is certainly the latest, and if it be carried out, we think it will prove the greatest of them all.

Just imagine it; we think we can see the two armies drawn out in battle array. A fair field is before them; the ranks are formed, the positions are taken, the great guns are unlimbered. General Scott is just about to give the order to *fire,* when an aid comes up and respectfully reminds him that 'the war is to be *conducted on Christian principles,*' and that it will not do to fire. 'Very true, very true,' says the Commander-in-chief, 'But what are they? I have

read Vauban, and Scheiter, and Turenne, and Coehorn. I have read the lives of the old conquerors, and have studied the campaigns of the greatest soldiers, but I never happened to come across these principles in any work upon the military art. Do you know anything about it Colonel?'

'No.'

'Nor you, Major?'

'Nor I neither.'

'I really don't know how to begin; I suppose it would not do to shoot. Suppose we send for the Chaplain.'

The Chaplain arrives—'Do you know anything about this fighting on Christian principles?'

'Oh yes; it is the easiest thing in the world.'

'Where are the books?'

'Here;' and the Chaplain takes out the Bible.

'Really,' says the General, 'we ought to have thought of this before. It is a bad time to commence the study of tactics when the enemy is right before us; but I suppose we are bound by the treaty. What is the first thing, Mr. Chaplain?'

'Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'

'But these are not neighbours. They are Mexicans.'

'The same book tells us, a little further on, that the opportunity to do good to a man makes him our neighbour.'

'Will you go on, Mr. Chaplain?'

'Love your enemies. Do good to them that

hate you. Pray for them that despitefully use you. If a man smite you on one cheek, turn to him the other.'

'But while we are praying for the Mexicans they will be firing into us.'

'No; they are bound by the treaty also. It works both ways.'

'Then what is the use of our arms?'

'This is all provided for in the same book. Beat your swords into ploughshares and your spears into pruning hooks.'

'Then I don't see as there is anything for us to do here.'

'Nothing, unless you send over and ask Santa Anna if he needs anything in the way of medicines, or provisions, or clothing. I rather think the treaty requires this of us. And I don't know but we ought to send them a few schoolmasters, for I understand that they are shockingly ignorant people.'

'But how do you ever know which party conquers in this fighting on Christian principles?'

'That is the great beauty of it. *Both sides conquer*, and there are never any killed and wounded.'

Now this is all the way that we know of conducting war on Christian principles. In any demand which may be made upon this State for men to carry on a future war with Mexico, we think the Governor will best consult the conditions of the treaty, by directing that the recruits shall all come from the peace society. He should appoint Thomas Anthony, Colonel of the

regiment, and John Meader, Major; and he should go down to Newport on the first Seventh day after the second Sixth day in Sixth Month, and walk right into the Yearly Meeting and ask the clerk to draw up a plan of the campaign. That is the way to fight 'on Christian principles.'—(*Providence Daily Journal.*)

SUFFERINGS OF TWO FRIENDS IN THE INQUISITION, AND ON THE RACK, IN HUNGARY.

In the early part of the year 1662, John Philly and William Moore, being in Germany with some other Friends, felt a concern to proceed into Hungary and visit the Hortesche brethren, a kind of Baptists, who refused to swear or fight, and who lived by hundreds together in families, having community of goods. They accordingly proceeded to the nearest body of these people, residing near Cushart, about a day's journey from Presburg, and were hospitably entertained. Here they dispersed some religious books, and had favourable opportunities for gospel labour among them, endeavouring to promote their growth in pure Christianity. They were by these people informed of another of their communities, settled three hundred miles further, at Pattock, in Upper Hungary. They therefore continued their journey towards Comora, on an island in the Danube, having their religious books with them. Here they were seized by the garrison, and carried before an inquisitor,

who informed William that the bringing of their books into the country was a capital crime, and would cost him his life; asking them if they did not know that 'Catholics' had laws to burn and torment heretics, and any who carried such books. For more than a week they were beset with attempts to induce them to profess the Popish religion, and threatened with the rack; which threats at length were put in execution. The inquisitor came to William, and told him that he was to be subjected to the rack, and afterwards was to lose his head. It seems that they professed to consider these Friends as spies, in order to justify, in some degree, the cruelties they designed to inflict upon them. It was in vain that William pleaded his innocence, he was put to the rack; whereby his thumbs were exceedingly pinched by iron screws, his arms dislocated, and his back and many of his joints twisted and bent by tight cords; his chin was drawn close to his breast, and his mouth and throat so distorted that he was almost choked. Then John was brought, who, not seeing his companion, supposed that he had been hung on a gallows which was in the place; he also was put to the torture in the midst of his protestations of innocence. They were now told that it would soon be determined by what mode they should lose their lives. The inquisitor required William to put in writing the principal tenets of his religion, and intercepted a letter which they wrote to the governor, remonstrating against these cruelties. After about sixteen weeks' im-

prisonment, they were conveyed in chains to General Nadasti; and, passing under a sort of examination before him and several other lords of that country, they were condemned to be burned, if they did not submit to embrace the Popish religion. Under this dismal sentence John Philly was divinely supported, and encouraged his companion, in a full persuasion that the power of the Almighty would still open a way for the preservation of their lives, by dividing the counsels of their persecutors; which proved to be the case. They were now sent to a place near Vienna, where they were searched by the priests, their books and papers taken away, and they were threatened with most cruel tortures. Manacles were locked on their wrists, so tight as to make them cry out with pain, and they were thrust into a narrow hole along with some Turkish prisoners, and not allowed straw, or scarcely room to lie down. William Moore became much discouraged at their disconsolate situation, being again threatened to be burned to death; and, crying to the Almighty for help, he was encouraged, by means of a dream, to believe the Lord would provide for their safety. The very same day a message came from a certain Earl in authority there, expressing his displeasure at these rigorous proceedings of the priests.

It was now resolved by these men to separate the two Friends, and William was violently and clandestinely carried off in a sled, over the snow, to a convent several miles distant in a wilder-

ness, where he was laid in chains, and the next day blindfolded and put into a deep dungeon; a Jew there being threatened with death if he gave any intelligence of him. Here he was kept four days and nights, in severe frosty weather, with nothing to subsist upon but bread and water; and he was apprehensive that their intention was privately to murder him in this secret place.

After about twelve days' imprisonment, they renewed their attempts to convert him to the Romish religion, but he, still remaining inflexibly firm to that faith, the Divine efficacy of which he had experienced, they again had recourse to menaces, threatening at one time to cut out his tongue, and at another to flay him alive, if he would not turn Papist.

There was a man named Adam Bien, a barber to the above-mentioned Earl, who, at the place of their confinement, near Vienna, had found means sometimes to have access to them, and had been reached by their pious discourse, and in good degree convinced of the truth of their principles. This man commiserated much their suffering condition, and exerted himself indefatigably to obtain their release. By some means he found out the place of William's detention, notwithstanding the secrecy maintained by the priests, and supplied him with some refreshments. The Earl being seized with sickness, from which his recovery was doubtful, Adam, who had influence with this nobleman, seized this opportunity of renewing his solicitations in their favour, and finally succeeded in

obtaining an order for their release. They were then set at liberty, and though turned adrift without any money, which had all been taken away from them, and in a country infested with war, yet they were favoured to arrive in safety among their friends.

ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE WHICH BEFEL JAMES DICKINSON AND JANE FEARON,

TWO FRIENDS, WHO WERE TRAVELLING ON A RELIGIOUS VISIT THROUGH SCOTLAND; AS RELATED BY THEM TO SARAH TAYLOR, A VALUABLE MINISTER, AND WRITTEN DOWN AS SHE REPEATED IT.

After they had been travelling on a very rainy, tempestuous day, evening coming on, they inclined to stop at a little public-house, in order to lodge there that night; but a guide they had hired discovered, as far as they could understand his Scotch manners and dialect, his unwillingness for them to stay there; informing them there was a place about three miles further on where they might conveniently lodge, and whither he wanted to go; and that if they stayed he would go on himself. But they, being wet and weary, concluded to stay; so, discharging the guide, he went forward, being only hired for the day.

After they had been a short time in the house, their minds were struck with painful apprehension that the people of the house had a design upon their lives; and, notwithstanding they behaved

to them with apparent kindness and attention, the painful apprehension continued and increased. On the woman of the house helping Jane Fearon to a piece of pie, and urging her to eat it, these words struck her mind, 'She intends to serve thee otherwise before morning.' Jane, believing the pie to be filled with human flesh, could not taste it.

There was another woman or two in the same room with them who appeared to belong to the house; the Friends also saw three men in and about the house, who were frequently in the same room observing them, but in what capacity these men were, or what proper business or employment they had there, they could form no judgment.

Jane Fearon also heard the men say one to another, 'They have good horses and good bags;' to which another added, 'Aye, and good clothes.' The lonely situation of the house, and these appearances, which the painful feelings attending their minds led them to observe, tended to increase the apprehensions they had of these people's wicked design; which the Friends endeavoured to conceal from each other, each concluding not to discourage the other.

James Dickinson having seen the horses taken care of, and their saddles taken off, they then inquired for beds; and were shown into a room wherein were two beds. After shutting the door, Jane sat down on the bed-side, being no longer able to contain, and broke out into tears, saying, 'I fear these people have a design to take our

lives.' Upon which, James, after walking some time across the room, came towards her and said, 'They have mischief in their hearts, but I hope the Lord will preserve our lives.' He also endeavoured to encourage Jane; and, after some pause, said, 'I hope the Lord will deliver us, but if so we must run.'

Upon this Jane replied, 'Alas! how can we run! or whither shall we go!'

Then James Dickinson, taking the candle, and carefully examining the room, discovered a door, which he opened; and, on searching, perceived a pair of back stone stairs, that led to the outside of the house. Upon this discovery, putting off their shoes, they went softly down, leaving the candle burning in the room. On going down stairs, James saw, through an open place in the stairs, a woman with a candle in her hand.

After running a considerable time, they met with an out building, into which they went; but when they had stopped a short time, James Dickinson said to Jane Fearon, 'We are not safe here, we must run again;' to which Jane replied, 'I am so weary I think I cannot go any further:' but James pointing out the necessity, she endeavoured, and they ran again till they came to a river near the south coast.

On going a little further along the side of it, they came to a bridge; but on their attempting to go over it, James Dickinson felt a stop in his mind, and said, 'We must not go over this bridge, but must go further up the river side;'

which they did, and then sat down. After some time, James Dickinson grew uneasy, and said, 'We are not safe here, we must wade through the river.'

Jane Fearon replied, 'Alas! how can we cross it, and know not its depth;' also adding, 'Rather let us wait here and see what they are permitted to do. It will be better for them to take our lives than for us to drown ourselves;' apprehending the river to be exceedingly deep.

James replied, 'Fear not, I will go before thee;' upon which they entered the river, and got safe through. Walking some distance, they came to a sand bank. Here again sitting down, James said to Jane Fearon, 'I am not yet easy, we must go further;' upon which Jane said, 'Well, I must go by thy faith; I know not what to do.'

Then going a little further, they found another sand bank, wherein was a cavity, where they sat down. After awhile, James said, 'I am now easy, and believe we are now perfectly safe; and feel in my heart a song of thanksgiving and praise.'

Jane replied, 'I am so far from that, I cannot so much as say, the Lord have mercy upon us.'

When they had been here some time, they heard the noise of some people on the other side of the river; upon which James Dickinson, finding Jane alarmed, and thence fearing they should be discovered, softly said, 'Our lives depend upon our silence.' Then attentively

hearkening, they heard them frequently say, 'Seek them Keeper;' and believed they were the men they had seen at the house, accompanied by a dog; that the dog, refusing to go over the bridge, had followed the scent of their feet up the river side to the place they crossed.

Stopping at this place, the people again repeatedly cried, 'Seek them, Keeper!' which they not only heard, but saw the people with a lantern. They also heard one of them say they had crossed the river; upon which another replied, 'That's impossible, unless the devil took them over; for the river is brink full.' After wearying themselves a considerable time in their search, they went away; and James Dickinson and Jane Fearon saw them no more.

When day light appeared, they saw a man on a high hill at some distance, looking about him every way, apparently with an intent of discovering something, and they apprehended it was them.

They continued quiet in their retreat till some time after sunrise, when, upon taking a view of their situation, they discovered, that under the first sand bank from whence they removed, they could have been seen from the other side of the river; and that the place they continued in shaded them from being seen on the opposite side, which they had been insensible of, as they could not make the observation the night before.

Upon considering what they should do to recover their horses, saddle bags, &c., James said, 'I incline to go to the house.' But Jane pro-

posed to go to a town, in order to get assistance to go with them to the house; to which James Dickinson observed, that the town from whence assistance was likely to be procured, was about ten miles off; that they were strangers; their reasons for taking such precautions in returning to the house, implied a high charge which they might not be able to prove; that thence occasion might be taken to throw them into prison by magistrates; and might more dispose the civil power to seek occasion against them, than to search into the cause of their complaints, or redress their wrongs.

Jane still hesitating, James said, 'I still incline to return to the house, fully believing our clothes, bags, &c., will be ready for us, without our being asked a question; and that the people we saw last night we shall see no more.'

Jane said, 'I dare not go back.' James replied, 'Thou mayst Jane, safely; for I have seen that which never failed me.' Upon which they returned to the house, and found their horses standing in the stable, and their bags upon them; their clothes dried, and ready to put on; and saw no person but an old woman sitting in a nook by the fireside, whom they did not remember to have seen the night before. They asked her what they had to pay, discharged it, and proceeded on their journey.

Some time after, James, travelling that way, made some inquiry respecting the people of that house, and was informed that, upon some occasion, the people had been taken up, and the

house searched; that a great quantity of men and women's apparel was found in some parts of the house, also a great number of human bones; that some of the people were executed, and the house ordered to be pulled down; which then remained a heap of rubbish.—(*Annual Monitor.*)

DIVINE DIRECTION.

In religion, it is better to stand still and wait for direction, than to proceed in uncertainty without it.—(Dillwyn.)

GEORGE NEWLAND,

Son of George and Susannah Newland, of Dublin, was a dutiful child, and sought the Lord in his young and tender years, and when he was drawn or persuaded by his school-fellows to be wild, he afterwards was under such trouble in himself, that he would weep and mourn in the night season. When about ten years of age, he desired he might be sent into the country, to be retired from his companions in the city. In a while his parents sent him into England, and boarded him at Eleanor Haydock's, a widow, and he went to school to Gilbert Thompson, at Sankey, in Lancashire.

About the age of eleven or twelve years, the Lord concerned him to give testimony unto the truth, calling him into the ministry, in which

he was faithful, and travelled in the exercise of that gift the Lord had bestowed upon him, in the provinces of Leinster, Ulster, and Munster, in Ireland; and being endued with a good understanding, he was not rash to utter words without the help or motion of God's Spirit, so that his testimony and ministry was not only instructive, but edifying; and being an innocent youth, he was beloved by faithful Friends, because of his exemplary conversation, which was according to the holy doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Between the age of eighteen and nineteen years, he was visited with a lingering sickness; his mother asked him after some time, whether he thought he should recover; to which he answered he did not know, but if it was the Lord's will he would rather die than live; but said he durst not desire it, adding, although his time had been short in the world, he had gone through a great deal of exercise and trouble, that none knew but the Lord alone. Another time he said to his mother, 'I have felt more of the Lord's love to me since I was sick, in a wonderful manner, than ever before. I strove to serve the Lord in my health, and now I reap the benefit of it, I can look forward, and that is a mercy.' Being frequently comforted in spirit, and filled with the love of God, he would say, 'O! if the earnest be so precious, what will the fullness be?' and when weak in body he was strengthened in spirit, and enlarged to praise and magnify the Lord; he was likewise

opened to give good counsel and advice to his brother Isaac; taking him by the hand and kissing him, he said, 'I love thee dearly, be sure thou fear and serve the Lord, and be obedient to thy parents; for though thou be young and strong now, yet thou knowest not how few thy days may be; I speak to thee in love, remember my dying words when I am gone; and that it will be enough in a dying condition, to bear the pain and affliction of body, without having a troubled conscience;' and he encouraged him to well-doing. Much more was spoken by him to his sister Elizabeth, whom he called also, and kissed her, and tenderly recommended her to love and fear the Lord, and be dutiful to her parents. To his sister Lydia he said he hoped she would be an honest woman, and added, 'In my health, when I went to bed, I did meditate and think upon the Lord, and now, in my sickness, I find the benefit thereof.' Then acknowledging the love and care of his parents towards him, he said, 'If I live, I can never make you amends for your trouble and care over me.' A few days before his death he said to his mother, 'I love thee dearly; I hope the Lord will reward thee for all thy trouble and care over me, and I hope we shall meet shortly, where we shall never part again.' And some hours before his departure, being overcome with the goodness of God, he was enabled to praise and celebrate his name, saying, 'How good Lord, art thou to me! I am not worthy of the least of thy mercies and favours.' He continued

to praise the Lord in such a manner that all that were in the room were reached and affected, by the power of God that attended him ; and his uncle John, who was come to take leave of him, seeing him in this condition, yet near dying, said he would not leave him till he saw him in his grave ; for he was tendered to see him in such a frame of mind ; and though not a frequenter of the meetings of Friends, he said he was satisfied this youth was going to his heavenly rest. That night he was earnest with his mother to lie down and get some rest ; but after a little while called for her again, and said 'My dear mother, take it patiently, for thou mayest rejoice that I am going.' He desired all to be quiet and still, being sensible his change was near, and departed this life like an innocent lamb, on the 24th of the 8th Month, 1708, and was buried the 26th, being accompanied to the grave by many friends and neighbours.

He was aged near nineteen, and a minister about six years.

The following testimony was given forth by Friends in Dublin concerning him:—

'It pleased the Lord to favour this youth with a gracious visitation even in his childhood, and so to prepare him for his service whereunto he appointed him, that there appeared deep impression of a concerned mind for the good and eternal well-being of his soul; and, as he grew in years, he grew in grace, and in the knowledge of God and his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; so

that the Lord was pleased to put him into the ministry, although young. Being sensible of the appearance of the Son of God in his heart, he delivered his testimony with a good understanding, not being forward or rash to utter words, but waited for that which is the fountain of all true ministry, viz., the help of the Spirit of God, that enables God's ministers to speak to the instructing and building up of one another in the love of God; and this being the concern of this innocent youth, made him to be beloved of faithful Friends that knew him, and the more because his conversation agreed with his doctrine. He went abroad sometimes to visit Friends in the province of Leinster, and was also in Ulster and Munster provinces, and Friends had generally a love and respect for him; and there would commonly be great meetings where he was, both Friends and others admiring the Lord's dealings with him in his tender years, being but about twelve years old when his mouth was first opened in meetings, in a testimony for God. We have a great loss of him, he being such a good example to our youth, both in that, and also in his conversation; too few being willing to follow him in that true nearness of walking with God, as he did, but love liberty to the flesh and will, that works not the righteousness of God, but brings trouble and grief on those that are concerned for the well-being of their immortal souls. His behaviour was more like a man of grey hairs than one not attained to nineteen years. He was not desirous of long life in this world,

as he used to express sometimes, but rather that he might do his day's work, being ready and prepared, when the Lord was pleased to call him hence, to have a portion in God's kingdom of that life and peace that is everlasting. And, when he was visited with the sickness of which he died, which continued on him about a quarter of a year, he bore it with much patience and resignation to the will of God, and very cheerfully, which was comforting both to his parents and friends that visited him in the time of his illness.

'Before his departure, he was concerned to advise his brother and sister to fear and love God, and be dutiful to their parents, &c. Though it is our loss to have such a one taken from us, we believe it is his gain to be removed from where trouble and temptations attend, to where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

'From our meeting in Dublin, the 19th of the 2d Month, 1709.—Signed, in behalf of the said meeting, by

AMOS STRATTELL,
RICHARD SEALEY,
GEORGE ROOK.'

FROM JOHN WOOLMAN.

THERE is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which Divine love gives utterance, and some appearance of right order in their temper and conduct whose passions are regulated; yet all these do not fully show forth that inward life to

such as have not felt it, but this white stone, and new name, is known rightly to such only as have it.

THE COURTIER AND THE DERVISE.

The favourite of a Sultan threw a stone at a poor Dervise who had requested alms. The insulted Santon dared not to complain, but carefully searched for and preserved the pebble, promising himself he should find an opportunity, sooner or later, to throw it in his turn at this imperious and pitiless wretch. Some time after, he was told the favourite was disgraced, and, by order of the Sultan, led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this, the Dervise ran to fetch his pebble, but after a moment's reflection, cast it into a well. 'I now perceive,' said he, 'that we ought never to seek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel.'

PRIMITIVE ZEAL.

O for a zeal like that which actuated our predecessors 200 years ago! They were not content with inaction; they buckled on the armour of righteousness, and attacked error with energy and effect. Will the time ever again come, when each true Quaker shall shake the neighbourhood for ten miles round? Alas! we are now counted among the quiet and easy of the land! 'Why

stand ye here all the day idle? go ye also into the vineyard.'

O for a zeal like that which consumed in Christian believers 1800 years ago, enabling them to overcome difficulties of which we can form no adequate conception! What have we to encounter in comparison? A system of iniquity, rendered hoary by antiquity, impressed by education, maintained by pomp, protected by power, and guarded by tortures and the axe, fell before the irresistible power of their attack.

Let us provoke one another to good works, and to fight the good fight; the Spirit of God will aid us, for it is promised to such as ask it. 'Then shall our light break forth as the morning, and our health spring forth speedily.'

LIBERALITY.

Our theme is Liberality. Not the beneficence of self-inflated righteousness. Not the giving forth of alms with heralds trumpeting the deed. Not that which courteth observation, or only finds an element congenial in the applause of men; nor is it that which trampleth on justice in its boasted course of doing good.

Christian liberality is that of principle, the spirit of a soul in harmony with heaven's own influences and laws.

It takes its rise in holy gratefulness to God, and flows in streams of cheerful benefits to man. Though a principle of such exalted rank, and

high descent, yet it is humble, meek, and courteous. Its purposes are formed in private, its deeds with quietness performed; the left hand knoweth not the gifts the right dispenseth.

The liberal spirit feeds in pastures of perpetual greenness, and basks in heaven's own sunshine, and bathes in crystal streams of pleasure.

No marvel that a soul thus favoured should be fair and vigorous—should be hale and strong, and thrive and prosper as the willow by the water-brooks.

What should be the model of the Christian's liberality? Even the rich, perpetual beneficence of God. The grace that so abounded towards us in the condescension, the poverty, and the sufferings of His own Son, our ever-blessed Lord.

His soul so full of love he consecrated in the garden, and on the cross; to save our world He gave Himself. How wondrous and unspeakable the gift!

How many telling emblems of this spirit nature furnisheth!

How freely does the ocean yield its waters to the empty clouds, and they again, how richly do they pour their fertilizing drops to cheer and bless the thirsty earth.

The sun, the centre and the glory of the solar system, the material spirit of the world's enjoyment, how plenteously his golden beams are scattered through our world.

The earth, though cursed by man's transgression, yet yieldeth to the sower ofttimes a hundred fold.

The air, the element of life, pervadeth every place, that men many breathe it.

The orchard, with its laden boughs of cooling fruits, presents with yearly constancy its gifts to men.

The avaricious wretch and sordid selfling, may blush, indeed, to contemplate these emblems of beneficence.

But, peradventure, nature may have appropriate symbols for his case:—the sterile rock, the arid plain, the sandy desert, the iceberg rolling in the northern sea, the barren fig-tree, the withered leaf, the blighted fruit, all, all set forth the selfish charcter.

But more, this spirit has within it its own inherent curse. This grasping principle oft tends to certain poverty. It isolates its miserable victim from the joy of social blessedness; it petrifies all within and withers all without. It ossifies the heart, steels the affections, dries up the channels of true pleasure, and makes the man a wreck, and then encircles him within the fearful maelstrom of utter ruin.

The stranger to this spirit of liberality is faithless to his God, a living misery and a nuisance in the world.

The liberal are truly blest and dignified; their path, like that of opening day, shines brighter onwards to meridian noon.

And what a world is this for liberality to bless! What poverty to help—what sorrow to relieve—what sympathy to give—what misery to assuage—what suffering to annihilate!

And he who lighteneth but one cheerless room, removes one source of sorrow, and makes one mourning spirit happy, hath not lived in vain.

But in this course of duty oft to walk, and in these acts of goodness to abound, is the true end of life ; and life thus spent shall please our heavenly Father, and bring unnumbered blessings on our souls. Be liberal then in heart, in practice of well-doing, and also let thy spirit feel no galling chain of bigotry or base intolerance.

Think for thyself, and let thy fellows all around thee enjoy with thee the common birth-right of our race.

Judge not another, assume no lordly airs of supercilious consequence. Where thou canst not praise be slow to blame ; where much may cause to fear, still kindly hope ; and where no hope with safety can be cherished, pass not sentence, but leave the sequel to the Judge of all, who doeth right to all his creatures.

Besides the excellency of this spirit, it will be to thee a source of secret happiness, of which narrow envious souls know nothing.—Burns' *Christian Philosophy, or Materials for Thought.*

IMPORTANT QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What are the primary causes of national and international crimes, feuds, and distress ?

Slavery, intemperance, clerical domination, luxury, sévere laws uncertainly administered,

enactments to prevent the greatest diffusion of the bounties of heaven—war and standing armies; concerning all which, Christianity being unchangeably true, the only question upon their downfall and end is, When?

THE STRANGER PREACHER.

Wherever I went, the rumour spread through the place before me—'The man in the leather suit is come.'—G. Fox's *Journal.*

And a grave man there came to the market place,
With a strong and a bold, yet a cheerful face;
People, one after one, drew near to the spot—
They linger'd and linger'd, unknowing for what.

In the looks of the stranger who was stationed there,
Close to the market cross, exposed to the air,
Was something they were not accustomed to see,
So they questioned each other of what it could be.

Some said 'twas his dress, which of leather was made;
Others spoke of his features' peculiar shade;—
Whate'er it might be, the folks grew quite a crowd,
And questions were getting impatient and loud.

With one word of his mouth they were silent as death;
As he stretch'd forth his hand there was a pause in each breath;
And a feeling like thought, through each bosom there ran,
That the being they heard was a remarkable man.

In his words were such fervour, and fulness and grace—
And the truth of his heart lent such force to his face,
Had he urged them to pluck the town down, they had tried,
Although in their effort they vainly had died.

Had he spoken of wrongs which the nation endured,
Of evils the people themselves should have cured;

Had he told them of tyrants and tyrannous laws,
They had risen to shed their heart's blood in his cause.

But his words were of peace, and of truth, and of love,
And of One once on earth, who came down from above,
Who, that peace might abound, and good-will unto man,
Had endured all the pangs that humanity can.

Much spoke he of temples that were but of stone,
And priests cloth'd in purple, that Christ did not own—
Of merciless pastors, whom Christ had foretold
Should seem to protect, whilst they ravag'd the fold.

Such a picture of Christ and his people he drew,
Of the chosen and simple—the faithful and few,
That absorbed in the vision, they saw what he said,
That it seemed that his words gave new life to the dead.

They were chained by his spirit; they could not depart,
Conviction like lightning was flashed on the heart.
Though powerful his language his aspect was mild,
That their thoughts were at once of a king and a child.

E'er he ceased, all the strongholds of pride were o'erthrown,
And natures were softened though harder than stone:
When he ceased, in dim eyes were affectionate tears,
And in hearts, a remembrance engraven for years.

PERSONAL SERVICE OF RICHARD CARVER, A FRIEND, TOWARDS CHARLES II., ON HIS ESCAPE AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

'Yesterday,' writes Ellis Hookes, under date, 11th month, 16th, 1669, 'there was a Friend [Richard Carver] with the King, one that is John Grove's mate. He was the man that was mate to the master of the fisher boat that carried the King away when he went from Worces-

ter fight; and only this Friend and the master knew of it in the ship: and the Friend carried him [the King] ashore on his shoulders. The King knew him again, and was very friendly to him; and told him he remembered him, and of several things that were done in the ship at the same time. The Friend told him the reason why he did not come forward all this while, was, that he was satisfied, in that he had peace and satisfaction in himself, that he did what he did to relieve a man in distress; and now he desired nothing of him but that he would set Friends at liberty, who were great sufferers. He told the King he had a list of one hundred and ten that were premunired, that had lain in prison about six years, and that none could release them but him. So the King took the list, and said there were many of them, and that they would be in again in a month's time; and that the country gentlemen complained to him that they were so troubled with the Quakers. So he said he would release him six; but the Friend thinks to go to him again, for he had not fully relieved himself.'

The particulars described in the foregoing extract of what passed at this interview with the King, are curious and interesting, and, it might be said, full of character. On the restoration of the King, many and earnest were the applications for favours and pensions, by those who had hopes of making out any case of *personal service* towards the monarch in his distress, at a time when a large parliamentary

premium was set upon his head, and during his extraordinary escape from this country in 1654. This accounts for the remark of the Friend (probably in reply), why he did not come forward earlier, nine years having elapsed since the King's restoration. The honest simplicity of his answer, and his appeal to the King on behalf of his suffering brethren in the jails, will doubtless not be lost upon the reflecting reader.

With respect to John Grove, who is mentioned in the early part of this extract, he is spoken of by Thomas Ellwood, in his life (under date 1670), as a choice Friend and sailor of London, who was master of a vessel, and who traded to the island of Barbadoes, He carried out a son of Isaac Pennington, who fell overboard on the voyage home, and was lost.—(BARCLAY's *Letters, &c., of Early Friends.*)

SILENCE BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS ON THE CONTINENT, &c.

WHEN William Allen and Stephen Grellet were at Abo, in Finland, in 1818, they were very cordially received by the Archbishop, who invited them to dine with him, and introduced them to his wife and family, and some of his clergy. 'At dinner,' says W. Allen, 'the Archbishop placed Stephen on one side of himself, and me on the other, and we had much serious conversation. Before we sat down, they all made a solemn pause, standing, no one uttering

a word. On rising after dinner, there was another pause, when Stephen advanced a step or two, and, in a very delicate and suitable manner, sweetly addressed them in a few words, which seemed to be well accepted; a good feeling prevailed throughout, and after retiring to the next room to take coffee, the Archbishop seemed to be more and more interested in the conversation. He fully assented to the great truth that the ceremonies in religion, and even what they call the ordinances, are nothing compared with the living substance. His wife also was very kind and respectful, and we parted under a mutual feeling of regard and esteem.'

The practice of making a pause before and after meals, similar to that adopted by Friends, appears to be customary on some parts of the Continent. On another occasion, William Allen mentions their dining at Dr. Haartman's, at Abo, where they met a large party, amongst whom were Captain Prytz and the Governor's secretary. 'After dinner,' says W. Allen, 'we all rose from the table as usual, but made a pause standing before we withdrew. I observed there was also a pause before dinner, though no one uttered a word. We retired into the next room to take coffee. I like this practice very much.'

EXTRACT FROM WM. ALLEN'S JOURNAL.

At Stockholm, 10th Month, 13th, 1818, we were introduced by our kind friend, C. Hughes,

to General de Suchteln, the Russian ambassador, a fine old man, who received us very kindly, and told us that he had a great love for Friends; he showed us his valuable library, consisting of several thousand volumes, amongst which are many scarce works, and a manuscript of the four Gospels written on vellum, and more than a thousand years old. He also showed us some very fine paintings by the first artists, one in particular was a most exquisite performance; the subject was our Lord conversing with Nicodemus by night, and the light of the lamp was so exactly imitated, that the flame appeared to be actually quivering.

We went to Count Engeström's to dinner, and were received by the Countess with great kindness and affability. Her daughter, who is a nice young woman, and several ladies, were with her; one of them, who came from Russia, promised to give us some letters of introduction. She is a person of large property, and interests herself much on the subject of prisons; she speaks highly of the Empress Dowager, who, she says, is the life and soul of their charitable institutions. The Count came into the room in a short time, and shook hands with us in a very friendly manner. A large company was soon assembled, and, as strangers and foreigners, we were put forward, and placed in the head seats at table. I had some agreeable conversation with the Russian lady, who has estates in Holstein, and is a very interesting, clever person; she is intimately aquainted with the Queen of

Denmark. She entered with ardour into our school plans, and seems very desirous of promoting them; she is to return to Copenhagen in a few days. Dinner lasted about an hour, after which we retired to take coffee. I had some very interesting conversation with Count Engeström, and also with a nun, on the subject of religion. The Count is a Protestant, but his lady, who is a Pole, is a Roman Catholic.

On the 22d, William Allen mentions dining with Count Rosenblad, who, with his wife, he observes, 'were very loving and tender, and we had a precious season of religious retirement.'

KINDNESS OF LORD STRANGFORD.

When William Allen and Stephen Grellet were at Stockholm, they had repeated interviews with Lord Strangford, to whom they became much attached; the more they knew of him, the more highly they esteemed him. Speaking of our religious Society, and how little it is known, 'he told me,' says William Allen, 'that he was surprised to find the King of Portugal so well informed of our principles. He said the King had been brought up with strong prejudices against sectaries, and was surrounded by those who cherished this feeling; he had, however, determined to read for himself, and had acquired much general information respecting different sects. He added that the King knew more of the principles of Friends than he did himself,

and had a respect for them. I was not before aware that, in the treaty which Lord Strangford made with Portugal, he got a clause inserted in favour of toleration. He repeated his kind offer of forwarding letters and parcels, and said he would write respecting us to the British Charge d'affaires at Petersburg. He also said he would take suitable opportunities, in his intercourse with the King of Sweden, to forward the general objects of philanthropy which we had in view.' —(W. ALLEN's *Journal*.)

THOMAS STORY'S ACCOUNT OF THE DUTCH MENISTS AND THEIR PREACHERS, WITH THEIR FORM OF AFFIRMATION.

THE following notices of the state of the Menists in Holland, in 1715, a people holding like testimonies with Friends, may be interesting at this time to members of our own Society; by whom the valuable work from which they are extracted is too little perused:—

At Rotterdam, 1715.—'The winds standing contrary, and generally stormy or foggy weather, I continued here longer than otherwise I would have done, but was from time to time with Friends at their meeting; and the Lord was pleased to comfort us together, and condescended to be with us therein.

'During this time I inquired more particularly into the state of the Menists in those parts; and found that all along their ministers had

preached freely, till of late some here and there had begun to receive hire, but were moderate therein; and, though they still keep up their old testimony against *fighting* and *swearing*, yet they are not so lively in their worship, nor so near the truth, as they were in their first appearance; and I was informed that their ministers are for the most but weak and dry in their ministry, and sometimes their hearers had rather some of them would be silent than preach, *though gratis*. If thus it be, it hath fared with them as with many others, who, having had a day of visitation from the Lord, and obtained a reputation through his goodness among them, and by that holy and innocent conversation they have had through his grace; yet some, becoming more loose, and not keeping in the grace of God, and the virtue and power of it, have ended in mere formalists; and then, in a generation or two, little has appeared but the *outside and form of godliness*, which the power of grace brought forth in those who went before; and so, in a great measure, it is with them. And yet, in the main, they are preserved from the gross evils of the world, and I hope the Lord hath a visitation of life and power yet in store for them.

'Among other things, I obtained *the form of words used by them instead of an oath;* which is thus, "In the words of truth, instead of a solemn oath, I declare," &c.

'If we in Britain had waited the Lord's time for such a form as this, we had been more happy in a fuller testimony than they in some other

things; and, in the Lord's time, might have had the like testimony from the ruler and rulers [King and Parliament] in Britain and her dependencies, as this people have of late had from the States-general of the United Provinces.—(*Journal*, p. 250.)

PRINCE GAGANGHA ACQUA.

A BRIEF NOTICE OF THE NEGRO PRINCE GAGANGHA ACQUA, SON OF ACQUA, KING OF THE CAMARONES, COMMUNICATED IN A LETTER TO THE COMPILER BY JOHN BURTT.

London, 5th of 2nd Month, 1848.

My dear Friend,—Amidst the attempts which have been made to depress the African character, by exhibiting it as incapable of improvement, it becomes not only an agreeable, but an imperative duty, to adduce evidence of an opposite nature; and to show that circumstances, whether their influences be good or evil, operate no less powerfully on the sable inhabitants of a tropical climate, than on the natives of more northern latitudes, where opportunities have been employed to remove the ignorance of uncivilized man, and to invest him with the glorious light of religion and science. How has it raised the brutal to the rational—the degraded to the noble—the idolatrous to the Christian character! What was once the condition of druidical Britain, when, in the most barbarous manner, parents sacrificed their offspring to senseless deities? And to what can her present position amongst the nations be attributed, but

to that expansion of knowledge, human and Divine, with which she has been pre-eminently favoured by the providence of him who hath made of one blood all the inhabitants of the earth?

These observations are naturally suggested by an outline of the history and character of Prince Gagangha Emanuel Acqua, who, in 1832, having obtained permission of his father, the King of the Camarones, to visit Cuba, embarked on board a Spanish schooner, as he himself expressed it, 'to see the white man's country.' The vessel was freighted with a cargo of slaves, probably in part supplied by Acqua's father, who, like himself, had been brought up in the odious traffic in human beings. She was pursued and taken by an English man-of-war, on board of which the Prince was detained about five months, and was deprived of 300 dollars, the whole of what he had brought for his travelling expenses.

Such a privation excited an unfavourable feeling on the part of the sufferer, who could not clearly understand that the fact of his having been met with on board a slave-ship, was, to say the least, a circumstance of strong suspicion of wrong-doing. While on board this vessel, he assisted in capturing two other ships engaged in the same iniquitous traffic, one of which was freighted with 646 of his miserable countrymen. Acqua was taken to Jamaica, from whence he proceeded to England, hoping to obtain a free passage to Sierra Leone or

Fernando Po. He was probably encouraged in this hope not only by reflecting on his rank as an African Prince, but as being the son of a chief whose liberality to our countrymen was well known in his gratuitous supplies of provisions to the English captains on the coast of Fernando Po.

On reaching Portsmouth, destitute of money, the Board of Admiralty furnished him with the means of proceeding to London, where, having letters of introduction from several naval officers, he became a recipient of those kindly attentions which well-recommended foreigners meet with in the British metropolis. Here, amongst others, he found a warm benefactor in Joseph Phillips, formerly of Antigua, now a magistrate in the West Indies. Under his roof Prince Acqua was entertained in the kindest manner, while waiting for an opportunity to return to his own country. During his stay of some months in London, he was under constant anxiety to be restored to his family connections; which was rendered more intense by his perpetual fear, that they would be distressed with a belief that he had met with an untimely end. Thus, the feelings of filial affection wrought powerfully on his yet untutored mind, and evidenced the possession of moral qualities, which his Christian friends felt it incumbent on them to cultivate for the augmentation of his own happiness, as well as for the benefit of those who might hereafter fall within the sphere of his influence.

It is probable that until his arrival in Eng-

land he had seldom associated with such as recognize any feeling of justice towards his oppressed countrymen, or any desire to promote the cause of humanity where it might interfere with their own sordid interest. Trained in early life to supply the slave captains with the victims of their avarice, his mind had necessarily been brutalized by a system which comprises every description of cruelty and fraud; nevertheless, amidst the gloom of ignorance, of guilt, and superstition, the rudiments of future usefulness were discernible; and, from the judicious care he now experienced, it may be hoped that his visit to our shores has already proved an event of substantial benefit.

At the period referred to, I frequently saw him at my own house, or at the residence of Joseph Phillips. We perambulated many parts of the metropolis together, when every faculty would at times appear to be absorbed in admiration and astonishment; and it required some care not to overcharge his mind with those sudden transitions, which, from the intensity of excitement, might prove almost overwhelming. Under the dome of the cathedral, while surveying its magnificent roof, he was far from being insensible of that sublimity of feeling which has generally been considered incompatible with the African intellect. There, I observed the hand which had probably set fire to many a negro hut, and seized and bound the terrified inhabitant, itself bound as by the spell of some power hitherto unknown; and which,

placed on his temples, seemed for a time perfectly disabled by the sudden rush of new and multitudinous ideas that evidently oppressed him. The same effect was observable when from the summit of the monument he was shown the habitations of two millions of human beings. On such occasions he would for some moments appear incapable of articulation, only manifesting his feelings by a peculiar expression of the countenance, presently followed by some such expressions as these—'Ah! white men know everything; I cannot speak what I think.'

Prince Acqua more and more highly appreciated European knowledge; and I well recollect, while upon the lofty column already named, he was not only greatly affected with the stupendous scene, but at that juncture, in particular, he was earnest in soliciting me to go home with him to instruct the Camarone people in useful learning, assuring me that I should be liberally rewarded in the best products of the soil; and judging from an observation which I once heard him make in connection with the superior attainments of Europeans over his own countrymen, the schoolmaster is indeed wanted in his father's dominions. Their mode of accounting for our superiority is, by supposing that at the creation, 'white men' were made of the best material, while the refuse only had been used in the formation of our sable brethren. In his own country, when anything of peculiar excellence was exhibited, he said it was common to view it as the immediate workmanship of a

Divine hand; 'but now,' he exclaimed with evident delight, 'I have myself seen such things made by men.' Such expressions were interesting as throwing a light on our species when in an uncivilized state; but the following account which he gave of the manner of supplying the white traders with their victims is truly affecting. It naturally leads to the sad reflection, how deplorable it is that professing Christians should occasion the horrible outrages on humanity which are daily perpetrated.

'We take many men,' said he, 'who can shoot; my father has forty hundred men who can use guns which he has bought. We walk many days until we come near, and then only walk at night, and enter the village. A few men fire their guns; the people awake and run out; we fire and kill a few, and surprise them all during their fright. We take as many as we can away, and drive them before us tied together, and sell them to the factors. We give them a man for a gun; sometimes for hatchets and clothes. It is wrong to sell a man, but they, the white Christians, will have nothing else for their guns and clothes. It is your fault that we sell him; you do more wrong than we do, because you know better. You have the book; you know God,' &c.

It was interesting to witness the gradations by which the cheering beams of intelligence occupied the former abodes of ignorance and superstition. After being shown many mechanical operations, he was conducted through

various exhibitions of natural history, antiquities, &c.; and while enjoying the rich gratification afforded by the British Museum, I found ample opportunity for observing the gifts, which, although long uncultivated, had been liberally bestowed on this our sable brother by the common parent of mankind. At the same time I rejoiced in the assurance that in England at least, he had a circle of friends, who, during his continuance amongst them, were anxious so to exercise his various faculties, that they might be as perfectly developed as circumstances would allow. In the British Museum, Acqua, with much interest, drew my attention to specimens of ingenuity brought from his own country, which he quickly discovered; and the readiness with which he comprehended my explanations of things hitherto unknown, afforded abundant evidence that his stock of general knowledge was not only increasing, but that correct views on the most important subjects were also taking possession of his mind. Pointing out some of the idols of Fernando Po, he showed his sense of the absurdity of holding them in reverence by emphatically remarking that if they were gods they would not suffer themselves to be taken captive, and be there confined within the narrow precincts of a house.

An excitement arising from anxiety to return home operated against any systematic mode of instruction which Prince Acqua might otherwise have received, yet his acquirements of a religious nature were satisfactorily progressing.

The following anecdote was related to me by my friend Jeremiah Wiffin, the elegant translator of Tasso:—

The Prince having been taken to two places of public worship, described what he saw and felt in a manner which proved his attention and discrimination. Having taken his seat in the place to which he was first introduced, he observed the air of indifference with which several came in and walked to their seats; to him, he said, some appeared proud and haughty, and others light and inattentive; but little seriousness being discernible. The music, he said, produced no effect on his mind but an inclination to dance. At the second place to which he was taken, he said he saw a number of persons sitting in a serious frame of mind, amongst whom he soon became serious himself. Presently one of them arose, and spoke in a manner which he said appeared 'wonderful;' his spiritual condition being so clearly addressed as forcibly to remind him of his former sins, and to convince him 'how wicked he was.' His conscience was so powerfully awakened, that in a humble state of mind, yet with an originality of expression which was common to him, he declared to his friends that he had been wholly subdued. 'The preacher,' said he, 'gave me a great blow, and knocked me down.'

During his stay in London, Prince Acqua was introduced to Lord John Russell, and to that indefatigable friend of the African, Thomas Fowell Buxton. The latter, amongst other

marks of attention, presented him with a case furnished with the necessary apparatus for writing, and having the following inscription engraved on a plate:—

GAGANGHA EMANUEL ACQUA,

PRINCE ROYAL OF THE CAMARONES IN AFRICA.

THIS CASE WAS PRESENTED TO HIM WHEN IN ENGLAND,

NOV. 10, 1832,

BY THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, ESQ.,

MEMBER OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT,

THE FAITHFUL ADVOCATE FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE AND SLAVERY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Considerable pains were taken to imbue the mind of Acqua with a due regard to the natural rights of man, and the importance of treating all our fellow-creatures with justice and humanity; and it was a great satisfaction that he who had been trained to cruelty, and made familiar with atrocity and bloodshed, became so far a convert to the cause of right, as to declare his sense of the evils of Slavery, and to condemn the traffic in men as a system of the grossest iniquity. Whilst lamenting that his own people took part in supporting it, he justly complained of those European nations which employed their capital in perpetuating its horrors; stating that scarcely a white man who visited his native shores was worthy of being trusted; that they opposed every measure for instructing his countrymen, the more easily to impose on their

ignorance. 'Only one,' said he, 'of all the captains who have had transactions with my father has been a good man.' All the rest he charged with having deceived and robbed either the king or his people; who, degraded as they are, nevertheless earnestly desire improvement.

For the purpose of being educated, two of Acqua's brothers had formerly been confided to the care of a Liverpool merchant of high standing; instead of which he employed them in manual labour several years, and finally sent them back nearly as ignorant as they were on the day of their arrival; by which dishonest conduct the laudable intentions of their father were cruelly defeated.

With a vivid recollection of such treatment, the Prince naturally feared that his long absence from his native land would create in his father's mind painful apprehensions for his safety. Alas! alas! what confidence can the untaught African place in the refined, the intelligent, the highly professing European!

Prince Acqua was partially acquainted with the English, Spanish, and Portuguese languages. His complexion was of a jet black; and scientific men much admired the organic structure of his head. His general bearing was also considered to indicate a degree of conscious superiority; and, notwithstanding the disadvantages of his early training, he was remarkably humane towards the poor; which was once particularly evinced when we met with an industrious artisan, whose wages were inadequate to his wants. With

a countenance full of commiseration, he solemnly uttered these expressive words, 'God Almighty does not like it to be so.' Deeply interesting and instructive were many of his expressions, characterized as they often were with energy, originality, and native simplicity; and I may here observe that the solicitude which had been felt for his welfare during a visit of some months, was not diminished by his departure for Sierra Leone; to which place a free passage was granted by the Government.

Prince Acqua left England near the end of 1832; and by a letter from Captain Stevens, dated 'Sierra Leone, January 22, 1833,' we received many gratifying particulars respecting him; especially his grateful acknowledgments of the kindness he had received in London; of which he requested the Captain to say he could not find sufficient words to express the fulness of his feeling. Satisfactory mention was also made of his continued progress in useful learning, and his desire to adhere to the instructions which had been bestowed upon him. Captain Stevens likewise expressed his belief that if Acqua should continue to cherish the feelings and principles which then actuated him, he would prove instrumental in promoting the cause of human happiness in his own country.

To so true a friend of the coloured people as thyself, I need make no apology for the length of this letter, the tenor of which appears to harmonize with thy 'Tribute for the Negro,' and to corroborate the opinion entertained by thee

of the capacity of the African for receiving moral and intellectual improvement. Prince Acqua arrived in England ignorant, superstitious, and vitiated; the natural result of disadvantages which had ever attended him; but after a few months of judicious management, his range of thought was enlarged and refined; moral and religious principles were readily imbibed; and instead of desiring to renew those outrages on humanity to which he had been unhappily trained, there was reason to hope that he returned to his native land, with a sincere disposition to labour for its permanent improvement.

Having now, my dear friend, complied with thy request, as far as many interruptions would allow, I have only to subscribe myself, affectionately thine, JOHN BURTT.

Liverpool Street, London.

RENEWAL OF PERSECUTION IN 1674.

CASES FROM BESSE.

THE declaration of indulgence being revoked about this time, a renewal of persecution took place. Take the few following cases for example:—

Berks, 1675.—William Dobson was prosecuted in the Exchequer, and sent to prison on the 6th September this year, where, after twenty months' confinement, he died.—He had besides taken from him, at the suit of Ralph Whistler,

his prosecutor, goods worth £156, for five or six years' tithes of a farm, the yearly value of which had been formerly estimated at £4. At Reading *Sir W. Armorer* was active, as in former time, and, in concert with the Mayor, sent many Friends to prison for meeting, treating them with great inhumanity. Seven Friends, of New Windsor, were taken to Reading jail, and kept five years close prisoners, on a writ *de capiendo*, for trivial ecclesiastical demands, amounting to but 12*s.* 1*d.* among them all.

Cambridgeshire, 1675.—John Prime of Willbrum, at the suit of Thomas Witham, priest, had his household goods and other things taken by distress to the value of £74, for a demand of three years' tithe for a farm of but £22 per annum rent. The same Friend, in 1676, suffered distress of two-thirds of his estate, by Exchequer process, for absence *from the national worship, to the amount of* £88.

George Friend, informed against by Edward Swanton, priest, for being at a meeting at Lakenheath, had all his goods taken from him, and himself, with his wife and children, obliged to lodge on straw, in the cold of winter. *The goods taken were carried to the informing priest's house.*

Cheshire, 1675.—Several distresses were made by warrants from Jeffrey Shackerley, Governor of Chester Castle, on complaints of three informers, who made much spoil. Ten or twelve widows, who had many fatherless children, were bereft of all their goods, till they had not a

skillet left to boil their children's food in.—John Daniel of Dansbury [styled Justice!] caused to be to be taken by distress from Thomas Briggs and others, to the value of £116, 15*s.* 10*d.* in kine and horses, which the Justice kept, working them as his own ; and also took to his own use their household goods and other provisions.

Cumberland, 1673.—Thomas Bewley of Haltcliff-hall, aged about seventy-eight, was prosecuted by Arthur Savage, priest of Coldbeck, for £3 '*prescription money*,' [what is this?] and had taken from him his feather-bed, bedclothes, and a cupboard worth £5. The hardship of the poor old man's case so affected the neighbourhood with compassion, that when the bailiff exposed these goods to sale, nobody would buy them at any rate. Whereupon the priest sued the bailiff, and made *him* pay both his demand and his costs.—The next year, the same priest again prosecuted the said Thomas Bewley for tithe of wool, lambs, &c., and sent him to prison: and in 1676, sent to prison to be company for his elder brother (who had already lain there two years) Thomas, son of the aforesaid Thomas Bewley.—By the same person, on an Exchequer process, were also imprisoned, in 1676, four other Friends, two of them widows, with six children apiece. A part of the priest's ruinous policy being, in all probability, *by this means to burthen the rest*, who were sure to support the families while they were able.

Dorset, 1674.—Sixteen individuals being distrained upon, in this and the preceding year,

for meeting, and their goods taken to the value of £97, we have the following remarks:—After mention of a strange piece of inhumanity on the part of the Justice, in kicking, and striking with his dog-whip an 'innocent woman,' it is added—'The like fury possessed one of the informers, who, coming to make distress, cut the arm of Henry Hodges to the bone. Another, clerk to one of the Justices, wished the Quakers locked up in their meeting-house, and fire set to it, saying, *He believed it doing God good service to kill them.* Such wolves as these worried the poor sheep of Christ at their pleasure.' Yet, 'so firm and constant were this people in their religious assemblies to worship God, that, by frequent execution of such warrants, many of them were impoverished, and their *whole substance* made a prey to merciless *Informers.*'

Gloucestershire, 1675.—'For meetings at or near Cirencester, in the month called May, this year, Sir John Guise, a justice of the peace, issued his warrants for distress against John Timbrel, Richard Bowly [and twelve other Friends here named], and, on the 16th of the same month, John Cripps and Jacob Hewlings were fined for the like pretended offence. The constable to whom these warrants were directed was not forward to execute them; whereupon Sir John Guise, on the 3d of the next month, sent for him and threatened him, that if he did not levy the fines by the 10th of that month, he would proceed against him for neglect of duty, But the Justice's purpose was prevented; for,

in returning home *that day* from Cirencester, he quarrelled with another man, and was run through the body with a rapier. By means of this desperate wound, the necessary care for his own life diverted him from pursuing other men's ruin.'

Hants, 1675.—'For a meeting held at Newport [Isle of Wight], on the 24th of September, this year, Frederick Perdue, a poor boatman, having a wife and six small children, had taken from him, by the Mayor's order, two great boats with all their tackle, and also his household goods; *the town-serjeant charging the officers to leave neither bed, dish, nor spoon.* And it was with much difficulty they were dissuaded from taking away the bed his wife then lay on, being at that time near her confinement, and having women attending her.'

Herts, 1675.—The constables of Buntingford, terrified by a blustering informer, entered the house of George Gates, breaking open locks and doors, and, for a fine of £20, laid on him for a meeting-house of which he was neither owner nor occupier, took away his goods to the value of £46.

1676.—Robert Cooper of Cheshunt was imprisoned for tithes at the suit of Robert Winchestly priest. The prosecutor gave order to keep him close, and not let him go into the town for any refreshment. His friends pleading that he was a poor man, and had a wife and many children, the priest returned this answer, 'If his children starve, 'tis none of my concern;

he shall lie there and rot; I will have no more mercy on him than on a thief; if the law would *hang* him, I would; *Tithe is my due, and I will have it.*'

Huntingdonshire, 1675.—'On the 14th of the month called June, several persons who attended the interment of Robert Falkner in the burying ground at Somersham, were fined on the evidence of two informers, *who swore it to be a conventicle.* The amount of the sums taken by distress on that occasion [one third to the informers], was £87, 7*s.*' The sums of £70 appears to have been taken this year in various other fines for meetings.

1676.—'On the 23d of the month called April, for a meeting at Amy Peacock's in Erith, where George Whitehead preached [several were fined; two of them £10 each], and William Pryor, a young man of Somersham, being fined 5*s.*, the officers came when he was in bed, and took away all his clothes except one stocking. He, being poor, was obliged to borrow clothes to wear, *till, by his industry, he could repair the loss.*'

We might enlarge this extract beyond due limits by taking more cases from the remainder, and still leave a great mass of evidence in these years. What is now brought before the reader may suffice to show that it was no longer the mere reckless overbearing insolence of a party newly restored to political existence, but in addition, the cool calculating malice of the priesthood; *purposing utterly to impoverish, and thus*

to overthrow, the rising sect, whose proceedings threatened the ruin of the craft of Babylon, in the hands of these hypocrites. But the sufferers were not thus to be quelled: the more they were trampled on, the more (like the lowly but most useful herbage) they spread and grew; their testimony survived them, and descended to after generations; and it is now becoming a serious question with the country, whether it shall not, in effect, be adopted and prevail to the establishing of A FREE MINISTRY OF THE WORD OF GOD among us; the only state of things consistent with the terms in which the blessed gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was originally proclaimed to mankind.—(*Yorkshireman.*)

WICKLIFF'S OPINION OF WAR.

THE great John Wickliff, called the morning star of the reformation in religion, declared that the whole trade of war was unlawful for Christians; and that it is not right, according to the principles of the gospel, to take away the life of man for any offence.

SHAMEFUL ABUSE.

Hampshire, 1658.—AMBROSE RIGGE, *going to visit his friends in prison* at Southampton, is seized on by officers, and shamefully abused; then, by the mayor's order, whipped in the market-place, carried in a wheel-barrow and thrown into a

dungcart, and so sent away; being threatened, if he came again, he should be whipped twice as much, burnt on the shoulder, and banished the land.—(Besse.)

SUFFERINGS OF AN AGED WIDOW AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

1657.—In Suffolk, Rebecca Lucas, a widow of about eighty, and her two daughters, were summoned before the mayor of Hadleigh, and threatened *to have soldiers quartered on them*, should she suffer any more meetings at her house, or lodge any Quakers. A few days after the daughters were sent to Bridewell, on pretence of their *not putting themselves to service;* but in truth, as the constable plainly told them, because they were not of the mayor's religion! —(Besse.)

ALEXANDER JAFFRAY,

Was born at Aberdeen in 1614. He received a liberal education, and moved in what is termed high life; was made a magistrate, a member of the Scottish Parliament for his native city, and afterwards of the English one, and was one of the Commissioners sent twice to Holland to treat with Charles II.

He kept a diary, which, though referring to the trying times in which he lived, and in whose concerns, from his station, he was not merely an on-looker, yet its entries principally relate

to affairs of a more important and spiritual nature; and the writer, it is evident, was experiencing a growth in the truth, and that light was gradually breaking in upon his mind. For some time he had entertained scruples with regard to many practices in repute amongst professing Christians generally, and felt an 'earnest exercise of spirit in search of substantial good amidst all the vicissitudes of his day.' It should be remarked that Alexander Jaffray was not alone in such exercise, but that there were around him many who were his companions in pious dedication. 'Deeply burdened with the formality, superstition, and will-worship prevalent around them, these serious inquirers had separated from the various congregations of the people, and at length several of them began to meet together by themselves, waiting upon God in a holy silence and awful humility of soul for ability to draw nigh unto him in true spiritual worship.' Such meetings as are here referred to appear to have been held after the manner of Friends, at a place called Heads, and another at Drumbowy, in the south of Scotland, as early as the year 1653. It is distinctly stated, that 'these meetings had been established for the full space of a year, before any in connection with Friends found them out and visited them.' Though several Friends visited Scotland earlier, they do not appear to have reached Aberdeen. John Burnyeat was probably the first who visited that city, which was in the year 1658. Yet, with regard to Aberdeen and the districts there-

abouts, no open espousals of the tenets peculiar to Friends took place until towards the end of the year 1662, when William Dewsbury was drawn in love to these prepared and panting souls, to proclaim among them 'the acceptable year of the Lord,' even deliverance from the bondage of corruption by the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. 'Thus was the remarkable work of convincement, which had been secretly going on in some of their hearts for several years, through many deep conflicts of spirit, helped forward to such a point that they were made willing, even in all things, to take up the daily cross, though in various respects as bitter as death, and to follow the guidance of Christ by his Spirit within them, whithersoever he should be pleased to lead.'

Alexander Jaffray was one of the most prominent of these persecuted people, and having been a man in high repute and good esteem, or, as he is described in ancient records, 'a man of great account as to religion, among the highest professors all along,' as well as from his position in civil life, the malice of persecutors fell heavily upon him; which he bore in a patient and forgiving spirit. On hearing that God had raised up a people in England, directing all to the pure light, spirit, and grace in their own hearts, as the most sure teacher and leader into all truth, religion, and worship, his own words were, 'His very heart did leap within him for joy.'

For his Christian testimony he suffered by imprisonment, as well as in other respects.

Through ecclesiastical tyranny, he was on one occasion confined for more than nine months; and, during that time, wrote to the Bishop of Aberdeen (who had been the instrument of his oppression) a very touching appeal; also a paper, entitled, 'A Testimony for Truth, given forth for the good of all to whom it may come,' &c. About the end of the 4th Month, 1673, he was taken ill; and, says the Monthly Meeting's minute a short time after (one of the earliest minutes made by Friends at Aberdeen), 'It pleased the Lord to remove out of the body our dear and precious friend, Alexander Jaffray, at his own house, at Kingswell, the 7th of 5th Month, 1673, at one in the morning; who was buried in his own burial-ground there, on the 8th. He was a sincere, upright-hearted man all his time, and one that had been a seeker of the Lord from his youth up, and had much of the life of Jesus and spirit of holiness attending his heart all along, as his conversation witnessed; and died with blessed and living testimonies to the honour of truth, before many professors and profane who came to see him.'

[N.B.—A *fac simile* of a small portion of the manuscript Diary of Alexander Jaffray is annexed.]

VARIOUS TESTIMONIES ON PLAINNESS OF DRESS.

In bringing together the testimonies of various individuals on the subject of plainness of dress,

FROM JAFFRAYS DIARY.

A Journall or Diary Wherein
from Dayes are observed making
appeare the Wonderfull goodnes of god
in way of proceedinge towards
me in my Unthankfulness &
Unnaptnes to Walking, for
amp for the further amend=
ing of my heart & life in
ginging hye of to Him
for ever

For 30 24 for Who is his yt in guiltly.
Eyes he is apt to say a work me sorts
hye bid Ps 119 64.7 Thou is now hast all hye
upon hye ground That thereby hye Sinn
folke to take Edo of hye Ps.
Amonge hye rest of Sinn spirit Dayes
I saue grad on his Scripture his was
one That for hye better ghoing hye of
& in guiding ye heart to affect ways was good
it might be wisfull for abbreuior
to be brevy I omit to all in observance of
all hye passages of Divine providence
& about Him & his dealing to Him for
Upon ye is making daybe ûplra ûnes &
putting hye pobs ûnes to god and at hys for
he better wnderstanding of Hom I am
Wotine down & after perused.

the conviction is forcibly impressed on the mind, that those whose experience has entered most deeply into the spiritual nature of the gospel dispensation, have strikingly evinced that it led them into great simplicity as regarded their outward appearance; that they viewed it as one of those fruits which must follow a full and faithful dedication of themselves, and all that they possessed, to their great Lord and Master; and it is earnestly hoped that those of the present day will be aroused to the serious consideration of the subject. The extracts given in the following selection are, necessarily, very limited; and, it is believed, gratification, as well as benefit, may be derived by the perusal of some of the valuable works from which they are taken. William Penn's *No Cross, No Crown*, is particularly suited to the awakening mind of the serious reader. The love of personal decoration has now pervaded all ranks, and many who are suffering painful privations, too often expend a part of their scanty means in the endeavour to imitate their richer neighbours. May those, in an especial manner, who are desirous of relieving the distresses of their fellow-creatures, be willing, carefully and impartially, to examine themselves, and see whether they are clear of contributing, by their example, to foster those seeds of vanity which are the offspring of our fallen nature, in every rank and condition. May they be willing to see how far they are prepared, by the resignation of their own will, in little as well as greater things, to say with

the apostle formerly, when addressing our Holy Redeemer, 'Lo, we have left *all*, and followed thee.'

Nothing may appear more purely a matter of indifference than the fashion and colour of dress; and yet, in the circumstances of the primitive Christians, articles of that nature did acquire such an importance that they gradually fell into a style of clothing peculiar to themselves. Not that they affected any singularities in their personal appearance, for their habiliments were made and worn in the ordinary fashion of the time and place; and Christians, whether found in the high, the middle, or the lower ranks, were accustomed to equip themselves in a manner suited to the decencies of the state or profession to which they belonged; but, looking to the moral influence of dress, and desirous of avoiding everything that might minister to vanity, or lead the wearer to forget, in attending to the outward man, the ornament of a 'meek and quiet spirit,' they studiously rejected all finery as unbecoming the humility of their character, and confined themselves to a suit of apparel, remarkable not so much for the plainness of the material as for the absence of all superfluous ornament. Everything gaudy or sumptuous, that partook of the costly stuffs or the crimson dyes that suited the luxurious taste of the times, was discountenanced by the spiritually-minded followers of Christ. The same simplicity reigned throughout their domestic establishment; and

even those of their number who were persons of rank and opulence, chose to content themselves with such things as were recommended by their utility rather than their elegance, and calculated to answer the purposes of necessity and comfort, rather than to gratify 'the lust of the eye, and the pride of life.' And however refined or exquisite the taste, which, through education and the habits of Society, any of them had acquired, they learned to subject it to the higher principle of denying themselves to everything that tended too much to captivate the senses, and increase their love to a world, the fashion whereof, they thought, was soon to pass away.—(COLEMAN'S *Antiquities of the Christian Church.*)

The garments that we should wear ought to be mean and frugal, not curiously wrought with divers colours; *that* is, true simplicity of habit, which takes away what is vain and superfluous; and *that* is the best and most solid garment, which is furthest from art and curiosity, and most apt to preserve and keep warm the body. —(CLEMENT, *of Alexandria.*)

Those that love to be gaudy and superfluous in their clothes, show they concern themselves little with mortification and self-denial, and that they mind to beautify their bodies more than their souls, and so, certainly, are more nominal than real Christians.—(BARCLAY'S *Apology.*)

Plainness is odd, uncouth, and goes mightily against the grain; but so does Christianity too, and that for the same reasons. But had not the heathen spirit prevailed too long under a Christian profession, it would not be so hard to discover the right from the wrong. O! that Christians would look upon themselves with the glass of righteousness, and let them examine what in them and about them agrees with Christ's doctrine and life.

How much, how deeply, have those who are called Christians revolted from the plainness of the primitive days, and practice of holy men and women in former ages. How are they become degenerated into the loose, proud, and wanton customs of the world, which knows not God; to whom use hath made these things, condemned by Scripture, reason, and example, almost natural. And so insensible are they of both their cause and bad effects, that they not only continue to practise them, but plead for them, and unchristianly make a very mock of those who cannot imitate them.—(PENN's *No Cross, no Crown.*)

When I was conducted by my great Leader into the narrow path of self-denial, I was sensible that I must part with many hurtful and superfluous things I had been accustomed to; the way was too narrow to admit of pride in any shape or form; and superfluity in apparel, as well as many other instances of luxury, appeared to me inconsistent with the doctrines of Chris-

tianity, and the particular instructions and admonitions of several of the apostles. I found pride in apparel absolutely necessary to be avoided; and though pride, in every species and appearance, is abominable and odious in the sight of the Almighty, yet it seems particularly against this branch of it that the prophet Isaiah exclaims in his third chapter.

One argument some have made use of to support the vanity of gay and costly clothing was this, that pride was not in the clothes, but in the heart, an assertion I have greatly proved true by my own experience; for I know full well that pride proceeds from a vain and ambitious heart, and that, if it had not its residence and seat there, it would not appear in the habit or garb.

I have considered men's inordinate desires for wealth, as well as the sinful lusting after many things which are destructive to the life of Christianity, and which the laws and doctrines thereof require every professor of the same to deny; and, for my own part, I can say, by experience, that an affection for these things chokes the seed of the kingdom, and separates from the presence and approbation of God, whom thou, O man and woman, art required to love with every faculty of thy soul. But if people love not the world, nor the things that are in the world—the lust of the eyes, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life—if they prefer them not to spiritual things, why is most of their attention laid out on temporal objects?

Though religion stands not simply in clothes, yet true religion stands in that which bounds and sets limits to clothing as well as other things. —(Sophia Hume's *Address.*)

The expensive finery of dress is not a crime because there is anything good or evil in clothes, but because the expensive ornaments of clothing show a foolish and unreasonable state of heart, that is fallen from right notions of human nature —that abuses the end of clothing—and turns the necessities of life into so many instances of pride and folly. There is, therefore, nothing right in the use of clothes, or in the use of anything else in the world, but the plainness and simplicity of the Gospel. Every other use of things (however polite and fashionable in the world), distracts and disorders the heart, and is inconsistent with that inward state of piety, that purity of heart, that wisdom of mind, and regularity of affection, which Christianity requireth. This, therefore, is the way that you are to judge of the crime of vain apparel; you are to consider it an offence against the *proper use* of clothes; you are to consider it as an indulgence of proud and unreasonable tempers—as an offence against the humility and sobriety of the Christian spirit; you are to consider it as an offence against all those doctrines, that require you to do all to the glory of God,—that require you to make a right use of your talents; you are to consider it as an offence against all those texts of Scripture that command you to

love your neighbour as yourself, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and do all works of charity that you are able; so that you must not deceive yourself with saying, 'Where can be the harm of clothes?' For the covetous man might as well say, 'Where can be the harm of gold or silver?' But you must consider, that it is a great deal of harm to want that wise, and reasonable, and humble state of heart, which is according to the spirit of religion, and which no one can have in the manner that he ought to have it, who indulges himself either in the vanity of dress or the desire of riches.—(LAW's *Spiritual Call.*)

Of how much importance it is, not only to retain Christian principle in its integrity, but also to let it appear externally, and allow it to model even the least circumstance of countenance, manners, dress—in short—the whole demeanour. A Christian appearance speaks irresistibly, though silently, to those who would not listen to Christian conversation. — (DON CLAUDE LANCELOT.)

Though there is a form of godliness without the power, yet the power of truth leads into a godly form and order in outward things; this is abundantly proved from the Holy Scriptures, and amongst the rest even in outward clothing. Thus did true religion in the heart lead our first elders and fathers in the church out of the fashions, customs, finery, and superfluity of

apparel and furniture, and to testify against it, as not proceeding from the Spirit of truth, but from the vain, unsettled spirit of this world, as it most certainly does.—(Joseph Pike.)

Why are Christians required not to follow the fashions of the world? Because it is directly at war with the spirit of the Gospel, and is minding earthly things. What is minding earthly things, if it is not to follow the fashions of the world, that, like a tide, are continually setting to and fro, and fluctuating in their forms, and keeping the world continually changing? There are many men of large business in the world, and men of wealth, who think they care nothing for the fashions. They are occupied with something else, and they trust the fashions altogether with their tailor, taking it for granted that he will make all right. But mind, if he should make a garment unfashionable, you would see that they do care about the fashions—and they would never employ that tailor again. With the greater part of mankind fashion is everything. When people join a church, they profess to give up the spirit that gives rise to the fashions. They profess to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world—to repent of their pride—to follow the meek and lowly Saviour—to live for God. And now, what do they do? You often see professors of religion go to the extreme of the fashion. Nothing will satisfy them that is not in the height of fashion. And a Christian dress-maker who is conscientiously opposed to

the following of fashions, cannot get her bread: she cannot get employment, even among professing Christians, unless she follows the fashions in all their countless changes. You practically disown your stewardship of the money that is in your possession. By laying out money to gratify your own vanity and lust, you take off the keen edge of that truth, which ought to cut that sinner in two who is living to himself. It is practically denying that the earth is the Lord's, with the cattle on a thousand hills; and all to be employed for his glory.

Where the principal members, the elders and leaders in a church, and their wives and families, are fashionable, they drag the whole church along with them, and every one apes them as far as they can. It is with a view to be admired, that you thus adorn yourselves; and you would not be at the pains, were none to see you, but God and his holy angels. Now, the more you indulge this foolish desire the more it grows upon you. You have vanity enough by nature; but by thus indulging it, you increase it an hundred fold. O stop! aim at pleasing God alone—and all these ornaments will drop off.

The wearing of gay and costly apparel, naturally tends to beget anger, and every turbulent and uneasy passion. And it is on this very account, that the apostle places this 'outward adorning' in direct opposition to the 'ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.' How remarkably does he add, 'which is, in the sight of God, of great price.' None can easily conceive, unless

himself were to make the sad experiment, the contrariety there is between the 'outward adorning,' and this inward 'quietness of spirit.' You never can thoroughly enjoy this while you are fond of the other. It is only while you sit loose to that 'outward adorning,' that you can in 'patience possess your soul.' Then only, when you have cast off your fondness for dress, will the peace of God reign in your hearts. Yet a little while and we shall not need these poor coverings; for this corruptible body shall put on incorruption. Yet a few days hence, and this mortal body shall put on immortality. In the meantime, let this be our only care, 'to put off the old man,' our old nature, 'which is corrupt,' which is altogether evil—and to 'put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness.' In particular, 'put on, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies, kindness, gentleness, long-suffering;' yea, to sum up all in one word, 'put on Christ;' that when he shall appear, ye may appear with him in glory.—(J. WESLEY.)

Behold, the care of food and raiment, which it is difficult to separate from vain decoration—and the indulgence of the sensual appetite, is grievous and burdensome to a fervent spirit! Grant me grace, therefore, to use all things pertaining to the body with moderation; and not anxiously to desire the possession of them, nor bitterly lament the want. To cast all away, the law of nature does not permit; for nature

must be sustained; but to desire superfluity, and that which ministers to delight more than to use, thy holy law forbids, lest the flesh should grow insolent, and rebel against the Spirit. In all these difficult and dangerous paths, let thy wisdom and power govern and direct me, that I may not deviate to the right hand nor to the left!—(THOMAS A KEMPIS.)

LIFE'S HISTORY.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping.
Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms,
In sorrow weeping.
Years passed—I saw a mother with her child,
And o'er it languish,
Years brought me back—yet through her tears she smiled,
In deeper anguish.
I left her—years had vanished, I returned,
And stood before her;
A lamp beside the childless widow burned,
Griefs startled o'er her.
In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying,
And I returned again in after years,
And found her dying.
An infant first—and then a maiden fair,
A wife—a mother,
And then a childless widow in despair,
Thus met a brother.
And thus we meet on earth and thus we part
To meet, O never,
Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,
To live for ever.

PERSECUTION IN NEW ENGLAND MITIGATED.

About the year 1662, the persecution in New England was mitigated. The magistrates finding that to hang Quakers was not sufficient to suppress their doctrine, it was resolved by the Court of Boston for the future *only* to whip them at the cart's tail, as vagabonds, through all the towns, out of their jurisdiction.—(Gough, vol. ii. p. 23.)

TESTIMONY OF WILLIAM CAVE, D.D.

AN EMINENT WRITER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, CONCERNING THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS.

No sooner did the gospel fly abroad into the world, than the love and charity of Christians became notorious even to a *proverb*, the heathens taking notice of the Christians of those times with this particular remark—'See how these Christians love one another.' There is one circumstance yet behind, concerning the love and charity of those times, very worthy to be taken notice of, and that is, the universal extent of it; *they did good to all, though more especially to those of the household of faith*, i.e., to Christians; they did not confine their bounty within the narrow limits of a *party*, this or that sect of men, but embraced an object of pity and love wherever they met it; *they were kind to all men*, yea, to their bitterest enemies, and that with a charity as large as the circles of the sun

that visits all parts of the world—this, indeed, is the proper goodness and excellency of Christianity, as Tertullian observes, it being common to all men to love their friends, *but peculiar only to Christians to love their enemies.*

And Athenagoras principally makes use of this argument to prove the divinity of the Christian religion, and challenges all the great masters of reason and learning amongst the heathens to produce any, either of themselves or their disciples, of so pure and refined a temper, as could, instead of hating, love their enemies, bear curses and revilings with an undisturbed mind, and, instead of reviling again, to bless and speak well of them, and to pray for them who lay in wait to take away their lives. And yet this did Christians; they embraced their enemies, and pardoned and prayed for them. Nay, they did not think it enough *not to return evil for evil*, or barely to forgive their enemies, unless they did them all the *kindness* that lay in their power. We read of one Pachomius, an heathen soldier, in the first times of Constantine, that the army being nearly starved for want of necessary provisions, and coming to a city that was mostly inhabited by Christians, they freely and speedily gave them whatever they wanted for the accommodation of the army. Amazed with this strange and unwonted charity, and being told that the people that had done it were Christians, *whom they generally preyed upon*, and whose profession it was to hurt no man, and to do good to every man, he threw away his

arms, became an anchoret, and gave up himself to the strictest severities of religion. This also Julian the emperor plainly confesses; for, urging Arsaicus, the chief priest of Galatia, to take care of the poor, and to build hospitals in every city, for the entertaining of poor strangers and travellers, both of their own and other religions; he adds, 'for it is a shame, that when the Jews suffer none of theirs to beg, and the wicked Galatians (Christians) relieve not only their own, *but also those of our party*, that we only should be wanting in so necessary a duty.' So prevalent is truth, as to extort a confession from its most bitter and virulent opposers. Of this I shall only add one instance or two more, proper enough to be inserted here—

'Eusebius, speaking of that dreadful plague and famine that happened in the East under the Emperor Maximinus, wherein so many whole families miserably perished and were swept away at once; he adds, that, at this time, the care and piety of the Christians towards all, evidently approved itself to all the Gentiles that were about them; *they being the only persons that, during this sad and calamitous state of things, performed the real offices of mercy and humanity;* the fame whereof filled the ears and mouths of all men, who extolled the God of the Christians, and confessed that they had showed themselves to be the only truly pious and religious persons. And, indeed, the charity was the more remarkable, in that the Christians, at the very time, were under a most heavy persecution.

'Thus in the terrible plague that, in the time of Gallus and Volusius, raged so much through the whole world, especially at Carthage, when innumerable multitudes were swept away every day, and the streets filled with the carcases of the dead; every one trembling, flying, and shifting for themselves, deserting their nearest friends and kindred, none staying, unless it was to make a prey. In this sad and miserable case, Cyprian, then bishop of the place, calls the Christians together, and instructs them in the duties of mercy and charity . . . . . Immediately upon this, they unanimously agreed to assist *their common enemies*, every one lending help, according to his rank and quality.

'Such was the temper, such the carriage of Christians towards them that were without; within themselves they maintained the most admirable peace and harmony, and were, in a manner, of one heart and soul.'—(See *Primitive Christianity; or, the Religion of the ancient Christians in the first ages of the Gospel*, by WILLIAM CAVE, D.D.)

TRUE FORTITUDE.

'THE righteous is bold as a lion.' He dares do anything but offend God, and to dare do that is the greatest folly, and baseness, and weakness in the world. From this fear have sprung all the generous resolutions and patient sufferings of the saints and martyrs of God, because they durst not sin against him; therefore they durst

be imprisoned, and impoverished, and tortured, and die for him.

ELEGY ON WILLIAM TUKE.

While numerous weeping friends surround
The venerable Patriarch's bier,
My spirit midst the group is found,
Gives sigh for sigh, and tear for tear;
While memory from her store brings forth
Some fresh memorial of his worth.

When last I saw that form revered,
And heard that voice, whose friendly tone
My pensive bosom often cheer'd,
When health her blessings had withdrawn,
I little thought that look would be
The last on earth vouchsafed to me.

When dire disease within my breast
Plunged deeper still the deadly dart,
The sympathy his words exprest
A soothing pleasure would impart:
What tenderness with strength combined,
Dwelt in his energetic mind.

Amidst the foremost he was found,
Where'er benevolence might claim
His aid; he loved the holy ground
Where Christians meet of every name;
And hoary age and blooming youth
Unite to spread the Word of Truth.

Reposing on Jehovah's Word,
His hope in youth, his joy in age,
Oft would his grateful lips record
The blessings of his pilgrimage;
His Christian graces shone more clear,
More beauteous each revolving year.

What though the glorious star of day
Was from his visual orbs conceal'd,
Celestial faith's effulgent ray
A purer, lovelier scene reveal'd;
Where mortal pains and conflicts cease,
And all is light, and love, and peace.

But who those virtues can pourtray
Which in his pious bosom glow'd?
His works shall praise him, and display
The heavenly source from whence they flow'd:
Long shall their sweet remembrance be,
His best and dearest eulogy.

Closed are his philanthropic cares;
The spirit from his mansion fled;
The grave enshrines those silver hairs
Which graceful o'er his temples spread:
And they who loved him long must feel,
A wound which time alone can heal.

Farewell, dear saint! I yet am left
A little while to linger here,
Of many valued friends bereft,
Who to my throbbing heart were dear;
But soon these aching eyes shall close,
And find within the tomb repose.

Patriarch! I soon must follow thee;
O! may the bliss supreme be mine
To share in thy felicity,
Unchangeable, Divine!
Burst the frail barriers of the tomb,
And in immortal glory bloom.

December, 1822. (C. Richardson.)

FASHION.

The voluntary slavery which leads to think, act, and dress, according to the judgment of fools, and the caprice of coxcombs.

VALUE OF THE BREAD OF LIFE.

In a famine which prevailed on board a ship at sea, one of the passengers said to another, 'My friend, £4000 are owing to me in France, which I should gladly relinquish for a loaf of bread and a glass of wine.'

How much more precious is the bread of life which nourishes the soul! Happy are they who are favoured with this inestimable blessing, and what exertions should they not make to bestow it on others.—(Buck's *Anecdotes.*)

ANOINTING OF THE SPIRIT.

In a beautiful exhibition of the character of Elizabeth Fry, J. J. Gurney has justly described all her virtues and endowments to have been seasoned with the influence of Divine grace, her main qualification for every service in the gospel, for every labour of Christian love, being 'the anointing of the Spirit of the Lord.'

'The law of love,' says he, 'which might be said to be ever on her lips, was deeply engraven on her heart; and her charity, in the best and most comprehensive sense of the term, flowed freely forth towards her fellow-men of every class, of every condition. Thus she won her way, with a peculiar grace, and almost uniformly obtained her object. There was, however, another quality which powerfully tended to this result—patience, and indomitable perseverance.

She was not one of those who warmly embraced a philanthropic pursuit, and then as easily forsook it. Month after month, and year after year, she laboured in any plan of mercy which she thought it her duty to undertake; and never forsook it in heart and feeling, even when health failed her, or other circumstances not under her control, closed the door for a time on her personal exertions. This perseverance was combined with a peculiar versatility and readiness for seizing for every passing occasion, and converting it into an opportunity of usefulness. She was not only always willing, but always prepared, always ready (by a kind of mental sleight of hand) to do good, be it ever so little, to a child, a servant, a waiter at an inn, a friend, a neighbour, a stranger!

'There can be no doubt that her natural endowments were peculiarly fitted, under the sanctifying influence of Divine grace, to her arduous vocations in life; but it was this grace, or, in other words, it was *the anointing of the Spirit of the Lord*, which was, in fact, her main qualification for every service in the gospel—for every labour of Christian love. This it was which imparted a heavenly loveliness to her countenance, brightness and clearness to her words, a sacred melody, in times of religious solemnity, to her voice, and a strength and facility to her actions. This it was which mainly accounted both for the *fortiter in re* and the *suaviter in modo*, for which she was so much distinguished. "C'est le don de Dieu," cried a German prince,

who interpreted for her, while she was addressing a large company of orphans in a foreign land. It was indeed the *gift of God*, supernaturally bestowed from the fountain of his grace, by which she was enabled so to move, speak, and act in his service, and by which her natural faculties—his gifts by creation—were purified, enlarged, and directed.'—(J. J. GURNEY'S *Memoir*.)

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

How few men seem to have formed a conception of the original dignity of their nature, or the exalted design of their creation. Regarding themselves only as creatures of time, endowed merely with animal passions and intellectual faculties, their projects, aims, and expectations, are circumscribed by the narrow outline of human life. They forget that instability and decay are written, as with a sunbeam, upon all earthly objects; that this world, with all its pageantry, and pomp, and power, is crumbling into dust; that this life is scarcely deserving of a single thought, excepting as it forms the introduction to another, and that he alone acts a prudent or rational part, who frames his plans with direct reference to that future and endless state of being. Sin has so blinded the understanding, and debased the affections, that men never fail to invest some temporal good with fancied perfections, and idly imagine that the attainment of it would satisfy the desires, and

fill the capacities of the immortal spirit! How little do they know themselves! The soul is not of the earth, and they will strive in vain to chain it to the dust. Though its native strength has been impaired, and its purity tarnished, and its 'glory changed,' it will not always be a prisoner here. Send it forth, if you will, to range through the whole material universe, and, like the dove dismissed from the ark, it will return without finding a single place to rest, for it has no resting-place but the bosom of God.—(*American Paper.*)

THE DEITY.

I LOVE to contemplate the Deity in the threefold character under which he has condescended to reveal himself for the benefit of lost and sinful man—as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; but I seem the most profoundly to adore him as an infinite and incomprehensible unity, an ineffable and unapproachable glory, an unutterable and incommunicable name. 'I am that I am,' said the Lord to Moses (Exod. iii. 14).—(JONATHAN HUTCHINSON.)

FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FRIENDS IN PRISON IN ENGLAND AT ONE TIME.

SEWEL, the faithful annalist of the first seventy years of the Society of Friends, states, under the date of 1662, that 'a little before this time, there was published in print a short relation of the persecution throughout all England, signed

by twelve persons, showing that more than four thousand two hundred of those called Quakers, both men and women, were in prison in England, and denoting the number of them that were imprisoned in each county, either for frequenting their meetings for worship, or for denying to swear,' &c.

Some time ago, the correctness of this statement as to the number of prisoners, was much called in question by several persons pretty well acquainted with the history of the Society. They thought that, within about fifteen years of its rise,* there hardly could have been so large a body of Friends as this great number of prisoners would seem to indicate. A diligent search, however, amongst the old papers in the library at Devonshire House, has brought the document to light which Sewel refers to, and it is thought that the particular enumeration which it gives of the number of prisoners in each county may be interesting to many of our readers.

The list and its prefatory matter is as follows:—

For the King and his Council at Whitehall. Being a Brief Relation of some of the Cruel and Inhuman Usage, and Great Persecution and Imprisonment of above Four Thousand Two Hundred and Thirty† of the People of God, in

* The Society dates its rise from 1647.

† The printed document mentions that 'some little addition had been made since the list was made up and delivered to the King and his Council, which will account for the discrepancy in the number here stated and that in the list.'

scorn called Quakers, for Worshipping of God, and Meeting together in the fear of the Lord, and for Obeying Christ's Command, who saith, 'Swear not at all,' and for Testifying to the Truth, and keeping their Consciences clear towards God and Man.

In prison in London	500	Brot. forward . .	2702
Hertfordshire . .	140	Warwickshire . .	240
Berkshire	40	Wiltshire	42
Kent	100	Worcestershire .	197
Sussex	45	Oxfordshire	88
Hampshire	81	Shropshire	54
Dorsetshire	73	Staffordshire . . .	35
Somersetshire . .	180	Bucks	61
Gloucestershire .	100	Cambridgeshire .	156
Essex	96	Huntingdonshire	20
Norfolk	75	Bedfordshire . . .	60
Suffolk	89	Northamptonshire	82
Lincolnshire . . .	85	Devonshire	160
Yorkshire	400	Cornwall	50
Cheshire	138	Bristol	191
Lancashire	280	Cardiff	33
Leicestershire . .	25	Monmouth	10
Westmorland . .	120	Herefordshire . .	35
Cumberland . . .	35	Nottinghamshire	37
Durham	100	Rutlandshire . . .	4
	2702	Total	4257

It is added to the account, that 'these are but a part which are come to our hands, from the general prisons of the counties; for in many private corporations there are *many* that are

not yet come to our hands.' The returns from these corporation prisons would, doubtless, have swelled the list considerably, and we think we should probably under-estimate the total number of prisoners, if we consider it as four thousand five hundred.

The interruption of family ties, the breaking up of households, the loss to many of all means of support, were hard and cruel sufferings for conscience' sake, but they were grievously aggravated at this time by the damp and filthy condition of the prisons, holes, and dungeons, in which the sufferers were confined, as well as by their very crowded condition. And to all these circumstances of trial, must be added those of personal abuse, fines, distraints, and, it may strictly be said, of wholesale robberies. Some died of the beatings which they received in the breaking up of their meetings, and many from the filthy and close state of the prisons, in some of which they were so closely packed that they had to take it by turns to stand up, whilst others sat or lay down.

These persecutions of the Quakers, in the early years of Charles II.'s reign, were chiefly carried on under the sanction of severe laws of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, made against 'Popish recusants,' requiring regular attendance at 'church,' and the taking the oath of allegiance. But, in the year 1661, the subject of oaths was treated in a separate Act, having a special reference to the Quakers. By this statute those who, on the ground that it was 'contrary to the

Word of God,' refused to take an oath before a lawful magistrate, or who, 'by printing, writing, or otherwise, maintained that the taking of an oath is, in any case whatsoever, altogether unlawful,' were made subject to heavy penalties. Three years later, in 1664, the famous Conventicle Act was passed, which prohibited the meeting together of five or more persons for the exercise of religion in other manner than is allowed by the liturgy or practice of the Church of England, under pain of being committed to prison for the first offence, and transported beyond the seas for the second. It also made the refusal to take an oath a transportable offence.

With all these legal engines, judges and magistrates, bishops and clergy, but too generally exerted themselves to root out the Quakers. Everywhere, numbers of hungry, worthless informers were called into action. Powers, civil and ecclesiastical, were arrayed against a simple, harmless people, who entered into no political combinations, and whose only arms were faith, patience, and prayer. The struggle is affecting, but deeply instructive. It was not any abstract question of human rights which they were engaged to assert, and yet it is believed that no course of action could have been so effectual for the establishment in England of the dearest and inalienable rights of man, even all those which are required for the purpose of rendering unto God the things which are God's, as well as unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. Their action was purely religious. They believed they

knew (as every man is in duty bound to know) what the law of Christ, whom they served, required at their hands, and in what way God was to be worshipped by them. With all their hearts they sought saving truth, and, believing that they had found it, they rejoiced greatly, as the apostle did, even in tribulations. Nothing was too great to suffer for it, no labours of love too hard to make others partakers of it. Public religious worship they esteemed to be a solemn duty, which no laws or sufferings would justify them in abandoning. When they were driven in the most brutal manner out of their meeting-houses, they continued together in the street, where, spite of all outward disturbances, solemn exhortations, thanksgivings, and prayer, were frequently offered.

Sewel has given an affecting and graphic account of some of those scenes of which he was an eye-witness, in the holding of meetings in the streets of London, when the worshippers had been driven from their houses. He says that, under these circumstances, they 'stood before the place, and so their numbers soon increased; and then one or other of their ministers generally stept on a bench, or some high place, and so preached boldly. Thus he got more hearers than he otherwise would have had. But such an one sometimes was soon pulled down, which then gave occasion for another to stand up and speak; and thus four or five, one after another, were taken away as innocent sheep, and carried to prison, with other of their friends,

it may be forty or fifty at once. And, by thus meeting in the streets, it happened sometimes that more than one, nay, it may be three or four at a time did preach, one in one place, and another in another, which in their meeting-houses could not have been done. Thus they got abundance of auditors, and among these sometimes eminent men, who, passing by in their coaches, made their coachmen stop. In this way they found a great harvest, and thus *their church increased under suffering;* and, in those sharp times, they were pretty well purified of dross, since the trial was too hot for such as were not sincere; for, by frequenting their meetings in such a time, one was in danger of being either imprisoned, or beaten lame, or unto death; but this could not quench the zeal of the upright.'—(vol. ii. p. 5, edit. 1811.)

Thus, by their constancy in acting and in suffering, they wearied out the most determined hostility; they could not be provoked into resentment by the most cruel outrages. On one occasion, when the soldiers on horseback were beating the Quakers with their swords in the street, one 'there was whom a trooper beat so long that the blade of his sword fell out of the hilt, which he that was thus beaten seeing, said to the other, "I will give it thee up again," which he did, with these words, "I desire the Lord may not lay this day's work to thy charge." ' But not only did they weary out opposition, but their Christian conduct under suffering not unfrequently led to the conversion of soldiers, con-

stables, jailors, and even of informers, who were the instruments of carrying the cruel laws into effect. Their exemplary conduct in private life also won over many to the consideration and adoption of their principles; so that during the whole reign of Charles II., in which, with a few intervals, a heavy persecution prevailed, the number of the Quakers increased greatly. They did not fail to point out to the Government and to the public, in a variety of ways, the impolicy, the unreasonableness, and the wickedness of persecution for religious opinions and practices. And they had the rare merit of pleading for others as well as for themselves, and of acting upon their principles too, when they came to have power in America.

Isaac Penington, in a paper addressed to the King and Parliament, in 1665, submits this consideration to them, 'Whether laws made by man, in equity, ought to extend any farther than there is a power in man to obey. And if it were not cruel to require obedience in such cases wherein the party hath not a capacity in him of obeying;' adding, 'In things concerning the worship of God, wherein a man is limited, both what worship he shall perform, and what worship he shall abstain from, here he is not left at liberty to obey what laws shall be made by man contrary hereunto.' It is this individual *duty* as well as *right* of every man to exercise freely his conscience towards God, which prescribes the true limit of the civil power. 'Nothing,' says W. Penn, in his admirable letter to the council

and senate of the city of Embden, in the year 1677, 'can be more unreasonable than to compel men to believe against their belief, or to trouble them for practising what they believe, when it thwarts not the moral law of God. . . . Conscience is God's throne in man, and the power of it his prerogative; it is to usurp his authority and boldly ascend his throne, to set lords over it. . . . Remember that they (the dissenters) are men as well as yourselves, born free, and have equal plea to natural and common civil privileges with yourselves; the different persuasion of their consciences about things relating to another life can no wise render them unfit for this; it neither unmans nor uncivilizes them. They have the same right to their liberty and property as ever, having by no practice of theirs in the least forfeited any of those human advantages, the great charters of nature and Scripture have conferred upon them.'

MILDNESS.

Be always as mild as you can; a spoonful of honey attracts more flies than a barrel of vinegar. If you must fall into any extreme, let it be on the side of gentleness. The human mind is so constructed that it resists rigour and yields to softness. A mild word quenches anger, as water quenches the raging of fire, and by benignity the soil may be rendered fruitful. Truth, uttered with courtesy, is heaping coals of fire

on the head; or, rather, throwing roses in the face. How can we resist a foe whose weapons are pearls and diamonds?

INSERTED IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.

Solomon says, 'Wherefore I prayed, and understanding was given me; I called upon God, and the Spirit of wisdom came unto me.

'I preferred her before sceptres and thrones, and esteemed riches nothing in comparison of her; neither compared I unto her any precious stone, because all gold in respect of her is as a little sand, and silver shall be counted as clay before her.

'I loved her above health and beauty, and chose to have her instead of light; for the light that cometh from her never goeth out, for she is the brightness of the everlasting light; the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness.'

We need not wonder at the enraptured language of Solomon, when speaking of wisdom, especially at a moment when the whole understanding was divinely illuminated; and when, in the vision of light, he was permitted to see beyond all sublunary things. I know not, my dear friend H——, that I can wish thee anything more substantially good, than that, with Solomon, thou mayest supplicate the great Giver of every good and perfect gift, that so the object sought by him, may become the ardent and

continual wish of thy heart. To be thus clothed would elevate thee to a dignity far surpassing what monarchs can bestow; it would introduce thee, even in this life, to the great and good amongst thy fellow-creatures, and finally insure thy admission into the society of the just of all generations, when time shall be no more.—D. H. —(HOLT'S *Extracts.*)

EXTRACT FROM JOHN WOOLMAN.

I FOUND no narrowness respecting sects and opinions; but believed that sincere, upright-hearted people, in every society, who truly loved God, were accepted of him.

THE FATHERS! WHERE ARE THEY?

THE fathers! where are they? who, fearless, of yore,
Spake of Him whom the angels in heaven adore.
The mothers, who shared in the heat of the day,
All have passed from this earth and its conflicts away.

They sank to repose, having fought the good fight,
And their spirits are centred in unclouded light:
Lo! the crown of the righteous is placed on their head,
And the glory of heaven around them is shed.

And now to the *outward*—the few who are left
Seem weak, of the counsel of age thus bereft;—
But, O! look *within*, and *there*, mighty to save,
Is Jesus, who triumphed o'er death and the grave.

He triumphed, and now, on the right hand of God,
He judges the nations—he rules by his rod;

Yet, bless'd be his name! though exalted above,
He ever regards us with feelings of love.

Then look ye to him, who are lowly in heart,
And he will true wisdom and counsel impart;
He knows all your wants, and will surely bear up,
And enable to drink e'en the dregs of the cup.

And who would not drink of, how bitter soe'er,
The cup which He drank, in his glory to share?
O! who would not suffer with him on the cross,
And count all the treasures of earth but as dross?

Then arouse ye, *be faithful*, and trust in the Lord,
Who, in seasons of weakness, due strength will afford;
His arm is still *mighty*, His mercy is *free*—
Forsaken you're not, though cast down ye may be.

MY GRANDFATHER'S ODD HUNDRED.

About the year 1800, my grandfather Merryweather was called upon by some persons who, on the threatened invasion of Napoleon, were soliciting subscriptions in order to raise a corps of volunteers. My grandfather, having retired from business, was at that time living as a private gentleman; and the applicant, as it appeared, did not expect to obtain anything by their experiment with one whose Christian character they so well knew. Their surprise, therefore, was great when he presented to them a paper, saying, with a facetious smile, 'Gentlemen, here is an *odd hundred* for you.' They received it politely, and did not, of course, discover the real value of the *check* in his presence.

Gentlemen,—As a professed follower of the

Prince of Peace, and the great Author of the Christian religion, who avowedly came into the world 'not to destroy men's lives, but to save them,' I cannot, consistently with the doctrine I have learned from him, voluntarily subscribe to promote or continue war. I have recently contributed between five and ten guineas to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and instruct the ignorant—if after this, I should give five or ten guineas more to introduce ignorance, nakedness, famine, and death, I should contradict religion, reason, and myself. No arguments can reconcile to my mind such glaring inconsistency.

I subscribe these hundred *words* for any wise and good use you can make of them.

Yarm. GEORGE MERRYWEATHER.

NOTE.—The pronoun *I* is not reckoned in the foregoing hundred words.

A SHORT EXTRACT ON PRAYER FROM A MANUSCRIPT BY G. MERRYWEATHER.

OUR Lord said to one who came to him, 'What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?' he answered, 'Lord, that I may receive my sight,' and he received it. Another said, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean,' and he was cleansed. Another said, 'Lord, help me,' and she obtained the blessing she asked. Another prayed, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' and he returned to his house justified. Another said,

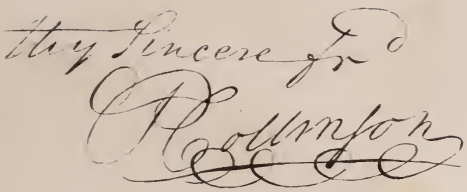
'O Lord, deliver my soul,' and he was delivered. Another, 'Lord, save, or I perish,' and he experienced salvation. And these answers to prayer were immediately granted. Tell us, now, what learning or fine parts are required to make such prayers as these? G. M.

The 'Odd Hundred,' as well as the 'Extract,' appeared in a Methodist Magazine many years ago, G. Merryweather having been, I apprehend, a member of the Wesleyan Connection.—(COMPILER.)

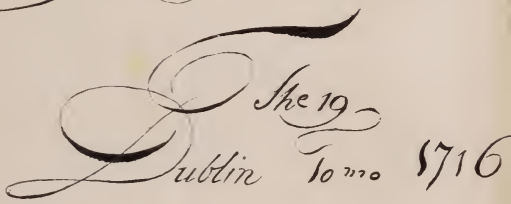
EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE 'REV.' M. HUGHES, ONE OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY'S SECRETARIES, IN 1811.

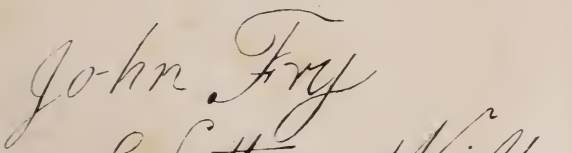
ON the Monday after my return, I proceeded, with my excellent colleagues, for Norwich, where a numerous and respectable meeting was held on Wednesday, in a very spacious and convenient hall; the Mayor presided. The Bishop spoke with great decision and equal liberality, and the result was, the establishment of the Norfolk and Norwich Bible Society.

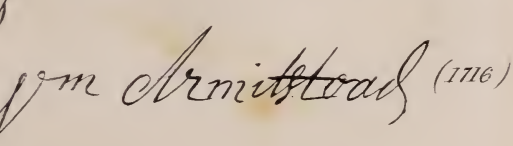
About £700 was subscribed, and one happy amiable sentiment appeared to pervade the company. My colleagues and myself adjourned to Earlham, two miles from Norwich, where we had passed the previous day, and where we witnessed the emanations of piety, generosity, and affection, in a degree that does not often meet the eyes of mortals.


Rollinson


Jam Fuller


Dublin 10mo 1716


John Fry
of Sutton Wilts


Wm Armistead (1716)

Our host and hostesses were the Gurneys, chiefly Quakers, who, together with their guests, amounted to about thirty-four. A clergyman, at the instance of one of the family, and I presume, with the most cordial concurrence of the rest, read a portion of the Scriptures, morning and evening, and twice we had prayers, I should have said thrice, for after dinner on the day of the meeting, the pause, encouraged by the Society of Friends, was succeeded by a devout address to the Deity, from a female minister, Elizabeth Fry, whose manner was impressive, and whose words were so appropriate, that none present can ever forget the incident, or ever advert to it, without sensations alike powerful and pleasing. The first emotion was surprise, the second, awe; and the third, pious fervour. As soon as we were re-adjusted at the table, I thought it might be serviceable to offer a remark, that proved the coincidence of my heart with the devotional exercise in which we had been engaged. This had the desired effect; Mr. Owen and others, suggested accordant sentiments, and we seemed generally to feel like the disciples whose hearts burned in them, as they walked to Emmaus.

The days passed in this excellent family were opened with joy, and closed with regret; few such days will occur again; yet when devotion shall cease to be measured by days, pleasure far more intense shall spring up for ever fresh; and all the members of the vast household of faith shall behold each other, in a scene where

purity is unblemished, harmony uninterrupted, and bliss complete and everlasting. When shall I awake, and find myself there?

THE NEW YEAR.

THE FOLLOWING PIECE ON THE NEW YEAR, PRINTED IN THE ANNUAL MONITOR FOR 1833, APPEARS TO CONVEY A LESSON OF DEEP INSTRUCTION TO ALL CLASSES.

'Look again through the glass,' said my guide. I looked and saw an old man sitting with a huge folio on his knees, over which he was intently poring, and he appeared to be engaged in casting up a sum of considerable length. The page open before him was numbered 365, and beneath was a date, December the 31st, 1830. He had nearly accomplished his task, and only turned from it to look occasionally at the clock on the opposite wall, the hands of which were fast approaching the hour of twelve. They reached it at last. The clock struck with a sound that seemed to penetrate the depths of the earth beneath me; and the old man with a sigh closed the mysterious volume, and was about to rise and place it on its shelf among many others of a similar size and shape, when I observed with astonishment my own name on the cover.—'Stop,'—I cried with much emotion: 'Stop, and let me see.'

The old man looked up, and through a countenance of mingled surprise and sorrow, I discerned the features of my own attendant genius. 'Say,' I exclaimed, 'what means that book

which you have just closed, and what is the nature of its contents?'

He turned the title full to my view, and I saw inscribed the 'Records of the life of ————, for the year 1830.' 'O suffer me!' I cried, with increasing earnestness—'to look within!'

'It is too late,' he replied. 'The sight can only harass now. The whole goes on to the registry above, to be opened and read at judgment.' At judgment! the word thrilled to my inmost soul. 'But one glance?' I eagerly and earnestly rejoined, 'but one passing glance?'

'Well, then,' he calmly murmured—'Have your will,—come hither!' and he replaced the volume on his knees, and suffered me to turn over its pages. I found them to contain a journal of all my aims, and wishes, thoughts, and feelings, words, and deeds, through the past year. I ran my eye hastily over the whole. It was like the book which the prophet beheld in his vision, wherein was written lamentation, and mourning, and woe. There was scarcely an entry that was not more or less dark and ominous. Those acts and intentions of which I had hoped the best, were all of them infected; either in the motives that led to them, or the feeling that accompanied them; or in some little matter that was otherwise connected with them, the plague-spot was still discoverable, tainting and poisoning the whole. The wonderful minuteness also of the details utterly overwhelmed me. Things that I had altogether overlooked or forgotten, vain thoughts, passing feelings, words,

looks, hopes, fears, matters that I had deemed totally indifferent and unimportant were here carefully recorded and commented on. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'is it possible that the eye of God can take cognizance of trifles like these?'

'Trifles!' he replied, 'there are no trifles among the concerns of man. Nothing can be trifling that affects the glory of God, or the eternal condition of souls; and this is the case with every act and moment of man's life. There is not that difference between the great and little events of earth—between the rise of an empire and the fall of a sparrow, in the eye of the high and lofty inhabitant of eternity, that there is in that of the worm man. Men are always living either well or ill. They are doing either right or wrong through every moment of their being.'

'What then,' I replied, 'shall gross actual transgression bring no more guilt on us than a mere passing emotion of the heart?' 'Not quite so,' he rejoined, 'but your views I perceive on this subject are very imperfect. God is a Spirit. He sees and hates sin wherever found. Above all, he abhors it in the *heart*. It is there that he desires to establish his own dwelling-place, and thither that he looks for his service and praise. But can the most Holy dwell with sin? or can he relish a tainted tribute? Words and acts are only the outgushings of the spirit within; and till the fountain-head is made pure, in vain shall we expect purity in the streams that flow from it.'

'I see then,' said I, 'that on this supposition my case is an alarming one. I may indeed cry aloud; "My leanness! My leanness! Woe is me!" My very tears need to be washed; my very prayers to be prayed for; my best feeling and doing are not merely imperfect, but often offensive.'

'Even so,' he mournfully replied: 'all that is not done to the glory of God, to the good of mankind, or to the advancement of our own spiritual interests, is a waste of hours and talents which God has bestowed on us.'

'Waste of hours! Alas!' I exclaimed, 'how large an item must this make in the account against me!'

'It does,' he answered, 'It does! look here!' and he turned to the general summing up of the past year; 'Look, he continued, 'at this squandering of precious hours; of hours, the purchase of a Saviour's blood; of hours wrung by infinite mercy, from the hand of eternal justice for you; of hours, for one of which, the spirits now in prison would leap in their chains; of hours, which can now never be recalled, and each of which has borne you on nearer to death, to judgment, to eternity.'

I looked at the list. What a desolation of privileges and opportunity. A strong record of duty and devotion appeared here and there, floating like a wreck on the mighty tide, defaced, ah! how defaced! with insincerity and indifference, wandering thoughts, and earthly motives. The world, the flesh, and the devil, and sin and

vanity claimed all the rest, and awed me into despair as I beheld them. 'And what,' said the sage, 'If I were to add to these the convictions you have stifled, the awakenings you have hushed, the warnings you have slighted, the persuasions you have rejected, the resolves you have broken, the trials you have been spared, the dangers you have escaped, the respites that have been begged for you again and again, the anxious looks that have been sent forth from heaven for your repentance; and the joy that would even now animate every bosom there, could it but be said; 'Behold he prayeth!' O, God is love! God is love! He waiteth to be gracious. The Saviour of sinners opens his everlasting arms, and says, 'Come unto me and find rest to your souls.' His blood cleanseth from all sin; and happy for you, for all, if you might begin the entries of the coming year with a record of contrition and faith on your part, and of grace, of pardoning and of sustaining grace on his!'

'Be it so!' I exclaimed, when deep emotion left me the power of utterance: 'Be it even so, Lord Jesus! over the records of the past when brought into judgment, let thy name be found inscribed; and for the temptation of the future, let thy grace be imparted, and it will I know be sufficient. Here I would begin the year by giving myself to thee. Dwell in my heart by thy Holy Spirit, and mould me to thy will!' As I uttered these words in the fulness of my heart, strains of joy seemed to break forth around

and above me. It was like the joy of angels over a repenting sinner, and it swelled and increased till nature was no longer able to bear it; and in the violence of my excitement, I awoke—It was a dream.

And morning ushered in the coming year.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

TAKE away the influences of the Holy Spirit from the members of the church, and the Christian religion, the gospel of Christ, will remain little else than a sublime speculation, a system of refined morals, as ineffectual to change hearts, and reform the world, as the heathen philosophy. —(BENNET.)

LINES,

WRITTEN WHEN PASSING THROUGH A HILL COUNTRY.

WHEN I the lofty hills survey,
And view the towering pine,
A mighty work they both display,
And show the hand divine—

Whose word alone these vales and hills,
(And man supremely taught)
With useful brooks, and purling rills,
From empty chaos brought.

Then may my lips, in grateful strains,
Praise him that dwells above;
Who spreads the purple in the veins,
And fills our hearts with love;—

That love which over sea extends,
And through the deserts lead;
For this we leave our bosom friends,
The precious cause to plead.

Wilt Thou be near this little flock,
Who run at thy command?
Be unto them a mighty rock,
When in a weary land?

O, grant to these the shield of faith,
And armour of thy light!
Which (as the great apostle saith),
Will put our foes to flight.

(Anna M. Thorne.)

KINDNESS OF THE INDIANS TO THE SETTLERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE OF PROVIDENCE.

Many of the first settlers in Pennsylvania being but scantily furnished to encounter the severity of a North American winter, the Indians did their utmost to provide them with food, and brought them abundance of venison, the produce of their hunting. The reader will do well to bear in mind this friendly intercourse of the Indians and the new settlers here, and contrast it with that of other provinces, which had been, for a long time, engaged in sanguinary and expensive warfare with the natives on their respective borders, whilst Pennsylvania continued for many years in a state of prosperity and peace. The Indians, however friendly disposed, could not supply the wants of all the emigrants as they continued to arrive in the colony, and many of them suffered greatly. Their first object appears to have been to provide themselves with dwellings: these at first consisted of caves or caverns, scooped out of the banks of

the river, sufficiently capacious to afford them room for lodging cooking, &c., and in one of these caves the first child was born.

Deborah Morris, a Friend who died about the year 1800, has preserved a family anecdote by reciting it in her will, to the following purport:—*Item.* 'I give to my nephew, Thomas Morris, the large old-fashioned silver salver, which belonged to my dear aunt, Elizabeth Hard, who, with her husband, came over with William Penn and other Friends. All that arrived in those early days wanted lodgings in the then wilderness, and hasted to provide themselves with temporary accommodations. Few of the first settlers were of the labouring class, and help of that sort was scarcely to be had at any price, so that many of the women set to work they had never known before. My good aunt (great aunt) Hard was accustomed to help her husband at building, and took one end of the cross-cut saw with him; she also fetched the water for the mortar wherewith to build a chimney for their cave. At one time her husband perceiving her to be overwearied, said to her, "My dear, thou hadst better give over and see about dinner." On which, poor woman, she walked away weeping as she went, for she knew their provisions were all spent, of which she had not told her husband, except a small quantity of biscuit and a little cheese, but she thought she would try if any of her neighbours had anything to spare. Whilst reflecting on herself as she went along, for coming to America to be exposed to such hardships,

she felt reproved in her mind for distrusting a kind Providence who had hitherto provided for them. In this humble state she reached her cave, and on her knees she begged forgiveness for having murmured against the will of her heavenly Father. When she arose to go and call on her friends to ask their charity, the cat came home from a foraging expedition, bringing a fine fat rabbit in its mouth, which she thankfully took, and proceeded to dress it as an English hare. When her husband was informed of the fact, they both wept with reverential joy, and thankfully partook of the food so seasonably provided for them.

'Deborah Morris also bequeathed to her uncle, John Morris, another family relic, a silver tureen, upon which was engraved the device of the cat bringing home a rabbit in its mouth.'

BAXTER, ON THE SPIRIT.

It is remarkable that Richard Baxter, whose controversy lay for many years against the doctrine of the Spirit, as it was so prominently held forth by the first Friends, should himself, late in life, have been brought thus far to acknowledge: 'I am now,' he says, 'much more apprehensive than heretofore of the necessity of well grounding men in their religion, especially of *the witness of the indwelling Spirit*, for I more *sensibly* perceive, *that the Spirit is the great witness of Christ and Christianity to the world.*'—(Orme's *Life of Baxter*, vol. ii., p. 349.)

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